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OUR COVER

● Sun, sea, sand — and a sailfish yacht: all the ingredients for a perfect summer holiday are in the picture taken by Mr. J. O. Colahan, of Cheltenham, Victoria, at Rickett's Point on Port Phillip Bay.

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● Spotlight on a vast and varied country and its people



BRITISHER Richard Marquand, who was interviewed.

THE young man in tweeds and cashmere sweater — a battered briefcase splashed with international travel labels balanced on his knees — said coolly, with a Cambridge accent, "Australian women have depressed me — depressed me in so far as they are second-class citizens."

BBC television producer Richard Marquand, 29, said that women's secondary status — secondary to men's — was obvious from one end of Australia to the other, in outback and cities.

This father of two young children was also game enough to put his neck out further: "Australian men don't seem to be interested in women and prefer the company of other men."

Richard Marquand had been in Australia for four months, with a team of BBC producers and cameramen, filming "Inside Australia," a documentary with 13 half-hour episodes, to be shown in England in November, 1967, when color television is launched.

"Specialists"

The four producers — Marquand, Charles Denton, Anthony Searle, and executive producer Brian Lewis — are "inside" specialists. During the past two years they have made "Inside America" and "Inside Ireland" for the BBC.

In the "Inside Australia" episodes they set the scene, explaining the when, who, and why, and then let Australian people speak for themselves.

There will be no commentary. The viewers will see Australians in their world—whether it's an iron-roofed house in the outback or the members' stand at Flemington racecourse.

The producers picked significant events in the lives of people chosen from

all walks of life and all parts of Australia. Included are a crocodile hunt, a big football match, a gay party, and the Australian Ballet on tour. Producers and cameramen played private eyes, dogging their subjects' footsteps everywhere, to take a typical week out of their lives.

Impertinent?

Naturally, Australian women, from bronzed bikini belles in Darwin to Melbourne Cup dowagers, appear often.

Welsh-born Richard Marquand said he felt he wasn't being an impertinent "Pom" in criticising Australian women and men.

He said Australian women were very attractive and well dressed ("a little behind in style and skirt lengths") but too ready to choose the kitchen as their domain.

"So many women told me they wouldn't have men in their kitchens."

"And several times when I've had lunch and got up to take my own plate to the kitchen, the men have pulled my leg and the women seemed embarrassed by my lack of virility."

"But it's usual for me to help my wife at home."

"Australian men regard a woman's duty as looking after the home and doing the cooking without any help from them."

"Many of these men have been shocked to learn that I have worked and taken orders from a woman boss — she was the head of the BBC talks department — a very feminine, intelligent woman."

"In many little ways there is a section of the Australian world that is not for women. Certain parts of pubs. And at Flemington the segregation of women was plain."

"One saw this lovely array of pink and green and blue — then panned left and it was grey, dull, and serious — the ladies' and men's stands side by side."

"I noticed when we went into a restaurant with our

female secretary WE were served first.

"We'd go into a store — and men would thrust past her."

"Australian men hesitate to mention worldly subjects or swear in front of women."

"Yet women are capable of facing the facts of life much better than men — possibly because they have to do it more often."

"Today in England swear words are used in the most polite circles and are acceptable thanks, probably, to D. H. Lawrence and Lady Chatterley's trial."

At this stage some seething Australian male may feel like asking young Mr. Marquand to step outside and repeat his words.

But as a woman I felt no hot surge of outrage.

Admittedly Mr. Marquand has charm, with his rugged good looks, coarse short-

"INSIDE AUSTRALIA"

● After much research a British team has filmed "Inside Australia," a 13-episode documentary aimed at giving U.K. viewers an up-to-date idea of Australia by depicting widely different areas, types of people, and aspects of life. Below is an interview with Richard Marquand, one of the producers, who travelled thousands of miles to make four of the episodes.

He travelled around the country three times, gleaning ideas around newspaper offices, hotels, street corners. For hours he probed would-be subjects like a psychiatrist.

One of his memos to Richard Marquand on a husband-and-wife team for the series was — "capture the conflict between them."

Malcolm Feuerstein is now in Moscow doing the spade work on another "Inside" feature.

Australia was chosen after Ireland, explained Marquand, because of the tremendous interest abroad in Australia — "the rich young country, drifting from the Commonwealth."

With Feuerstein's research in his briefcase, Marquand began his own. He has travelled thousands of miles in Australia.

He was assigned four

with the Franks as people—their personalities, hospitality, incredible gaiety, and the hard work they've done to make good as refugees in Australia.

"Australia will come out as a country that has far more variety and is far, far huger than English people realise."

"One thing that has struck me—and the other producers, too—is the easy-going way Australians tackle their various jobs."

"Traffic crawls"

"People in England and America knock their brains out working and rush through the streets."

"Here people meander, traffic crawls, and a chap behind a counter talks to someone else and doesn't take much notice of the customers."

"I was amazed how much Australia resembles America—its appearance, architecture, the extraversion of the men, and the close groups the women form."

The producer's voice dropped a tone as he said quietly:

"I was impressed and touched by the Australian soldier. I got to know one or two very well at Canungra and I hated saying goodbye."

"They are brave boys—and they are just boys."

"Canungra is tough—even we developed a few muscles there. When the soldiers fall out of line they have to do 20 press-ups on the spot in full kit."

"We decided to penalise our mistakes with a punishment of press-ups. I can now do 20 press-ups."

Marquand has a liking for roughing it, and in the luxury of a Melbourne hotel declared that he was looking forward to sleeping in a shearing shed in the scorching heat of Cloncurry.

He said he was tired of air-conditioned hotels, his suitcase of neat clothes, and city people.

In the dusty 110-degree heat of Cloncurry, he was to film Alan Ticehurst, his

By CLAUDIA WRIGHT

clipped hair, pale penetrating eyes.

He impresses as being intelligent, easy and skilful with words, and with a curiosity about people and places which goes beyond finding out the unusual. He reaches further, suggests the reasons why, and draws conclusions.

The producer's ambition as a child was to be a farmer. But he became a linguist, after winning a scholarship to Cambridge University.

Before coming to Australia he did his homework on the land and its people through books, poetry, and paintings. He delighted in the poetry of Australians A. D. Hope and Judith Wright.

Research work

The documentary's original research was done by English freelance journalist Malcolm Feuerstein, who tore Australia inside out for three months tracking down people and places to film.

episodes (each of the 13 episodes will cost \$6000): Melbourne restaurateur Richard Frank and his wife, hairdresser Lillian, of Lillian and Antonio; a two-part story on the Australian Ballet touring the east coast, and a 16-year-old ballerina, Jane Richards, of Townsville, who will go to France this year to study ballet; the Army's jungle training camp, Canungra, in Queensland; and grazier Alan Ticehurst and his family, of "Cubaroo Station," 60 miles north of Cloncurry, Queensland.

He said: "I've found Australians are shy people—they don't jump at the idea of parading in front of the camera."

"Many I approached refused to co-operate, but grazier Alan Ticehurst believed he should display his life for us as a duty to his country."

"I feel I've captured Australia today in the ballet and Canungra, and I'm impressed



FILMED to show how an Italian family lives in Australia: Mr. and Mrs. Pino Bosi, of Rose Bay, N.S.W., with their children, Gosetta, 8; Richard, 6; (standing), Stephen, 4; (centre), and Alex, 2. Mrs. Bosi is holding the baby, Robert. The Bosis were childhood sweethearts.

wife, and four-year-old daughter at their iron-roofed house, uncooled even by a fan.

As documentary subjects the Ticehursts inspired him. They have 40,000 acres, 8000 sheep, and a two-hour drive to the nearest shop. "Your first impression is sheep, red earth, and the sun beating down."

Their story, said Marquand, will surprise English viewers, who think of a grazing property as a few acres of rolling green countryside with 50 sheep to the acre, and a colonial homestead with wrought-iron work planted prettily in the middle.

The "Inside" crew have almost a year to prepare their episodes.

Among the glimpses of Australia will be conditions at Elizabeth, the satellite town north of Adelaide, where the population of 40,000 is 45 percent British migrants.

At Elizabeth, producer Anthony Searle illustrated "how absurdly the English behave abroad — reluctant to integrate, still asking for their kippers," and at Mt.

Tom Price, the mountain of iron in Western Australia, he captured "the tremendous mineral wealth of Australia — plus the lack of capital, because most of the mountain is going to Japan."

For another episode Searle chose Charles Perkins, 30, the first aboriginal to graduate from a university.

Perkins, a Sydney University Arts graduate, is an active fighter for equal rights for aborigines. The cameras flew with Perkins from Sydney to Alice Springs to film a meeting with his mother, Hetti, after whom the aboriginal and his white wife have named their 17-month-old daughter.

An Italian as invigorating as chianti will be the documentary's Nino Culotta.

He is Sydney journalist Pino Bosi, who looks like a film star, is built like a boxer, and has a career as lengthy as the Tiber.

In his 15 years in Australia this migrant has worked as a railway porter, fruit picker, bushwacker, wharfie, drainer, builder's laborer, fruiterer, salesman, and statistical clerk as well.

Sydney's Italian community became aware of the ambitious, hardworking Italian when he was assistant editor of the Italian language newspaper "La Fiamma" and, later, N.S.W. editor of "Il Globo."

Today his byline is seen on features in a Sydney daily newspaper.

Happy marriage

Pino is happily married to his childhood sweetheart, Livia, and has five children, Gosetta, 8, Richard, 6, Stephen, 4, Alex, 2, and baby Robert.

Producer Charles Denton starred the entire Bosi clan to show how an Italian family lives in Australia, how they retain or lose their identity, and under what conditions they live.

"We were asked to be ourselves," said Pino. "There were no controversial questions or suggestions to be outspoken about some of the country's shortcomings."

"Some scenes showed me teaching my sons Italian from some special books I had sent from Italy."

From Sydney, Denton and

crew moved to Brisbane to film a week in the lives of three girls who share a flat, and have various jobs and outside activities. They'll illustrate "what the young get up to and what they think."

In Darwin, Denton filmed a Hemingwayesque character who organises crocodile hunts, runs a water-ski school, and generally leads an existence surrounded by gorgeous girls in bikinis. The girls come from good families and hitchhike round Australia every year.

"Contrasting with the crocodile hunter," said Marquand, "will be a Darwin middle-class man who thinks it is a sin to enter a bar without a tie and long socks. He believes in a life of formal etiquette in the steaming heat of Darwin."

The fans of Australian Rules will be pleased that Melbourne League football will feature in the documentary.

The 1966 Grand Final between St. Kilda and Collingwood was shot, and the week before the big game two St. Kilda players, team captain Darryl Baldock and



QUEENSLAND GRAZIER Mr. Alan Ticehurst talks with BBC "Inside Australia" crew during filming on his vast property.

20-year-old Brian Sierakowski, one of 13 children, were followed by the British team.

A Newcastle crane driver, Frank McCormack, and a production planner, Paddy Newey, were chosen to show the "lack of class distinction" in Australia.

Richard Marquand hopes "Inside Australia" will be

shown on Australian television and predicts it could either delight or infuriate the viewers.

"The only excuse for infuriating would be our quest for the truth," he said.

Closing his briefcase at the end of the interview, he made his exit on a few words — "Actually, I've had a marvellous time in Australia."

BALLERINA Jane Richards, of Townsville, photographed by her father, psychiatrist Dr. Wilfred Richards. Jane and the Australian Ballet Company are filmed in an episode.

CANUNGRA, the Army's jungle training camp in Queensland, features in one of the episodes. This picture was taken when the film crew were there.





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Exit Sean Connery as James Bond

● "The sooner this film is finished," said Sean Connery, "the happier I shall be." He was talking during the filming of the latest James Bond epic, "You Only Live Twice," in Japan.

CONNERY left no one in doubt that for him — as James Bond — this film was the end of the line.

"No matter how much money they offer me," he said flatly, "this is my last appearance as James Bond."

Four other Bond films in four years have transformed him from a struggling unknown into a star who can virtually write his own ticket.

But the role which brought him fame has gone sour on him.

Connery now violently dislikes his "other self." He resents the fact that in real life people too often expect him to act as James Bond does on the screen.

Sean Connery is about as unlike James Bond as it is possible to be—as anyone would agree who has seen him helping his wife, Australian actress Diane Cilento, in the kitchen, shopping in the local supermarket, indulging in a bedtime free-for-all with their small son, Jason, playing with Giovanna, Diane's daughter by a previous marriage.

His wife shares his resentment.

Once when she heard herself referred to as "Mrs. James Bond," she said icily, "I am NOT Mrs. James Bond. I am Mrs. Sean Connery."

Few people outside the showbusiness world had heard of Sean Connery when

film producers Harry Saltzman and Cubby Broccoli first offered him the James Bond role. At that time he had made only a few second-rate films which he would sooner forget.

Not long before that, he was just another of London's hundreds of struggling young actors, sharing a room with three other would-be young actors, living on canned beans and spaghetti.

He went from agent to agent and audition to audition on a rusty old bicycle he bought for 5/-. Once a week he went to the labor exchange to collect unemployment relief.

About this time his mother, worried that he was not taking proper care of him-

self, sent him a bedspread for extra warmth at night.

She bought the bedspread from a door-to-door salesman, an Indian, who sweetened his sales talk with a little fortune-telling.

He told her she had two tall, strapping sons, which was true. He told her that one of them would become very famous one day—which seemed highly unlikely.

But time has made it true. (And the salesman probably miscalculated in saying only one son would be famous.)

Younger brother Neil Connery, 28, former photographer, plasterer, and Army driver, is now starring in his first film. An Italian production, it is aptly named "Operation Kid Brother." In Sean's footsteps, Neil plays a plastic surgeon who undertakes a mission for the British Secret Service.)

Today Sean Connery can command a fee of half-a-million dollars a picture, plus a share of profits.

There are, too, considerable fringe benefits, not all of which appeal to him.

Refused offer

A London merchandising concern recently offered him £20,000 sterling (\$A50,000) to endorse a new range of men's clothing—the Sean Connery Look. Connery, once glad to earn a few pounds posing in briefs and swimming-trunks for a men's clothing store, turned the offer down flat.

At 36, he is wealthy enough to be able to reject such offers. He always has known how to take care of his money.

As Tommy Connery, son of a furniture-removal father and a mother who sometimes worked as an office cleaner to make ends meet, he trotted along to the



● Sean Connery's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Connery, his brother, Neil, and family dog in the living-room of the two-room Edinburgh flat the older Connerys have lived in since their sons were youngsters. Left, outside of the tenement.



● Sean Connery and his wife, Australian actress Diane Cilento, with Princess Margaret at a royal film premiere. In 1966, for the third year in succession, Sean was Britain's top box-office draw—as James Bond in "Thunderball."





The man he hates to be

● The James Bond image Sean Connery wants to discard. Two scenes from his latest film, "You Only Live Twice," set in Japan, show him the prisoner of a beautiful woman, Karin Dor (at right), and learning kendo, Japan's sport of bamboo stick fighting.

savings bank in the tough Fountainbridge district of Edinburgh each week to salt away the few shillings he earned delivering newspapers.

His parents still live in the same gloomy Edinburgh tenement, although Connery several times has offered to buy them a house in a better area.

His mother would welcome the move, but his father, from whom Connery inherits his obstinacy, refuses. "I'm too old to uproot myself, son," he says.

When one of the earlier Bond films, "From Russia With Love," had its London premiere, Connery invited his parents to go with him. They accepted — but his father, Joe Connery, refused to wear a dinner jacket.

"You're not getting me dolled up in any monkey suit," he told his son.

He went to the premiere and the champagne supper which followed in his blue serge Sunday best.

Despite the different worlds in which they live today, Connery and his parents are close. Whenever he visits Edinburgh, he goes home to the cramped two-room apartment and sleeps on a divan in the living-room (which is also the kitchen), just as he did as a kid.

Connery is devoted to his mother. On her every birthday, wherever he is, he sends her a telegram, the wording always the same: "Congratulations and love on your 21st birthday."

He has put part of his film earnings into a trust fund to provide for his parents' old age. He treats his brother, Neil, with almost lavish generosity.

When Neil worked as a plasterer, he was the best-dressed plasterer in the world in clothes originally hand-made for his brother's role of James Bond. Some of the suits cost £200 each (\$4500).

Sean was only too glad to get rid of the clothes. He

dresses with none of the elegance of James Bond. At home, he is happiest in jeans and T-shirt.

Now, Connery says he wants to forget James Bond and spend the second half of his life doing the things he has always wanted to do, things connected with film-making and stage production.

He has always been a worker. At 14, he was out of bed sharp at 5 a.m., winter and summer, on his milk delivery round. And he tackled a newspaper delivery round in the afternoon.

At 17, he joined the Navy, but after three years was medically discharged with a suspected ulcer.

Disappointed and upset, he returned home restless and unsettled. He had a succession of jobs — laborer, steel-erector, cabinet-maker, french polisher.

"You can't go on like this, Tontmy," his mother told him. "You've got to settle down."

Connery shook his head. "Not me, Mum," he told her. "Not yet. Not till I've found what I'm looking for. I'm not going to be like Dad and work for sweeties all my life."

His big break

Then he saw an advertisement — six men over six feet tall were wanted to take the parts of Guardsmen in the play "Sixty Glorious Years," the story of Queen Victoria.

Connery became one of the Guardsmen. It was his first whiff of greasepaint and he knew what he wanted to be.

His big break came when American actor Jack Palance was to fly to London to play the lead in a television version of "Requiem for a Heavyweight." At the last moment a film commitment kept him in America.

A nervous, excited, inexperienced Sean Connery was given the part. The show was hardly over before telephones at the BBC started to ring . . . and ring . . .

and ring. And Sean Connery was on his way to meet James Bond. Together, the two were to make a fortune.

But even physically there are differences between the two. Connery's eyebrows are bushy. He shaves them to a finer line for Bond.

The make-up man carefully paints out the two red-and-blue tattoo marks on his left forearm which he had done during his Navy service. A well-fitting toupee conceals the fact that he is balding rapidly.

While Connery believes it is largely his acting ability that has got him where he is today, he is not blind to the fact that his physique — he is 6ft. 2in. tall — and good looks have helped. He takes good care of both.

His tan comes from eight or nine sun-lamps strategically dotted around his London home.

He is careful what he eats — few potatoes, little bread, and then only brown bread. He likes his steak rare and is fussy enough to go to the butcher's and pick it out for himself whenever he has time.

Yoghurt is another favorite. So is a drink he concocts, tossing an apple, a pear, a banana, and slices of pineapple into a liquidiser.

But before Sean Connery and James Bond part company for ever, there's a different switch in the newest Bond film, "You Only Live Twice," a United Artists release scheduled for Australia later this year.

Most unlike the other films, James Bond actually gets married. The film is set in Japan, and he is married in an ancient Japanese ceremony. His film bride is Kissy Suzuki.

After the filming of the ceremony, the unit was waiting for him with a huge cake. It happened to be his birthday, too.

But it was Sean Connery's birthday, and, he maintains, the end of a James Bond legend.



The man he enjoys being

● Casually dressed Connery, his wife, and their three-year-old son, Jason, returning to London after he had finished making in Hollywood the non-Bond film, "A Fine Madness," in which he plays a wild, brawling Greenwich Village poet.



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Page 6

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 25, 1967

A little jewel of a singer

YOU might expect that an eight-year-old girl who has sung and played guitar on TV, has made six records, and has travelled through Australia and the U.S.A. would be precocious; perhaps even a bit of a brat.

But Jewel Blanch is as natural as the freckles across her nose.

Born in Glen Innes, N.S.W., Jewel has spent much of her young life travelling with her parents, Berice and Arthur Blanch, who have been singing professionally since they were teenagers.

When Jewel was about three she started appearing on stage with them. A recording company producer heard her sweet singing voice and she made a record. She was then only four.

The record, "I Want to Stay on Jumbo," was a success, and Jewel has since recorded five others, three by herself and two with her parents.

Her most recent record,

"The Funny Little Voice," was released last month.

When I talked to Jewel, she and her parents were staying in Sydney at Narrabeen, where Jewel was finding time to fish, bake cakes, look after her family of dolls (and making all their clothes), and do correspondence lessons.

She is in Grade Three, which is average for an eight-year-old, although considering that she has missed

By Jenny Boyan

some schooling and has had to adapt from American teaching methods to Australian correspondence lessons she is doing very well.

Jewel and her parents returned to Australia in 1965 after a fifteen-month tour of the United States. While there, Jewel attended Beverly Hills School, California, together with the children of many film and television actors.

Parents were allowed to come to school with the children and sit at the back of the classroom.

Mr. and Mrs. Blanch are

thinking of sending her to boarding-school when she is a little older, and Jewel is all in favor of the idea. "I'd like boarding-school," she said.

She has a few girlfriends, but they are back home in Brisbane, where her parents have a farm about ten miles out of the city.

During tea (served by Jewel with goodies she had made), she talked about the U.S.A.

"I really liked America, the magnificent buildings, and the people were really very nice," she said.

But she wasn't impressed with meeting some Hollywood stars, appearing on Art Linkletter's show, and staying with millionaires.

"I think I liked Disneyland best of all," she said. "It was really wonderful. They had mountains, and trains, and Indians, and I even learnt an Indian dance."

"I got a shock in Honolulu when I saw Waikiki. The way everybody talks about it I was expecting something really beautiful. But the surf was flat and the sand wasn't white like it is in Sydney. It was really muddy."



JEWEL BLANCH, 8-year-old singer, with (above) her parents, Berice and Arthur Blanch. All entertainers, they travel a great deal, but home is a farm near Brisbane.



"But the beaches were clean. Nobody drops things, they all use the rubbish tins, and they're emptied all the time, so they don't overflow like in Australia."

Although Jewel sings and plays the guitar, she has had no formal training.

"Everybody over in America was surprised to learn that none of us had ever had any lessons," said Mrs. Blanch. "If anybody

over there shows a glimmer of talent he is fostered and tutored within an inch of his life."

"Jewel sings because she wants to. We would never make her. We want to bring her up as a natural little girl, to be herself, not a projection of us."

Jewel has a pet kangaroo at home in Queensland. When she appeared on Art Linkletter's show in America he jokingly asked her, "Do

you have a pet kangaroo?" To his amazement, she replied, "Yes, I do."

"Americans are fascinated by our kangaroos," said Mrs. Blanch.

"Everywhere we went people asked us why we were slaughtering them. One man told us, 'We wiped out our buffaloes and now regret it. Please do what you can to preserve your own wildlife. You don't really appreciate it until you don't have it.'"

SHE'S CALLED "MADAME INTERPOL"

Police call her "Madame Interpol," but the underworld has other names, not so flattering.

By NINO LO BELLO



Eila Kanno, head of Interpol, Helsinki.

WHATEVER you call 45-year-old Mrs. Eila Kanno, head of the Interpol National Central Bureau in Helsinki, she is certainly one of the best women detectives around.

She doesn't carry a gun in her bra and doesn't act like female Agent 007, but she's the terror of every crook who plies the Continent.

In the 90 countries with Interpol bureaus, Eila Kanno is the only woman chief.

Wherever she operates, Mrs. Kanno amazes every police officer on the job with her.

One FBI man, having worked on a case with her, wrote: "If I would ever have to be on the run from the police, I would make sure that I never crossed your path. I would have as much chance as a mouse in a room with a cat."

Mother of two children in their teens, Mrs. Kanno got into the business of crime detection back in 1940 when her country was at war with Russia and there was a shortage of men in all jobs.

At the time she was a University of Helsinki law student and the type who looked as though she would faint if someone said boo to her.

Answering an ad for women police, she made the force on a provisional basis.

Her superiors then didn't think she was the type for police work, but they decided she'd do until the men came back.

Eila fooled everybody. Before the first month was out she had solved the stickiest burglary series plaguing Helsinki.

She had only a single clue to go by: one victim had reported that the man who invaded her bedroom wore a

pair of black gloves with the small finger folded back.

With this one tiny bit of information to go on, Eila spent the next two weeks pounding the neighborhood looking for a man missing one little finger. She found one, and kept on his trail for several days.

One night he left his apartment, drove to the suburbs, put on a mask, climbed over a wall to a large house, ransacked some of the rooms, and climbed back out. Mrs. Kanno was waiting for him in the shadows, and at gunpoint brought him to headquarters.

Eila got her nickname, "Madame Interpol," from members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, who pride themselves on always getting their man. They told her she was the only other person who came closest to their own ideals of detective work.

The Mounties at the time were looking for an embezzler, and Interpol had been alerted.

In Helsinki, Mrs. Kanno had received a general description of the man, but no photograph.

One day she happened to be in a hotel lobby when a man, who had previously flashed a U.S. passport at the desk, later asked the clerk where he could get a copy of a Toronto paper.

Suspicious that an American would want to buy a Canadian newspaper and not a U.S. one, she took him into custody.

It turned out that his U.S. passport was a fake. It also turned out that he was the Canadian embezzler the Mounties were looking for.

Since Mrs. Kanno has become chief of Finland's branch of Interpol, she has made her country a place international criminals know they should steer clear of.

In Parisian crime circles, the word is out that one should never try to hide out in Finland, because "Madame Interpol misses no one."

Eila Kanno has made her name feared among the brotherhood of wrongdoers, because she pays close attention to minor facts in the detailed descriptions Interpol sends out.

She once nabbed a notorious culprit from Denmark because he liked cheese sandwiches and scrambled eggs—a relatively insignificant detail which happened to be in his file.

But this is the type of information Mrs. Kanno thrives on.

And what is Madame Interpol's only hobby? Ah, she likes to read detective fiction at night.

Her favorite author is Georges Simenon, the creator of Inspector Maigret. She claims she has learned a lot from Maigret's methods.

One of these days Simenon will have to write about Madame Interpol—a kind of cook book giving Mrs. Kanno's recipe for cooking a bad man's goose?

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'VENI, VIDI, VICI —BUT NO MINI!'

☆ "Mini-minded" Australian girls are in for a shock, it seems, when they go to Rome.

"There are no mini-skirts in Italy—I might have been in a bikini for all the stares I got when I arrived at Rome Airport," wrote N.S.W. Mannequin of the Year, Veronika Rossmannith (right), who recently left Sydney to try her luck in the Italian fashion world.

"For the first few days I was followed around by a herd of wishful nuns, whistling and calling out to me," she said. "So I took all my dresses down a good 2 1/2 in. and, though they're still shorter than the clothes the local girls wear, they're now 'respectable'."

Veronika wrote that she hopes to be doing summer showings for well-known Italian designers Schubert, Fausto Sarli, Barocco, and Valentino if she can obtain a work permit.

"They're very hard to get—and a must for working at fashion houses," Veronika said. "But I'll still be able to do shots for international magazines, where the money is. So all is well."



COMPACT

Story went down well

■ Although she had never tried before to lose weight, Mrs. Stella Lang, of Dandenong, Victoria, found it very simple when she followed our "Best-Ever Diet," published in The Australian Women's Weekly on September 28.

In six weeks she lost more than two stone.

Mrs. Lang found the diet meals enough to satisfy her appetite and also to provide the energy needed to work three mornings a week, as well as cope with her own housework.

She weighed 11st. (she is only 5ft. tall) before going on the diet. After six weeks of following the diet rigidly, she had reduced to 9st.—and didn't feel hungry at all after the first two days.

"There were times when I was tempted to break out, especially when I saw cakes and sweets," Mrs. Lang said.

However, the loss of weight (Mrs. Lang lost a stone in two weeks) counteracted this urge.

The menu for the first day included a lunch of fruit salad, and Mrs. Lang said she ate a huge plateful, which included bananas (usually banned in reducing diets). Later on during the diet, she admitted to cheating a bit and putting meat extract on the dry toast, but this was the only deviation.

Mrs. Lang found the diet so simple and "painless" to follow that she plans to shed another 3lb. In the meantime, she has stabilised her weight by adding low-carbohydrate foods such as starch-reduced biscuits, cheese, and additional grapefruit to the diet.

To keep her skin supple and prevent wrinkles often caused by a large reduction in weight, Mrs. Lang massaged her face and arms each night with baby oil.

Now she says she feels "100 per cent better" for the loss.

● Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Richardson.



● Mrs. Stella Lang

COUPLE'S MEMORIES ARE REALLY PRECIOUS

FEW women in Australia—or anywhere in the world for that matter—can claim ownership of a magnificent ruby they themselves found on a gemfield.

Not only can Mrs. E. J. Richardson—of Anakie, in Central Queensland—make this boast, she also owns some famous Black Star sapphires. And, on her granddaughters' 21st birthdays, she gave each of them a sapphire or emerald ring.

Goldminer, too!

To Mrs. Richardson there is nothing unusual about all this, for, since they were married 60 years ago, she and her husband have lived in the gemfield area of Anakie, Sapphire town, and Rubyvale, and precious stones have been as much parts of her life as her eight children, 28 grandchildren, and 16 great-grandchildren.

"They were always interested in minerals and prospecting," said a granddaughter, Mrs. J. Edmunds, and they dug shafts on every sapphire field in the district with varying degrees of success.

According to Mrs. Edmunds, her grandfather, who is 95, has many colorful tales

to tell of the early boom-town days when work was scarce and hardships were plentiful.

Mr. Richardson was also a gold and water diver, and he mined for gold, as well as working among sapphires. About 1930, he and his wife took over the Anakie Hotel, which they sold only recently.

"Grandfather admits that he still hankers for the camp-oven meals and genuine bush dampers," added Mrs. Edmunds. Her own most precious memory is of the rides Mr. Richardson gave her in his old sulky, "when we'd all pile on and spend the day on a mining picnic."



the year to be going places!

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Here are some examples of Lisind and Trans World Tours departing early this year.

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IBERIA March 6	IBERIA Aug. 28	\$2,560
IBERIA March 9	ORNSAY Sept. 14	\$2,314
CANBERRA April 4	ORNSAY Sept. 29	\$2,490
ORCADES April 12	ORNSAY Sept. 21	\$2,366
HIMALAYA May 4	CANBERRA Oct. 16	\$2,388
ORNSAY May 25	ORNSAY Nov. 23	\$2,680
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● Three of Pierre Cardin's fashion team to tour Australia. From left, Edith Pasquier, public-relations officer; male model David Tolland, painting the roof of his artist's studio attic in the heart of Paris; model Catherine Letellier with her Tibet poodle, a children's TV idol in France.

PIERRE CARDIN and his famous fashion team arrive in Australia on February 26 for gala parades in Sydney, Melbourne, and Canberra.

The four are co-director Andre Oliver, model girl Catherine Letellier, male model David Tolland, and public-relations officer Edith Pasquier.

Andre Oliver is a likable person. Ten years Pierre Cardin's junior, he has an impish smile and a light-hearted manner that conceals a good artist, and disciplined designer. He has been Cardin's right-hand man for 12 years.

Andre Oliver is not only a designer and responsible for gathering together all the best in fabrics and fashion, he is a painter who moves in an artist's world.

Every season, Bernard Buffet and his wife, Anabel (with identical haircuts), sit in the front seats at the opening of the Cardin collection.

They are great friends of Andre Oliver, who has 18 Bernard Buffet paintings and has arranged a whole room around them. It is his dining-room. Not to detract from Buffet's work, he has table, chairs, dinner service, and side tables hidden behind a Japanese screen stacked ready for quick use.

Andre Oliver paints, then discards. Later Cardin retrieves canvases from the cellar, which he hangs on his walls. He has more faith in Andre's talent than Andre has.

Pierre Cardin's home is, by Paris standards, large. On two floors it spreads over 20 rooms. Andre Oliver's apartment is even larger and goes higher with unfinished rooms. He has lived in it for only two years.

Surprisingly, although their taste in clothes is so attuned that one can design and choose fabrics for the other, their taste in furnishing is entirely different. Pierre Cardin's is fine. Andre's is more robust—but not flamboyant.

When Catherine Letellier, the 21-year-old Cardin model with the sweet smile and the little-girl look, arrives in Australia, she will lose no time in visiting a koala sanctuary. "I've always wanted to cuddle one," she said.

Catherine is an animal-lover. She has two dogs, two cats, and a puppy. She lives in the country, "because I could never leave them behind to live in Paris."

Ordinarily she thinks nothing of a 50-mile drive from her home to the salon. "It is a bit tiring during dress show time," she said.

She has none of the sophistication of a Paris model, but it is this little-girl appeal that Pierre Cardin likes. Although she has travelled extensively showing his clothes, none of the adulation has spoiled her.

When the gala parades, the parties, and receptions are over, Catherine likes to see the country.

"Animals and children are what I like," she says. Like most people who surround the designer,

Catherine was set for an art career, but turned to fashion to further her experience.

"I was studying theatre designing and sketching," she said, "but I found it rather difficult and decided to get some experience in presentation before returning to classes."

She is getting that experience as a model for Cardin. "Because he does everything with a touch of theatre, I like to work for him," she said.

She has been working for Cardin for 18 months. "Before that I was an au-pair girl with a family in England with two little girls and I loved it," she said. "They had animals and made me very happy."

She has a Tibet poodle which she trained to be a TV star. It is the idol of French children on a nightly program.

Male model David Tolland says, "The only way to know what fashion is all about is to work in it." Commercial artist, small-part player in movies and on TV, cover boy for commercials, he came to Paris "to cultivate my taste."

David is an American. He studied painting at junior high school, won a scholarship to art school and their award three years running.

A leg broken skiing led to his marriage in Las Vegas. "My wife nursed me until I was on my feet again and we took off for Hawaii," he said.

They were later divorced "and I had this bug to come to Europe."

David Tolland settled down to painting — he had three exhibitions in Barcelona—and to earn money as a bit player in movies and television.

"I was dying to create when I came to Paris, walked everywhere for the first six months studying all the types, was a cover boy for an agency," he said. "When I became fascinated with fashion I got a job with Pierre Cardin."

David Tolland's first assignment was when the Cardin collection was shown in England to an audience headed by Princess Margaret.

His first big photographic assignment was for Cecil Beaton, who was photographing Baroness Thyssen before she went to Australia to judge fashion for the Melbourne Cup Carnival.

"Cecil Beaton is the most wonderful man to work for and Fiona just a dream to work with — so professional, and so beautiful," he said.

David Tolland says that today modelling is much more important than just wearing clothes. "I am not just a model, I am the person who projects the image Pierre Cardin is trying to create."

David Tolland lives in a studio in the centre of Paris. He works and lives in an attic he has lined with red hessian. He has the life of a young man-about-town, theatre, first nights, dancing.

"Once a week, I dance at Castel's for eight hours non-stop," he said. "It keeps me more fit than going to a gymnasium."

He is looking forward to the races in Australia. "It is an expensive sport, but my real relaxation," he said.

Fashion journalists call Pierre Cardin's public-relations officer Edith Pasquier a "real honey."

They aren't words she uses herself. She addresses as "Darling" (pronounced daarlceeng) every one of them as they put their noses around the corner of the high screen that shuts her off from the couture world beyond.

By
ANNE MATHESON,
of our London staff

● Catherine Letellier, who will help show the collection in Australia, models Cardin's short-skirted party dress, bow-tied on one shoulder.

PIERRE CARDIN'S TOUR TEAM

● Four top members of Pierre Cardin's staff will accompany the famous French couturier when he visits Australia for the first time to show his spring collection.



● In Cardin car-coat, David Tolland is seated in one of the brilliant stretch-jersey-covered chairs in Cardin's men's wear store in Paris.
—Pictures by DAVID GRAVES

In the world of the theatre, "Darling" is over-worked and doesn't seem to mean much. In Pierre Cardin's salon, it is soothing balm when Edith looks up with her reassuring smile during the most frenzied moments of showing the collection and says, "Yes, Darling."

You know everything is going to be all right!

She was once a model, but left the cabine for the Press office at Dior and trained in public relations. "Never easy with everyone wanting something different," she says.

When Edith (pronounced Edit) went to Cardin soon after he opened his salon, her English was poor. It is typical of her good nature that the first word she learnt was "Darling."

Edith Pasquier has the smallest house in Paris, a little villa within a courtyard in an area known as "The Sacred Earth," from the churches, monasteries, and chapels that once stood there.

In her tiny house, Edith has cleverly used every inch of space.

"You could hardly squeeze my little cat Chaminet into the kitchen, the shower, and my dressing-room," she said. "But I did it."

Downstairs is only one room and a large alcove. The room is her living room and the alcove her bedroom.

"Later I will move upstairs," she said. Glancing up I could see why she is not there now. It didn't look safe, even for Edith with her slim figure.

On the walls she has tacked a dark, coarse canvas to which she pins amusing trifles picked up on travels, even a toasting fork from England.

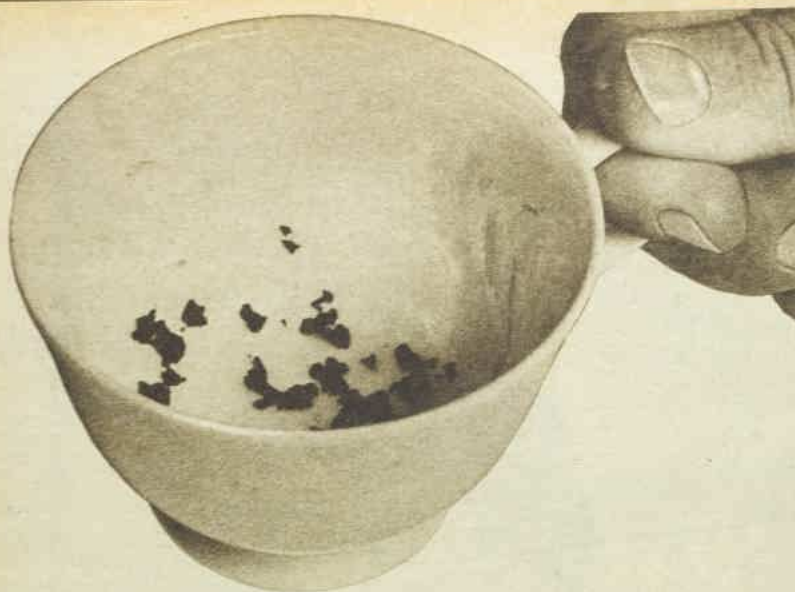
Finding space for everything could be a problem for anyone but Edith Pasquier, who seems able to make every piece of furniture do the work of two.

The soft music — classical in the evening, pop in the morning — comes from under a Victorian table-cover. "I hide the amplifier there," she explained.

Small as her house is, she lives in elegance. A fire burns brightly in the tiny fireplace, summer and winter. "A courtyard on sacred ground is inclined to be chilly," she said.



● David Tolland and Catherine in Cardin's space-age clothes. Cardin, who does more business throughout the world with his men's wear than his feminine fashions, will show designs for men and women at the Australian parades in Sydney, Melbourne, Canberra.



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HCF



JOHN HABLITSCHKEK standing beside his self-portrait. Before he came to Australia in 1960, he fulfilled his boyhood ambition to go into show business by joining an Italian circus as a clown.

HE PORTRAYED HIMSELF AS A LAUGHING CLOWN

- Among the colorful exhibits at John Hablitschek's last exhibition in Sydney was a laughing clown, which he called a "self-portrait."

WHY should a designer of enamel jewellery and wall plaques portray himself as a clown?

Because he was, in fact, a clown for one year, complete with unruly wig, make-up, baggy clothes, and large shoes.

"No one knew about it until my first exhibition last April," said John, 30, who was born of Austrian parents in the Italian Dolomites.

"My wife was afraid that her grandmother, a German aristocrat, would disapprove—she might think I was a gipsy or something. My wife was very upset when people found out, but I managed to calm her, and now she doesn't mind who knows."

Although John's father is a well-known architect and artist in Italy, and his uncle teaches art in Germany, John Hablitschek said that he had always wanted to go into show business.

In 1955, after completing his three-year apprenticeship as a joiner and cabinetmaker, he joined the Italian Circus Tony.

Three weeks later one of the clowns died, and, after a few auditions, John made his debut as second clown, riding around the ring on a hippopotamus in the opening grand parade.

"I did my own make-up," he said. "They told me to paint myself, so I used to watch the other clowns in the dressing-room mirror and copy them."

For the next 12 months John travelled all over Italy

in a caravan, which he describes as "very small but homely," playing for three to four weeks in big cities like Trieste, Bologna, Rome.

"When we were in Rome we pitched the circus tent on the site of the present Olympic Village," he said. "There was nothing but rubbish tips and rats there in those days."

After leaving the Circus Tony he holidayed in France before auditioning in Milan

By VALERIE CARR

for the German Circus Kroner "just for fun."

"They offered me a job for a month—helping the artists to get their props ready," John said.

The next big break in his circus career came when one of the jugglers, with whom John was friendly, wanted him to assist in his act.

"I used to throw him the balls," he said, "and toured

Austria, Italy, and Germany. When he left the circus in Vienna I went on helping his replacement."

Although John would sketch the mountains around his home in the Dolomites and carve Madonnas and animals out of pine to give as presents, thoughts of being an artist were far from his mind.

"I've always liked creating things," he said, "but prefer sculpting to drawing. I like to feel the different woods and metals."

It wasn't until 1962, two years after his arrival in Australia, that, deciding he needed a background in basic design, he enrolled at the East Sydney Technical College.

In his opinion, though, clowning is art. "To be a good clown you must have feeling for people," he said, "just as you have feeling for color."

TOMMY HANLON'S Thought for the Week

Momma once said, when I was planning to get married and wondering if my marriage would work out, "No one really knows if their marriage will be successful, all they can do is try. Don't be afraid of an argument now and then. Two people with different personalities cannot live together 24 hours a day without having a disagreement once in a while. But that doesn't mean that they don't have a happy marriage. Admittedly, marriage is a serious step. It's like a lottery, but you can't tear up your ticket if you lose. Just give a little, take a little, and you have a pretty good chance of your marriage working."

MOMMA'S MORAL: Getting married is like eating mushrooms, you never know if it's the right thing until it's too late.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 25, 1967

MODEL WHO ISN'T A MATCHSTICK

● The girl pictured is Liv Faret, the new Miss International Cover Girl. She's not skinny like Shrimpton — experts say it's a nice change.



PICTURES BY ALEC MURRAY

SMOOTH LOOK from hairdo to feet is adopted by Liv for showing a jersey dress.

By winning the title Miss International Cover Girl, pretty Liv Faret, from Norway, has given herself an assured career as a model, with a chance of making \$60,000 dollars a year. Still, although she'll travel far and wide, she isn't going to give away her studies.

A student of political science, she already has a degree in Social Economics from Oslo University.

"Now that I have the money I can afford to continue my studies and in two years' time I shall return to finish the course," she told me.

Liv Faret, whose picture is spread across the pages of magazines in every country where fashion counts, is a curvy, vivacious girl (35-24-36). Tall, too. She touches 5' 8".

Robert Belton, one of the top fashion photographers, said: "Thank goodness for a model with something to her. The skinny look is all right for teenagers. But there's now a strong feeling for a more elegant look."

"With Liv, we are getting away from clothes-hangers." In their search in ten countries, the panel of judges were determined to find a girl who was not a carbon copy of every other top model.

"I gather we caused quite bitter comment turning down girls who looked like Twiggy, with her flat, boy-like figure, and Jean Shrimpton with her wide, innocent expression," said one of the panel, fashion editor Ann Beveridge.

"I'm fed up with the paper doll cut-out image, neither bosom, bottom, nor hips," said a magazine editor, Hazel Evans.

Liv Faret, who has been in America — on one-day stands throughout the country at stores carrying the London Look in clothes — has begun the travels that will take her to every important fashion centre in America and Europe. Shubette, of London, who runs a big fashion house with dress salons in every important capital, said:

"There is no limit to the money that Liv can make doing fashion photography. She is tied to us by contract for modelling, but with a clause freeing her for cover-girl work."

"Oh, yes, there is a limit to the money I can make," Liv said lightly.

"Wherever I go my books must go with me. I must continue my studies for a more advanced degree. This I hope to take in two years' time at Oslo University."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 25, 1967



LIV FARET has here changed her hairstyle to suit the pretty dress she is modelling.

"After all, I went into the contest in the hope I would win and earn enough money to continue as a student."

"Modelling seemed to offer the highest rewards — though I'm a bit overwhelmed at the volume of work since I became Miss International Cover Girl."

After winning, Liv paid a brief visit to Oslo to pack up her student's gear, lock her student's room, and collect her study books.

Then she returned to London, where photographer Robert Belton was waiting at the airport, with car and cameras, to whisk her off to Oxford for background and fashion shots for an English magazine.

Liv, who had never been to a hairdresser before she won the competition, was quick to learn the wonders of hairpieces. She became so adept that she now always changes her hairstyle before facing the camera.

She believes that clothes need wearing in the way that best expresses what the clothing designers had in mind.

"I'll do something different," she often says as she looks at a dress she is to model. Then she gets the feel of it,

the excitement of the style, and suits her mood and hairstyle to the outfit.

I heard her say of one dress: "Hm . . . I think this is a little crazy." Then she changed her hairpiece to suit.

Before entering the contest Liv went to work at the Norwegian Foreign Office to earn more money to continue her studies. She didn't think she had much of a chance in the Cover Girl Contest when she decided to compete.

She looked at all the Cover Girls and told herself she was no Jean Shrimpton.

What she didn't realise, until it was pointed out to her by a friend in the fashion business in Oslo, was that the search was for someone different.

She won by being her exuberant self and, as the fashion world say, "a natural."

— By Anne Matheson, in London
Page 13

The Fashion For



● Dior's fabulous effect of a lace caftan over a sheath of shimmery black sequins (above). The sleeves bare the shoulders and are tied with neat black satin bows.



● Dior shows a lattice effect in the knee-length caftan (above). The design is high-to-the-throat and has wrist-length sleeves.

● The caftan, a loose-fitting robe worn in Moorish countries, has been the inspiration for a new fashion.

The caftan first cropped up as a fashion garment in the Paris autumn collections. The French copied it in two versions, short and long, and introduced it as a luxurious and exotic at-home garment.

In this guise it looks faintly fancy dress. Adapted to a simpler form, it is a perfect garment to wear around the house — for working or lounging.

The caftan is cool and comfortable in hot weather. Made in a warm material, it's wonderful for chilly days. Its other merit — it's comfortably adaptable and flattering to all sizes and shapes.

From the look of things, there's going to be a caftan boom. News gets around, especially about an easy-to-make and flattering fashion.

—BETTY KEEP

● The bejewelled floor-length caftan (left) is made in white wool crepe and is heavily beaded in ruby-like stones on the bodice and three-quarter-length sleeves. The design is by Guy Laroche.

Caftans

● Short-cut at-home caftans (below) are exotic with sequins and fringe. The design at right has a lavish gold braid and fringe trim; the caftan at left shows the same trim. Note the amusing hair ornaments.



● Marc Bohan, of Christian Dior, designed the lace caftan (above) for after-five. The design has pearl embroidery bands at the high neck and front panel.



● Exotic at-home caftan (left) is floor-length and has a pyramid-line silhouette. The material is printed cotton. Neckline and sleeves are outlined with bands of white beads.

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cleaning your
teeth with
Champagne



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 25, 1967

A PRINCESS FROM N.S.W.

• She's the girl from near Canberra who married the Tsar's nephew



• THE PRINCESS AND PRINCE

"YOU are going to marry me," said the nephew of the late Tsar of all the Russias. "No," said Australian-born Sheila Chisholm. "Yes," said Prince Dmitri.

Now, ordinarily, a "no" from that very forthright lady meant what it said. But this time Prince Dmitri Romanoff won the day.

The pair flew in to Sydney this month on a kind of sentimental pilgrimage, the Princess to see her native land again, the Prince to discover Australia for the first time.

They are both lively, down-to-earth, no-nonsense people, united by a sense of fun. But when you talk to them, the air seems to fill with the ghosts of a long-ago glittering world, with the sound of far-off trumpets, the swirl of beautiful Court dresses, the flash of light on ceremonial swords.

Princess Dmitri Romanoff was the youngest child of Harry Chisholm, who bred fine sheep and finer horses on an immense station 40 miles outside Canberra.

("When I first left Australia, just before World War I, Canberra didn't exist," says the Princess.)

Young Sheila Chisholm was educated privately on the property. ("I was a monster," she recalls. "Mother told me she would never keep on a governess who was unkind to me. So whenever they actually tried to teach me something, I said they were being unkind. Governesses came and went like flies. I wasn't allowed to smoke, but I did, from the age of 12.")

Her mother took her abroad in 1914—to all the glamour of a pre-war season.

But the war broke out. Sheila's elder brothers immediately enlisted in the Australian Light Horse. To be near them, mother and sister went to Egypt. There, Sheila fell in love, with young Lord Loughborough, eldest son of the Earl of Rosslyn.

They were both much too young to contemplate marriage, but became secretly engaged until the way was clear.

There were two sons of the marriage. The elder is now the Earl of Rosslyn, and his son, aged eight, is Lord Loughborough. The second son perished in the Air Force in World War II.

Lord Loughborough died, and after a time his widow married Sir John Milbanke. ("I married all my husbands for love," says the Princess. "I certainly didn't care about titles, and none of them had any money.")

Once more, Lady Milbanke was widowed. Years passed, then one day her elder, surviving son told her, "I think Dmitri is falling in love with you."

"Nonsense," said his mother. "The two of us have been friends for a lifetime."

But her son was right. Eventually, Lady Milbanke became Princess Dmitri Romanoff, connected by marriage with most of the past and present crowned heads of Europe.

The Prince's cousins, for instance, include the King of

but not ill-treated. Luckily, the C.O. of the Red Guards was no Red.

"Finally, King George V of England sent HMS Marlborough to take us off."

All six of the sons of Dmitri's family survived the Revolution, and are living today, either in England or America.

("All of them naturalised," the Princess cut in, "except Dmitri. He has never been naturalised, though he fought in the British Navy and was at Dunkirk. But he can never call himself anything else but Russian, which means he must live and die a stateless person.")

The young Prince, almost penniless, saw no future for himself in England, and went first to the U.S., then to Greece, then back to the U.S. again.

He took a job in a factory, learning to make refrigerators. Then he went into the Stock Exchange. After seven years, he went

ways. Oh, it's very big." (Fourways operates the European section of The Australian Women's Weekly tours.)

"I was chairman of the company for a long time, though still unable to read those balance sheets! Now I mainly help with publicity. I can be very useful persuading our friends to use the agency, and, oh, yes, in persuading them to pay up."

"The rich don't pay, you know. No, they don't, Dmitri."

When I met them, the Prince and Princess had done little but sleep off the effects of the long flight from London, followed by a packed and sweltering Press conference at Sydney airport.

"But I'm looking forward to seeing everything so much," the Princess said.

"I flew back here briefly in 1937 to see my mother."

"I want to see the Blue Mountains again. And a koala farm. I want to surf again, to see if I can surf without being knocked over."

"First, we go to Canberra to stay with the British High Commissioner, Sir Charles Johnson, and his wife, who is Dmitri's cousin. Then back to Sydney to do all those things I dream of."

"And I want to meet all my old friends again, and have Dmitri meet them."

I marvelled aloud about the changes they must have seen in the world since their youth, the Prince's in Imperial Russia, the Princess's in the near-feudal world of a great station.

Both were firmly on the side of change. And both firmly on the side of youth.

"I was reared in a world of servants and chaperons," says Princess Dmitri. "Today the young have no chaperons and almost no help, and they manage their lives magnificently."

"I'm not bothered by Beatle haircuts. Half the boys at Eton have long hair, and it horrifies their fathers."

"But what does it matter? Basically, they're very much alive, and they just want to be different. They're very tough."

This pair, no longer young, who played glittering roles in a glittering past, are firmly on the side of the future.

By KAY KEAVNEY

Greece, Prince Philip (Duke of Edinburgh), and Princess Marina.

His father, Grand Duke Alexander, was an Admiral of the Imperial Russian Navy, and head of Russia's air force.

He paid two visits to Australia, and wrote home to his cousin the Tsar, "If it were not for my duties in Russia, I should never leave this paradise."

Prince Dmitri's mother was Her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess Xenia, sister of the murdered Tsar, and of England's Queen Alexandra. His own sister, a great beauty, married the prince who murdered Rasputin.

History rings through these illustrious names, so quietly voiced by the Prince in a Sydney hotel room.

He told me about the terrible eight months after the Revolution, when he and his family, including the Dowager Empress, were locked up waiting to be murdered.

"We slept in our clothes," he said, "always hoping for escape. We were starved,

back to England and enlisted in the Royal Navy.

After the war, and a time in Paris, he landed a highly satisfactory job with a mammoth whisky firm, from which he retired some years ago.

Now he lives with his wife in a smallish London house, with a staff of two ("as against 10 pre-war," says Princess Dmitri).

He has one daughter (and three granddaughters) from his previous marriage. And he helps the Princess in a venture which she started, somewhat improbably, 16 years ago.

"I started it," she said, "to help a friend. Then it was just a counter in Fortnum and Mason's (the famous London store), with a staff of two, and I called it, as a compliment to my second husband, the Milbanke Travel Agency."

"Now, mind you, I couldn't even read a balance sheet, but somehow the thing snowballed. Now we employ 200 in our London office and we have branches everywhere."

"We have a very efficient subsidiary in Australia, Four-



Robbi by Dunlop

girls who rate use 48...



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Or the name "Schweppes" on your kids' bottle of soft drink.

One cent extra is all you pay; even for a family-size bottle of Schweppes soft drink. (And not even that in some areas.)

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Schweppes just don't know how to make things any other way.

The same goes for Schweppes Cordials.

They're made from real fruit.

It costs more, but Schweppes think the difference it makes in a cordial is worth it.*



There's a lot of Schweppervescence in one of these.



Schweppes

If they can pronounce Schweppes, they deserve it.



* So do I.



LETTER BOX

● We pay \$2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Salute a gentleman

MY late employer was a fine old gentleman in name and nature. He often sat on the lovely porch of his home, contemplating the ways of his fellow men. No beggar or tramp was refused a good cup of tea and sandwich, with a couple of bob for smokes. One rather game chap, a not-infrequent visitor, once asked, "Why don't you share more of your cash with us unfortunates?" My old gent replied, "I've often thought on this subject, so divided my assets by the number of people living in our wonderful country of opportunity. Equal shares for us all comes to half-a-crown. Here is yours, and be off."

\$2 to C. G. Frankovich, Cloverdale, W.A.

A jingle puzzle

HERE is an old jingle which fascinated me in childhood: "Two-legs sat on three-legs, with one-leg in his lap. In came four-legs, snatched up one-leg. Up jumped two-legs, picked up three-legs, threw it at four-legs, and got one-leg back." The translation? A man sat on a stool, with a leg of mutton in his lap. In came the dog, snatched the leg of mutton. Up jumped the man, who picked up the stool, threw it at the dog, and got his leg of mutton back.

\$2 to Mrs. A. E. Peterson, Rydal, N.S.W.

A living thing

RETURNING from the city by bus, our three-year-old son exclaimed, "Look, there's a dead chocolate!" And sure enough there was a chocolate that had been trodden on and squashed.

\$2 to Mrs. Joyce E. Elms, Gumeracha, S.A.

It's a science, all right!

AT school I never fully appreciated the subject of domestic science. But now that I am a housewife the full meaning has hit me. One has to be an economical cook, chase after specials to stretch the weekly budget, pay all the bills — and still have the price of a bottle of milk left the day before pay-day.

\$2 to "Samantha" (name supplied), Hurstville, N.S.W.

How a man's mind works

HOW does the male mind function? After the wedding of our youngest daughter some of the 90 guests returned to our house to finish off the celebrations. With every room untidy as a result, my mind was going around with the question of how I could set to work to straighten things out, when my husband observed, "Seeing there's not much to do with the wedding over, Mum, I'm going to have a game of golf with the boys tomorrow, and you can have a rest."

\$2 to "Worker's Holiday" (name supplied), Ashfield, N.S.W.

BRINGING BABY HOME FROM HOSPITAL

AFTER my first baby was born I went to my mother's, and, after settling down to a daily routine, found I had to change it completely when I went home and had to do the cooking, etc., as well. With my next two babies I went straight home to my familiar surroundings. If your mother and mother-in-law really want to help it would be better if they each came to you for a day and helped with the washing and ironing.

\$2 to Mrs. J. Burton, Holland Park, Qld.

MY mother-in-law stayed with us for the first two weeks after both my babies came home from hospital. All I did was look after baby and do its washing. My husband had beautiful meals at the right time and a refreshed wife. Those first few weeks are when you most appreciate help, but in your own home.

\$2 to Mrs. D. Hansen, Holland Park, Qld.

● Answers to "Wondering," who asked if it was better to take a new baby straight home from hospital or first spend a week with one's mother.

YOU will both settle down better if you take the babe home. My mother cooked our evening meal for us, and my husband picked it up in either a casserole or saucepan on his way home from work. This enabled me to have a much needed afternoon rest—from which the baby also benefited.

\$2 to Mrs. B. Hosking, Chilwell, Vic.

TAKE advice from one who knows and stay with either of your "Mums." I wanted to go straight home, too, and, after two days of sheer exhaustion collapsed thankfully into the nearest chair when my mother came and collected husband, baby, and me from the mess I thought I could manage.

\$2 to Mrs. Beverley Fox, Loftus, N.S.W.

NONE of us has regretted the decision to bring our first baby straight home and learn together to cope. My mother was great, popping in each afternoon to see if she could help. But the knowledge that your husband is looking after you both creates a wonderful bond.

\$2 to Mrs. L. R. Reilly, Toowoong, Qld.

I THOUGHT I would be able to cope myself, but on my arrival home burst into tears, simply because I didn't know what to do. Then I came to my senses,

● Ross Campbell is on holiday. He will resume his column on his return.

TIME was when after a tiring, frustrating day I would look up to the night skies and see the moon so aloof and luminous there in outer space; and on moonless nights the stars and planets were no less magical and mysterious. To me it would seem that no matter how mad or bad the world, the skies, at least, were full of peace. Now, alas, they have become a space-age junk-heap full of bits and pieces.

\$2 to "Blast-off" (name supplied), Kenmore, Qld.

Ah, moon of lost delight!

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packed a bag, and went straight to my mother's for the rest of the week. The thing you don't think of in hospital is that for quite a few weeks more than four hours' continuous sleep is impossible.

\$2 to Mrs. J. R. Oyston, St. Kilda, Vic.

★ ★ ★

GO home to your husband, as I did. I was more tired than ever before, but we soon became used to things, and by the second week had settled into a routine. Try to get all the big jobs out of the way before you go to hospital, and don't worry about housework for a while afterward. Your husband will be invaluable and will want to look after you both. In-law advice is generally good and well meant, but only you and your husband can bring up your child.

\$2 to Mrs. Eileen M. Dear, Vermont, Vic.

DRESS SENSE

by
BETTY
KEEP



3765. — One-piece dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 3765, price 65c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

● This fluid-line shift is designed for spotted sheer, but it could well be made in silk or cotton. The design was chosen for a Sydney reader for partygoing.

HERE is the reader's request, with my reply:

"Would a black-spotted sheer be suitable for a party shift? If you approve this idea, could I have a pattern in size 16?"

I think a black-spotted sheer would make a glamorous party shift. The design I have chosen is illustrated above. By the way, the pattern also includes a floor-length shift; this design is slightly belted. Beside the illustration are details and how to order the pattern.

"What style would be best for a floor-length evening coat? The coat is to wear over an evening shift made in orange Thai silk."

The Empire line is the prettiest silhouette I know for a floor-length evening coat.

"Does your pattern department include special patterns designed for teenagers?"

Yes. Our pattern department includes special patterns correctly proportioned for teens, and for sub-teens, too.

"I want to make myself a pants suit for autumn, but I feel a tweed or a wool suiting looks too mannish. Would you advise me on a suitable color and fabric? I am dark, with a good, clear complexion."

I suggest corduroy in pale beige. The wide-valet corduroy is newest.

"I am being married in a morning ceremony, with a luncheon reception at 12.30. My outfit is a pinky beige, and I wondered would it be correct to wear the same shade for the accessories. I am wearing a white pillbox hat."

My choice would be beige shoes and handbag plus white kid gloves.

"I would appreciate your advice about the right color for shoes to wear with a lime-green after-5 dress. The gown is street-length but rather formal."

Match satin shoes to the color of your dress. It is quite a simple matter to have white satin shoes tinted.



The one
safe, sure way
to kill this
filthy fly,

spray
Mortein



Just one fly. Yet he could 'be loaded with five million disease germs to menace your family's health. Polio, hepatitis, typhoid, gastro-enteritis and more. These are the deadly killers he could be carrying into your home. There is only one *safe*, sure way to kill flies . . . spray Mortein. Flies and insects can never become immune to Mortein. Mortein kills all insects, even those resistant to DDT, dieldrin, lindane and other hazardous ingredients used in inferior insect sprays. Insects can never develop a

resistance to Mortein — powerful Mortein kills them all. **Mortein is deadliest to flies, yet safest to use** Mortein Pressure * Pak and Mortein Plus both contain costly African Pyrethrum, synergised with Piperonyl Butoxide. These are the most powerful insect killing ingredients known to science and the safest of all to use. Mortein is different from other insect sprays and can safely be sprayed near little children, food and pets. Spray Safe . . . Spray Only Mortein.



When you're on a good thing... stick to it! 

THE LONDON LOOK



● Amusing party dress (right) designed for disc dancing is made in glimmery chiffon, and straight-cut to mini-length. Beige ostrich feathers make an exotic trim to outline neck, elbow sleeves, and hem.



● The Muir wrap-around kimono dress is the last word in glamor and comfort for at-home wear. The one above, made in a beautiful flowery print, is bow-tied at the wrist-length sleeves and trimmed with bands of clear red.



● Elegant floor-length caftan is front-fastened with tiny self-material buttons. Far right, a cocktail ensemble — mini-length dress and matching long-line jacket. Both fashions are in vivid blue, the No. 1 color in the Muir collection.

THE fashions shown here are from London designer Jean Muir's autumn collection. The Muir clothes for autumn were soft and pretty. Materials and colors were superb — luxury silks in clear colors and in interesting prints. The designer also used suede.

Vivid blue was the No. 1 color. A loose-cut kimono and a caftan silhouette were repeated throughout the collection. The kimono is worn belted, the caftan is floor-length. There were also some amusing party dresses for discotheques, and cocktail suits.

Jean Muir does not design pants suits for the street. All her trouser fashions are soft and feminine, styled for at-home wear.

—BETTY KEEP

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DRESS SENSE

by
**BETTY
KEEP**



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 25, 1967

Fresh from an **Edgell** country garden

There's something very special about Edgell Sweet Green Peas! We wish you could see the lush green acres where Edgell farmers take such tender care of soil and seed . . . look in on the harvesting, where, at the precise moment of perfection, peas are picked and taken swiftly to the cannery . . . where all the country garden goodness is captured in every can. One day perhaps you will . . . meantime, Edgell Sweet Green Peas will always be the sweetest in all the land.



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Mustard, $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup
vinegar.



2 Just stir until the mixture
thickens slightly. Then let
it stand for a few moments
(See? No lumps, no beating,
no fuss.)



3 Now try it. (Add a little
more mustard if you wish.)
Isn't it just delicious? So
quick, too.

THEN make a platter of DANISH OPEN SANDWICHES

(Ham and chicken, crisp
salad vegetables, made all
the more delicious with
2-minute Mayonnaise.)



DANISH OPEN SANDWICHES

Choose a fresh, crusty loaf of
rye bread (or, if you prefer, white
French bread or sliced Pumper-
nickel). Butter the slices and top
with rolled-up slices of ham,
chicken, corned beef or any
sliced meat.

Then add slices of any (or all)

of the following: cucumber,
radish, onion, tomato, hard-
boiled egg. (And a lettuce leaf,
too, if you like.)

Garnish with a sprig of parsley
and pour a lavish helping of 2-
minute Mayonnaise over the top.
It makes all the tangy difference!

AT HOME ... with Margaret Sydney

• Life at the moment is extremely strenuous. I have become some sort of a cross between a prison warden, a baby nurse, and an attendant in an institution for mentally deficient delinquents, and I am more than a little allergic to all four-footed creatures.

WE have a new dog. Please do not ask me what sort. This is a delicate question to which lengthy family councils have not yet found an acceptable answer.

"Look at his ears," someone will say. "He must have boxer in him." This sparks off a sort of piece-by-piece dissection of the dog, in which the words boxer, kelpie, pointer, german shepherd, great dane, setter, and doberman are bandied round.

You will have noticed no mention of peke, pug, poodle, terrier, or spaniel — nothing small or manageable, in fact. We don't know what his forebears were. We only know they were very large.

We lost our old dog five months ago. He died quietly in his sleep at the end of an immensely long life, leaving the most painful gap in the household. The children couldn't remember a time when we hadn't had him, which was hardly surprising, since he was older than Mike and (we think) not very much younger than Di.

The situation was not eased by the fact that at the time we had an elderly relative of Hugh's spending a few days with us.

She's a woman who thinks that animals are all very well "in their place," but their place should be pretty remote from people. Mike's grief she found offensive. It was fortunate she didn't discover how general the weeping had been.

"You haven't taught him any sense of proportion, Margaret," she said tartly to me in Mike's hearing. "I'd be interested to know whether he was as upset as this when his uncle died."

She was referring to her husband, who died about six weeks ago. I held my breath. Mike is getting a bit more civilised as the years pass, but these were exceptional circumstances, and I half expected him to say, "But I didn't even like Uncle Ted." But Mike said nothing.

Floods of tears a natural reaction

PEOPLE who are not fond of animals often make this criticism of those who are.

I can see that to them it's beyond understanding that anyone should mourn a "mere animal" while taking fairly philosophically the death of a relative who, however distant, is nevertheless a human being.

If you were game to argue it with them (which you never are), you could point out that the uncritical affection and companionship of a pet is missed at every turn for the first few days in any household where it has belonged — and floods of tears are a natural reaction.

Similar floods of tears for the death of a person with whom there was no daily contact, no bond, no shared experiences would surely only point to a very neurotic child with mixed-up feelings.

We let time go by, though we all agreed that we couldn't remain dogless indefinitely. Our old boy had come from the dogs' home as a pup, and was certainly the best 35/- worth this family had ever had.

We decided to do the same again. We wanted a big dog because we like them; because, rightly chosen, they're gentler and brainier; because their eyes are farther from the ground, which is an important considera-

tion in the initial stress of introducing them to a household of cats who definitely don't want a new dog.

So we chose a big handsome fellow with what appeared to be a full set of fine white teeth and a look of youthful maturity.

In the excitement of the moment, we neglected to look at his feet until we'd got him home. Then we found they simply didn't fit. They're enormous. He hasn't begun to grow into them. He's already 24in. at the shoulder and weighs 50lb.

"Less," Diana said when she heard the result of Mike's struggles with the dog and the bathroom scales. "I've been telling you for years that those scales overweigh everyone."

Going to grow up like a skyscraper

NOBODY believed her. He does weigh 50lb., he is 24in. high at the shoulder, and there's every indication that he's going to go up and up, like a skyscraper.

He hasn't got a name. Everyone is suggesting names, and we're trying to reach agreement. Everyone calls him by their own choice of the moment and he answers to all, or none, depending on whether he feels like answering or not.

He doesn't appear to have been taught anything. Now everyone is trying to teach him something different, and all at the same time. He remains absolutely good humored and, let's face it, practically impenetrable.

"We really bought a pup; that dog's a moron," Hugh says with disgust when the dog gets back on a chair after being turned off for the umpteenth time.

"You're a great big, ugly, stupid, crashing bore," Mike tells him when he's sat on some precious model in Mike's room. This is all praise to him — he loves it. He's just as passionately glad to have a family of his own that he forgives us for being such crashing bores about the furniture and the cats.

I haven't really got round to telling you why my life has become like that of an attendant in a delinquents' home. It's because of the cats, of course, and their highly temperamental reaction to the dog.

This, I'm afraid, is going to be a serial story. I expect at least a week or two of strife before anything like the old familiar peace descends on the house.



... "and divide by two and that means we weigh 95t. each."

THE HAPPY HOUSEKEEPER

Ursula King, of East Ringwood, Vic., says she's a happy housewife because she regards keeping house as a career. She gives here some pointers for the job.

A GOOD housekeeper aims to achieve four basic ideals. The first is cleanliness, attainable no matter how little finance is available or how few the housewife's material possessions.

It should, however, be a workable tidiness. If you try to make a perfectly tidy home or a spotlessly clean child, you no longer have a home or a child but a house and a small robot. The job can still be done thoroughly — no dirt under the carpet, or dirty clothes behind the door.

The second is the ability to be a "lady" — calm, unruffled, gently spoken, and smiling, no matter what the circumstances or people involved.

The third is the ability to respect everyone, from the grocer who forgot to put the butter in your delivery box to the neighbor's son who gave your child a black eye.

Fourth is the ability to use time to the best advantage.

Grandmother's maxims

To achieve these standards, certain rules must be followed. Many of my grandmother's old sayings, which I thought very tiresome when I was a child, I now concede have considerable value.

"A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING, AND EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE" is one of them, and it is the basic rule for a tidy home.

My mother had all the bottles in her grocery cupboard labelled according to their original contents. But not one of those bottles contained what was stated on the label.

When one day she was suddenly taken to hospital, we had gravy thickened with custard powder. My father had trusted the labels and couldn't distinguish between the ingredients.

Even if you have a place for everything, it won't help unless the article is always put there, and it's automatic to look for it there.

As a child arriving from school I was greeted with, "DON'T PUT IT DOWN, PUT IT AWAY."

This annoyed me, until I saw the chaos created when a raincoat is left at the door, shoes somewhere between there and the kitchen; in the lounge a schoolbag is dumped on the chair, and its contents distributed between the remaining chairs and table.

Multiply this by three or four, and you have a very untidy house. The secret of constant tidiness is to put things away as you finish using them.

Terrible fashions — of 1922!

WHENEVER I am tempted to comment on the ugliness of current fashions for young people I remember my own most outstanding outfit. I wore it more than 40 years ago when I was a 15-year-old five-by-five.

Here is my outfit. I'll work upward to describe it—it's better that way:

On short, plump feet and legs, strap shoes and shiny white artificial silk stockings. These led to an above-the-knee grey dress with a low hipster belt and about five inches of much-pleated skirt.

The coat was magnificent — fingertip-length sealskin with huge dolman sleeves and a long shawl collar of grey squirrel.

It was really my evening coat, but you see I LIKED it, so I wore it from a.m. to a.m.

Then the hat — the summit of my ambitions. A toque of grey shot silk sitting hard down on my unplucked eyebrows. I was positive it made me look like Theda Bara.

Angled across the front, like a lopsided veil, was a beautiful flat ostrich feather dyed mauve and purple, which concealed me from the world, and vice versa. Only when the wind blew could I see anything.

Long jet earrings completed the spectacle.

I flaunted this delectable outfit until Mother returned from hospital and caught me in it, which meant goodbye to all that.

So now, whenever I see a pretty little mini-skirted girl tripping along in a high wind, I remember yesterday — and withhold comment.

—Iris Milutinovic, W.A.

"A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE"—and sometimes a completely new heel, button, or zip.

Most jobs are easily coped with if tackled as soon as the trouble starts, but if left they get bigger and less inviting until they are beyond our inclination or ability.

"NEVER PUT OFF TILL TOMORROW WHAT CAN (and should) BE DONE TODAY."

At a gathering some weeks ago a woman wearily stated she had ironed 13 shirts that morning.

I secretly thought her husband was lucky to have that many shirts — but what a job! Wouldn't it have been easier to do a couple each day? Ironing, mending, darning pile up if not done "today."

Boredom and disinterest can be overcome if you put brainpower to work, thinking out new, faster ways of doing daily tasks.

Get into the habit of doing two and three things at once. For example, set the washing-machine going, then start the electric beater creaming the butter and sugar, and make the bed.

Add the eggs and flour, and while the cake is cooking hang out the clothes and dust the house. While the cake is cooling enough to be iced, finish cleaning the house.

How to save time and energy

Any plan is as good as mine as long as your brain is one step ahead of your actions, replanning as you strike an interruption, thinking of ways to conserve energy and use every moment advantageously.

Try to do the main jobs on the same day each week. For example, Monday could be house-cleaning day, Tuesday the main washday. Wednesday is a good day for sewing and mending, Thursday the best shopping day.

On Friday you could bake, on Saturday wash towels and hand-towels. If you have a large family you may need to wash a little every day.

On my wedding day an aunt, whose tidy home I had always admired (I think she took after my grandmother), gave me this advice: "Take an hourly 'tidy-walk' and you'll never be caught in a mess."

She explained that a "tidy-walk" was a walk around the house tidying up.

Sometimes there may be nothing to tidy, but on another there may be a doily to straighten, a slipper to put back in a cupboard, a window to close.

On the first "tidy-walk" each day, take a duster and give the furniture a quick rub.

As your brain works out better ways to do tasks, make it think of ways to make tasks interesting.

Hanging clothes on the line can be fun if you try to hang the things a certain way — perhaps you like all the towels in a row. When you iron, stack the finished articles in heaps, according to their owner.

While tackling these mechanical jobs, daydream. There may be a birthday party to plan, or a new dress to design, or a holiday to think about. How would you repaint and furnish your home? What would your ideal summer wardrobe look like?

These dreams must not become your master, but they can make an hour's ironing seem like ten minutes.

Shopping by "one-extra" plan

As for shopping, make it easy by the "one-extra" plan. Clear a large top cupboard and buy a notebook. List every article you ever buy which will keep—tins, bottles, packets, toilet and bathroom requirements. The next time you buy one of these, get an extra one and put it in the top cupboard.

As finance permits, fill that top cupboard with one of everything you have on the list, and you are ready to start. Now, when you run out of sugar, take it out of your top "extra" cupboard, and write "sugar" in your book.

By Thursday, when you shop, you may have seven or eight articles on that replacement list. Add your perishables and your shopping list is complete.

This makes budgeting simple. Money doesn't have to be kept "in case" more sugar is needed, or the sauce runs out.

A homemaker also must aim to maintain an atmosphere in which the family can relax and enjoy each other's company.

To do this, she must be patient but firm, consistent but ready to make allowances, and remain happy and cheerful.

Above all, don't whine! Make a bad day a joke and it will be just that.

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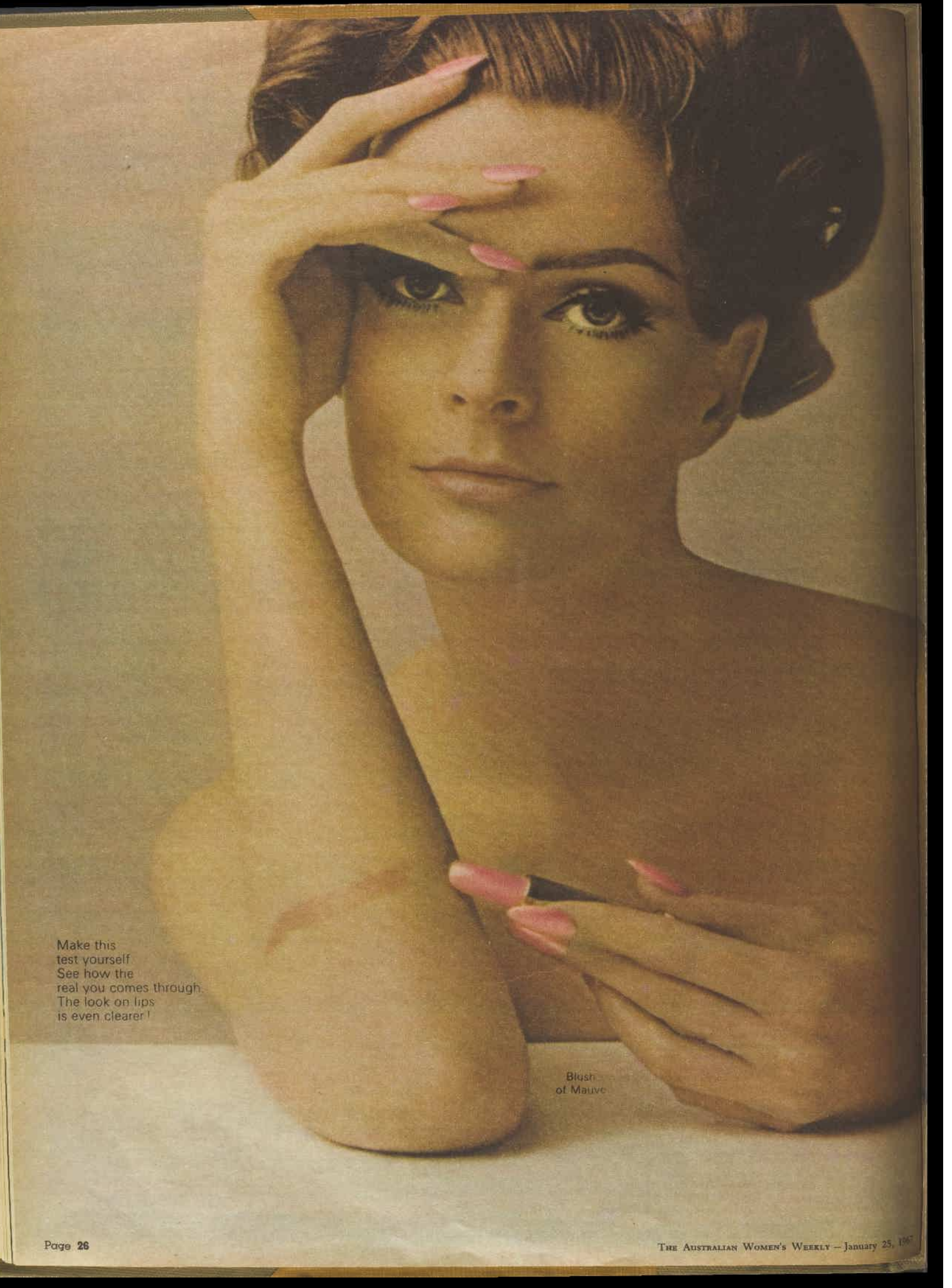
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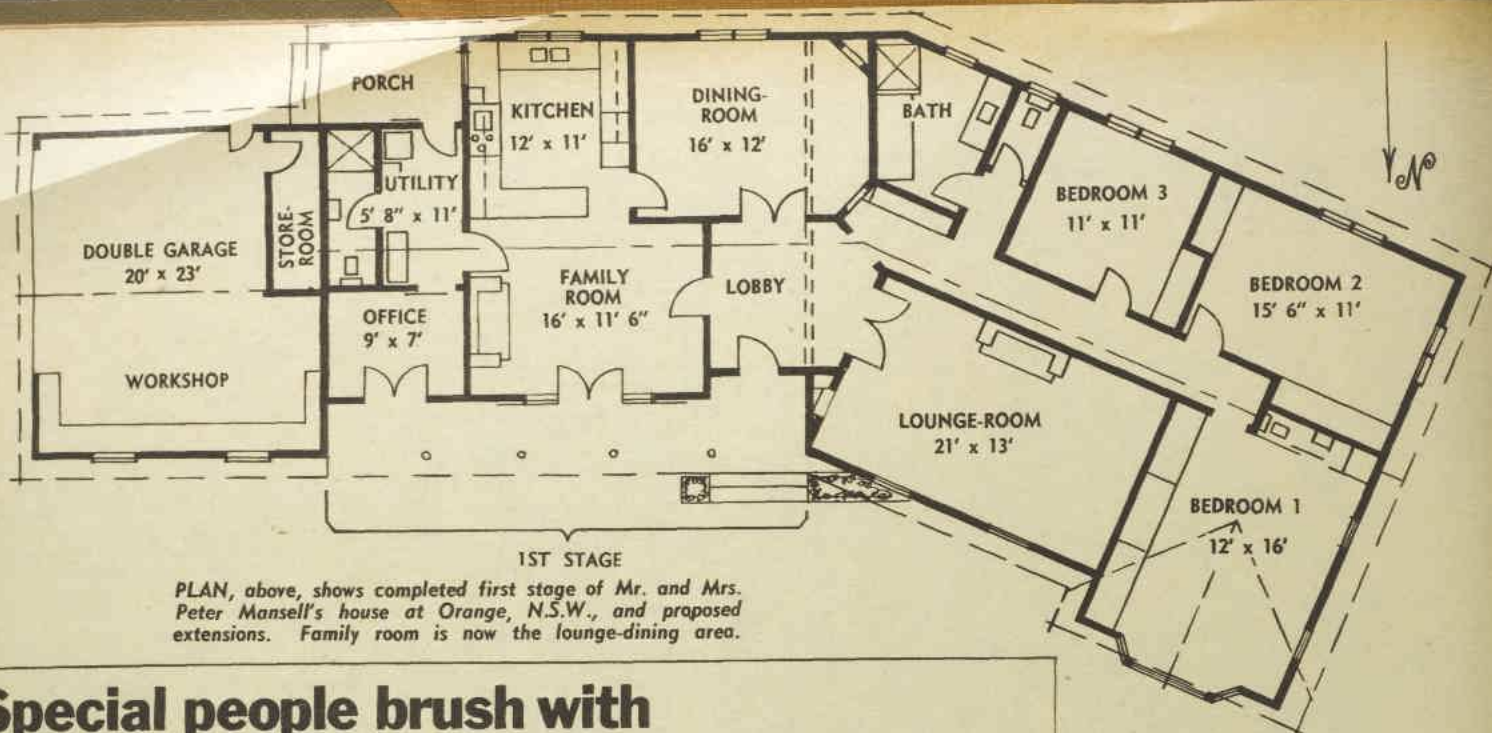
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PLAN, above, shows completed first stage of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Mansell's house at Orange, N.S.W., and proposed extensions. Family room is now the lounge-dining area.

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● HOUSE of the WEEK

NESTLING in the hills in the Orange district of N.S.W. is the partly completed white weatherboard colonial-styled home of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Mansell.

Mr. Mansell is the son of Australian artist Byram Mansell, whose murals, pottery, and paintings with aboriginal motifs are well known throughout Australia.

The 2000-acre sheep property, "Coolumbala," was bought two years ago, and while the first stage of the house was being built Mr. Mansell and his wife, Belinda, lived in a shearers' shack.

The completed house will be 23 squares, but at present only 10 squares have been erected. They consist of lounge-dining area, kitchen, bedroom, study, utility room, bathroom, and front hall.

The extensions will include a double garage and workshop, lounge, two bathrooms, and three bedrooms. The present bedroom will become the dining-room, and the lounge-dining area will be a family room.

Mr. Mansell's study is at present being used as a nursery for their baby daughter, Sophia.

Great attention has been paid to detail to give a truly authentic colonial atmosphere. The front door, for example, is based on the entrance of Experiment Farm, Parramatta, N.S.W., complete with curved fanlight and extra wide door.

The door-knockers came from a demolished home at Redfern and are black-painted cast iron.

The house was designed by Mr. Mansell's cousin, Sydney architect Mr. John Cameron.

When completed, the house will be a boomerang shape, and already the English-type garden has been laid out to encompass the whole house. It is full of poppies, pansies, snapdragons, stocks, roses, irises, Russell lupins, and columbines.

A crazy path of slate stones from the nearby hills leads to the front door; a weeping cherry tree is planted in the centre of the circular front lawn round which the driveway winds.

Elms, plane trees, oaks, and poplars have also been planted, and there is a flourishing kitchen garden to supply household needs.

French windows, which will have shutters on either side, open from lounge-room to a veranda furnished with a marble-top table and chairs.

Highlight of the lounge-room is the ceiling-high fireplace of river stones gathered by the Mansells from the Coolumbala River, which runs through the property.

A collection of copper pieces surrounds it — candelabra on the elbow-high mantelpiece, a water jug, kettle, coal skuttle, and large copper jam pan used to hold wood. Horse brasses, brass-handled fire tongs, and poker complete the fireplace setting.

A calf-skin rug on polished cypress pine floor and bracket lights from a piano add to the colonial atmosphere.

The kitchen is separated from the lounge-room by a breakfast counter with wooden stools, and a utility room leading off the kitchen has a large deep-freeze unit and spin-dry washing-machine. A stable door opens out into the garden.



● DAUGHTER Sophia and Mrs. Mansell, above, in front of entrance to their home.

First stage of a colonial-styled country home



FIREPLACE, above, made of river stones collected by the Mansells from Coolumbala River, which runs through their property. Copper pieces decorate this area.



COLONIAL - STYLED house, left, is ten squares; now will be expanded another 13 squares (see plan on opposite page). The garden was planned for future extensions.



KITCHEN, left, is separated from present lounge-dining area by breakfast counter. Printed blinds were made by Mrs. Mansell. Utility room leads off from kitchen.

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BECAUSE OF MIRANDA

By Enid Ross Graham

SITTING at her desk for a moment, Stella Braithwaite took a quick look at her little account book. Oh, it was too bad. If she returned Miranda Cumming's fee, she would not be able to afford even the most modest cruise. She would have to be content with a week in a resort hotel.

And she was not likely to make friends in a hotel. Except with her pupils, she wasn't very outgoing. On a cruise, it would be different; there would be long, lazy hours in deck-chairs. You couldn't help but talk to your neighbor—and who knows, it might be some nice, pleasant, sixtyish man. Someone just right for Stella Braithwaite, pretty, if a little faded, at 51.

Sighing she brought her mind back to the class in her living-room. Six girls concentrated on sewing on buttons. Using tender, loving care, and the technique which Stella had demonstrated fifteen minutes ago.

These girls had nearly finished the course. After her little vacation she would start another. Stella smiled; she had been very fortunate. After Edward's death five years ago, she had soon found she did not have enough to live comfortably.

She had thought of getting a job—but what? She had no business training. Her only experience lay in 30 years of keeping house for Edward.

It was Jane Walters, her old friend, who had said: "Stella, you're such a beautiful homemaker. Why not capitalise on it? Give courses—say, to about seven girls at a time. Girls who are going to get married."

Stella had stared. "But won't their mothers—"

"Mothers just don't seem to have time to train their daughters in housekeeping nowadays," Jane had said. "Besides, the girls would probably take it better from a stranger. Charge a good high fee and take only the nicest girls. I'll send you my niece Laurel for a start, and I know I can round up others. I'll ask around at the club and everywhere."

She had been as good as her word. That had been two years ago, and now the Stella Braithwaite home-making courses were beginning to be well known.

And, this year, she would have been able to afford a little cruise—if it hadn't been for Miranda.

"I don't suppose," she said aloud, "that any of you know where Miranda Cummings is?"

There was a general laugh. "Painting something somewhere," Joanne Winters offered. "Or at an art show. Miranda will never make a housewife. She's an artist, and that's that."

Stella smiled at them. Such charming girls. Odd that it was Miranda—vague, gipsyish, dark-eyed Miranda—who was the most appealing of them all.

From the beginning, Miranda had been dubious about the class. "I'm



Miranda was disinterested when Stella mentioned the subject of housekeeping.

only taking it because Daddy insists on paying," she had told Stella. "I simply can't see that all this domestic stuff matters."

It certainly didn't matter to Miranda. While the other girls were learning to balance a cheque book, Miranda was intent on drawing the back of Joanne's neck. When they were making beds, with smooth corners, Miranda disappeared. She came to class late and left early—and she learned absolutely nothing.

When Stella reminded her that she was getting married and ought to know something about housekeeping—for her husband's sake—Miranda had only smiled. "I don't suppose Peter will care," she said. "I've warned him."

Stella had sighed. "Is Peter an artist, too?"

Miranda had been amused. "Oh, no, Peter is something in a bank. I dare say we'll be a funny couple."

Coming back to the present, Stella dismissed the class. "Only one more session," she said. "Is there anything special you'd like me to cover?"

They left at last, and she went into her room to change. She would go to Miranda's home right now. She would explain to the girl's parents that she simply couldn't accept the fee; she certainly had done nothing to earn it.

The house was a charming little house. Someone—surely not Miranda—tended the window-boxes, kept the windows sparkling, rubbed up the brass knocker.

A man answered the door. Miranda's father, obviously. He had the same dark eyes, the same tentative smile. "Mr. Cummings," Stella said. "I'm Stella Braithwaite. I came about her homemaking course. Miranda didn't turn up today—or yesterday, either."

Mr. Cummings sighed. "I know," he said. "Do come in, Mrs. Braithwaite."

"I came to bring this," Stella said, handing over a folded cheque. "I don't feel I can accept it, Mr. Cummings. I haven't been able to teach Miranda anything."

He smiled then, ruefully. "I can't pretend to be surprised," he said. "It was rather a forlorn hope, the class. Miranda's mother was just the same. She never learned to boil an egg or wash a window. She was an artist, like Miranda."

Stella looked round the room, puzzled. "But this—" she began.

Mr. Cummings laughed. "Oh, I learned to look after things myself. I had to. I'm a tidy person by nature—and so is poor Peter!" He offered Stella a cigarette and sat down opposite her. "Unfortunately for him, Miranda can wind him round her little finger without even trying." Slowly, he brought out a crumpled paper from his pocket. "I got this telegram a few hours ago," he said. "From Miranda. She persuaded Peter to elope."

"Elope?" Stella sat bolt upright. Mr. Cummings nodded. "Peter's mother wanted them to have a conventional wedding—and the thought terrified Miranda. So they've just run off." He bit his lip. "I had a horrible night, not knowing where Miranda was—she must have forgotten to leave me a note."

But suddenly he smiled. "Suppose I mix some drinks?" he said. "Somebody ought to toast the happy pair!"

Stella surprised herself then. For someone who was not usually outgoing, she spoke almost intimately. "We'll have a drink—if you'll come home to dinner with me afterwards," she said. "Something tells me you haven't eaten for a long time!"

Mr. Cummings considered. "Why, I didn't give it a thought," he said. "Though I'm quite punctual about meals usually." His eyes met hers, seeking comfort. "I—I keep worrying about Miranda."

"You needn't," Stella said gently. "She has Peter now." And if he's anything like you, Miranda will do very well, she thought. "It seems to me it's high time that someone looked after you!"

And she found herself flushing as Miranda's father looked at her—startled, but gratified.

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The last word edgewise

For years she had been a target for malicious gossip, but now the time had come when she would be avenged

THE reporter sat with pencil poised and his toes pointed out. Mrs. Duncan knew the question he would ask. She had been waiting for it 35 years. But now the time had come. This was a brazen young writer, greedy for the truth.

"Do you have any other questions, young man?" she asked, and waited.

Yes, he did, he said. He hesitated to ask such a personal question, she had been so kind, he said. Nevertheless, he felt he must ask it if his history of Hawaii were to be complete. Would she beg his pardon for being so forward, but because of the importance of her late husband to the Islands he must ask it.

"Go on. Go on," she said, and waited.

"Mrs. Duncan, does the name Lani Rosario mean anything to you?"

"Of course," she answered. "She was the mother of Bob Rosario, whose present prominence I'm sure you well know. She also was my husband's mistress. This affair was such common knowledge that I'm surprised you ask."

Mrs. Duncan knew just how she must look now. Never let it be said that she didn't know how to dress for the occasion. Whether entertaining an ambassador or the servants on Lei Day, she knew how to dress so that she was no one but Mrs. Duncan, more than a pretty face when she was young and more than regal now that she was old.

She had succeeded or he would not have dared to ask that long-awaited question. She looked cool and above pain. She looked like a lady in her purple french-cotton muu-muu touching the floor, but she had added a rakish touch—a giant yellow

To page 34

By MARJORIE RAY PIPER



hibiscus in the band of her lauhala hat with the floppy brim. She had worn the Italian pendant on its brushed gold chain. She had seated herself in a high-backed chair on the lanai, on the garden side, and seated the young man on a tall wicker stool where he would be slightly above her and feel secure enough to pop the question.

"Then you did know. I have been unable to gather one indication that you did or that anyone else knew you knew," he said uncomfortably.

"Oh, that's no matter. Certainly I wanted everyone to think I didn't know. You haven't been here in the islands long enough to realise how small a place this is and how people would have relished knowing that I knew. Gossip is our main recreation. Our insular position limits the new topics of con-

THE LAST WORD, EDGEWISE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

versation to come our way. And, after all, my husband's position made my position clear. I had to remain aloof from gossip.

"After the decline of the monarchy, the Hawaiian people needed a feeling of security that those of us in a firm position of family and leadership could give. A pseudo royalty, you might say, for the sake of preserving our unity until the processes of democracy could take effect. You understand, I assume."

She chuckled inwardly. She hadn't had so much fun in years. To think she could get such pleasure from baiting prey! But he had an effeminate nose and that kept her from feeling ashamed

of her sport. She had never cared for men with effeminate features. He was scribbling notes frantically.

"Now, young fellow, don't worry. I can make that speech again if you skip a line. I've a small collection of flowery speeches I make over and over. I'm glad to have someone around who has never heard them before."

He laughed. He was delighted to find the old lady had a sense of humor and felt he could question her more.

"And you even knew about the son?" he asked cautiously.

"Certainly I knew about the son. Who do you think put that child through Harvard? I did. Lani

could never have done it on her seamstress pay, you can be sure of that. After all, he was my husband's child."

The young man's toes pointed inward for the first time and he leaned forward on the stool.

"Be careful. That stool tips easily," she said.

"Then you know everything," he said.

"Absolutely everything and more than that no one else does." She laughed, making sure her laugh was a high, old-lady's laugh and not the least vulgar.

"Old Mrs. Duncan's no fool. I've been smarter than all the gossips know, smarter than them all. I've turned what could have been tragedy to the Duncan family into a personal triumph. Write that down. I've kept the family together to do its job here and educated

an illegitimate boy to help us with it. And I've enjoyed myself thoroughly."

She laughed again, this time a clear, open, lusty woman's laugh.

The effect was instantaneous, the response perfect.

"You mean you enjoyed this situation?" His voice almost squeaked.

"Certainly not. What woman does! Who enjoys the whispers and little cutting kindnesses the wife of an unfaithful husband must endure in addition to the unfaithfulness? Indeed not!"

"Then how did you — how did you enjoy yourself?" he asked.

"I chose the husband of one of our most malicious gossips and became his mistress. Everyone was too busy watching my husband and reporting his every move. They forgot to watch me. I was off on a lark."

"You see, that was the only way to preserve my family and preserve my pride. How could I harp at poor Gordon when I was doing just the same as he?" She smiled.

The young man had stopped scribbling. He could remember every word of this with no effort at all. He had to ask one question more. Just who was her lover?

SHE shrugged her shoulders gaily, girlishly.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, but I can never tell. That is my secret. All I will say is that he was the husband of a woman I knew fairly well and that she never suspected. He was very handsome. That's absolutely all I can tell."

"Now, I'm sorry, but I'm afraid the interview must be over. My doctor says that I must not be up too long these days or strain myself too much. I'm a very old lady, you know. Delving into these old memories has been strenuous for me."

He had just one question more. Was the man still living?

She simply wouldn't say. She took a handkerchief from the pocket of her muu-muu and dabbed at her neck. She rose and clung to his arm as she led him toward the gate. She thanked him profusely for coming.

After he had gone she sat down again in the chair, her face fresh. She called for Toyo to empty the ashtrays. She smiled and smiled. By now that village gossip would be one his way to the Polynesian Club bar to tell all he had learned. Within 24 hours, according to her estimate, all the important women in town would know her secret.

Mrs. Duncan looked over the garden she had known so well so long. She loved the way the neat lawn sloped to the stand of palms. She had never liked a jungle-like garden. She liked lots of open space where the wind could move. There always was a refreshing breeze on her lanai and she remembered how much that breeze had

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OUR TRANSFER



CUT-OUT motifs make pretty edgings for pillowcases. They are from Embroidery Transfer No. 180. From Needlework Dept., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price: 15 cents plus 4 cents postage.

Edam Cheeseboard

For a delightful ending to any meal, serve Australian cheeses — on a cheeseboard. A simple service for a family, or an elaborate setting for a party of guests — you can be sure your cheeseboard will delight the eye as well as the palate! All you need is a board, platter or plate, a cheese knife, some biscuits and "greens" — and a selection of the many fine Australian cheeses.

Please everyone! Choose a selection of both mellow-mild flavours (such as Edam, Gouda, Mild Cheddar or Taffel) and the sharper varieties (such as Blue Vein, Matured Cheddar, Australian Swiss or Romano).

Why not experiment! There are so many superb Australian cheeses — each with a flavour and piquancy all of its own. And each deserves a place on your cheeseboard!

Discover Australian Cheese



AUSTRALIAN SWISS

A firm, yellow, smooth body with large "eyes". Has a sweet, nutty flavour, delicious with dry or sweet white wines, or light dessert wines. Looks attractive on your cheeseboard.



AUSTRALIAN CHEDDAR

Australian natural Cheddar is firm, smooth, light yellow coloured. The mild or sharp Cheddar flavours appeal to all people. Serve with red or white wines, or with Port, Muscat, Madeira or Brandy.



AUSTRALIAN PROVOLONE

Robust, often salty flavoured Australian Provolone has a firm, smooth texture and makes a novel display on your cheeseboard. Wonderful with dry red wines and crackers.



AUSTRALIAN BLUE VEIN

Semi soft, white, blue veins of mould. Has a rich, piquant flavour, spreads easily on crackers, goes beautifully with "greens". Superb with Claret, Burgundy, Port or Brandy.



Inserted in the interests of better nutrition by the Australian Dairy Producers Board.

meant long ago one day when she finally realised her husband must have someone else.

No one had told her. Who has to tell a wife who has been close to her husband for years when he takes another woman? She knows. That day she had paced from one end of the lanai to the other countless times, and the more she paced the angrier she became.

"Damn Gordon. Damn him," she had cursed and meant it. If she had been a cold and unloving wife, unsympathetic, or lax in any wifely duty she could have understood. But why? Why did he need someone else? They had been so happy.

The more she speculated the angrier she became, until she was shaking with rage. She damned him again.

And then the wind began to come off the mountains, one of those sudden shifts that seem to come just when the island heat passes bearing. It was a wind that meant rain.

She sat down on the steps and watched the palm fronds swish and all the little leaves on the poinsettias quiver. She watched for a while and then it began to rain — one of those strange, delicate, happy rains that bode good luck and drive no one inside.

"How good there will not be a storm to spoil Mrs. Cunningham's party this afternoon," she had said aloud, surprising herself with this sudden oblique turn of mind.

THEN she knew her questions had all been answered. She had answered them herself. Gordon was from Hawaii and she was from Atlanta. His mistress must be a local girl, one of those lusty, laughing, busty island women she had always envied. It was so very clear. She had done and been all she could, but she was not enough.

She remembered the night Gordon got drunk and ran naked from the house in the middle of a raging Kona storm. He had rolled all the way down the grassy slope to the panax hedge and

FROM THE BIBLE

● "From a child thou hast known the holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

—II Timothy 3: 15.

come back in dripping wet and leafy, with a plumeria blossom tucked behind one ear.

"Put out another bottle of scotch there, Emily," he had bellowed as he pounded on the big koa table. She had hesitated and he had given her a slap on the rump that knocked her halfway across the room. She had shivered and shuddered before bursting into tears.

So this crude man was what she had come all these thousands of miles to marry. If her father could see what was happening to her now! She was beside herself with grief.

She didn't stop crying for two whole days and until Gordon had apologised a dozen times over.

It was all very clear. The fault was not what she was but what she wasn't. To her, rain would always be something that spoiled garden parties.

After that day her memory was foggy. The years ran together like colors in a marble cake. She marvelled at how time accustoms one to pain. Her marriage had been a whole, handsome, god-like creature that had met with a de-forming accident.

Yet she became used to this new creature, somehow more, lovable because it was pathetic and weak. It was all she had and it was far, far better than nothing at all.

Yes, she had grown used to the image of Lani Rosario — a hot and sizzling image that swayed across her mind. She had grown used to Gordon's absences. Once, when he left for a few hours on Christmas Day, she even felt proud of him. He was a kind man who

THE LAST WORD, EDGEWISE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

remembered that his mistress was alone on a holiday. How many men would have been so thoughtful? Not many, she was sure.

Yes, she had grown used to many things, but she had never grown used to those gossips. How they riled her! Those self-satisfied, plump women who thought they were better than she just because their husbands' affairs weren't general knowledge. How she despised the sudden silences, the fragmentary whispers, the patronising sympathy with no outward reason for being, the disguised allusions, the prying questions, and the hundred and one designs of barbs with which she had been pricked over and over.

She longed for revenge. She had passed the point of being shocked that she, properly bred against such feelings, could relish revenge.

First she hit upon the plan of taking a lover herself. That would solve many problems. It would soothe her pride and keep her occupied when Gordon was away. How could she be angry with him if she were equally at fault? The idea of a lover was new and enticing.

Who would he be? She knew she could get any man she wanted. Although her charms were insufficient for

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Mrs. H. WIFE



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THE LAST WORD, EDGEWISE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

Gordon, they seemed to increase for other men. She had become even more of a belle since Gordon's affair was known. Men regarded her as available and they flirted more openly. She had some rather frank propositions. Why not? But who would he be?

She thought of Mrs. Bradley, that hussy who set her teeth on edge. The most bold-faced meddler in Honolulu. What revenge to have an affair with him brazenly at their daughter's wedding, so brazenly that Mrs.

For months Mrs. Duncan toyed with the idea of seducing Mr. Bradley. She had flirted with him brazenly at their daughter's wedding, so brazenly that Mrs.

Bradley rushed over, squeaked some excuse, and led him away by the arm.

He was receptive, Mrs. Duncan was positive. But the more she looked at Mr. Bradley the less she was sure she could go through with it. She really didn't like him. Some might call him attractive, but to her . . . he seemed strung together like a marionette, floppy and loose, as though he would fall in a heap if his manipulator dropped the strings. And who was his manipulator? Mrs. Bradley, who else? What a weak creature and what a weak chin!

Thus Mrs. Duncan had analysed the husband of each of

her persecutors. After years of planning to seduce someone's husband, she found not one single husband she could bear to seduce.

On top of that, her speculations had led her near the brink of destruction. She had analysed so many men that she began to analyse them all. And sure enough, she did find an enticing one at last. The Chinese man who brought fresh watercress and vegetables on Wednesday. She found him exceedingly well informed about art. He had told her much she never knew about the antique scrolls and china that decorated her home. He had dignity.

But he would never, never do. She would be degraded in the eyes of those she most wanted to degrade if she became involved with this man. All they would see was that he was an oriental farmer. They would pay no attention to the fact that he had once been a wealthy and learned man in his native land.

Then she hit upon her scheme. After all, an affair is not a pretty thing for a wife, even if her husband is guilty, too. But she had listened to the spicy tales that old Tutu Haenawai told while she did the ironing — bawdy, Rabelaisian tales of her youth. Tutu Haenawai could get by with telling of her adventures for one simple reason. She was very, very old, and old women's spicy tales amuse, not shock.

MRS. DUNCAN would wait until she, too, was very, very old, and Gordon was gone. Then it would not be unbecoming to spin tales of youthful affairs. Then she would find the proper time and place to tell all of Hawaii that she had not been fooled, that she, too, had taken a lover. But she would not tell who he was or if he were alive that day.

Let all the old biddies wonder and worry. If they were widows, let them rage because their husbands were dead and out of reach for questioning.

And if their gnarled old men still lived, she could see them now, picking and tearing at them. "Were you Mrs. Duncan's lover? I bet you were. No wonder your business kept you so busy. I bet you were. How could you do that to me!"

And so the immune, smug old ladies would get their comeuppance. What mass and massive revenge! How sweet, how sweet!

They would know at last just how she had felt.

How she did wish she could have had a lover! But, alas, there had never been anyone for her but Gordon M. Duncan, the part of him that was hers.

"Toyo," she called. "Please bring me a glass and bottle of that scotch Mr. Duncan used to drink. I think I'll celebrate a little today."

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AUSTRALIAN ALMANAC

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JANUARY 22

1784 Thomas Townsend, 1st Viscount Sydney, became Secretary of State, dealing with colonial affairs. His name was given by Governor Phillip to Sydney Cove, from which it passed to the city.

1889 Birth of Harry Hawker, aviator, at Moorabbin, Victoria. Hawker was the most famous Australian airman of his time. He greatly influenced the development of flying and established air endurance records that stood for many years. During World War I he tested various aircraft.

JANUARY 23

1795 Birth of Admiral H. J. Rous, second son of the Earl of Stradbroke.

While a naval officer in 1827, Rous took Governor Darling to Moreton Bay aboard the frigate *Rainbow*; in return his father's name was given to Stradbroke Island. In 1828 he discovered the estuary of the Richmond River and sailed into the little-known Tweed River.

Rous was an early patron of sport in Australia, especially racing, and he also organised the first regatta held in Port Jackson.

1813 Charles Harpur, Australian poet, born at Windsor, N.S.W. His first published volume was "Thoughts, a Series of Sonnets."

1832 First newspaper account of cannibalism among runaway convicts. "Bell's Weekly Despatch" of Hobart Town reported a confession made by Edward Broughton, who, with Matthew Maccavoy, was executed at Hobart. The two men were hanged "for the wilful murder of three of their fellow convicts and eating them as food." Broughton said that he wanted his confession made public after his death.

JANUARY 24

1788 Jean-Francois de Galaup, Comte De La Perouse, anchored at Botany Bay, only six days later than Governor Phillip. He and Phillip did not meet, but their officers established a friendly liaison. The French ships departed on March 10. They were driven ashore in the New Hebrides later in the year and all lives were lost.

1903 Western Australian goldfields water supply opened. This was one of Australia's most ambitious engineering projects of the 1890s. This scheme, by which water was pumped 351 miles from the Darling Range to the goldfields, cost nearly £3 million, a tremendous sum in those days.

JANUARY 25

1808 Trial of John Macarthur on Governor Bligh's instructions. John Macarthur was never out of trouble with the authorities—civil or military. When Governor William Bligh took office he soon became involved with Macarthur and it was not only on the subject of land grants that they differed. Both were martinets and the friction between them grew into open hostility. Earlier, when Macarthur went to England to investigate the merino sheep, Governor King sent a sarcastic letter to the British Authorities saying, "If Captain Macarthur returns here in any official character it should be that of Governor, as one half of the colony already belongs to him and it will not be long before he gets the other half."

Nevertheless, Macarthur made a great contribution to Australian prosperity by establishing the breed of fine-woolled sheep and introducing useful plants.

1825 The aboriginal bushranger Musquito was hanged. Employed by Governor Sorell of Tasmania, who described him as "extremely useful and well conducted," he tracked down the bushranger Michael Howe. Probably because of fear of reprisals from convicts who sympathised with Howe, Musquito gathered a group of natives—refugees from tribal law—about him. They became a

menace and eventually made ferocious raids on settlers, killing two men.

JANUARY 26

1788 Anniversary Day. Foundation of the colony of New South Wales. On this day Governor Phillip's party landed in Sydney Cove, the British flag was unfurled, volleys fired, and many toasts were drunk.

1799 Death of Thomas Muir, one of the Scottish Martyrs. Muir was one of the most notable men ever transported to Australia, and his sentence aroused people in England, France, and the United States. Graduating M.A., he read law at Edinburgh. Many people, influenced by the events of the French Revolution, were attracted by ideas of reform and constitutional change. Muir became one of their leaders and was sentenced to 14 years' transportation for distributing seditious pamphlets. In 1796 he escaped from Port Jackson in the American vessel *Otter*.

1865 Bushrangers Hall, Gilbert, and Dunn raided the little township of Collector,

N.S.W. Constable Nelson came down the road when told that bushrangers were in town, and Dunn shot him dead. Nelson (father of eight children) is commemorated by a monument at the spot.

1871 Birth of Oscar Asche at Geelong, Victoria. This playwright, producer, and actor was educated at Melbourne Grammar School. He went to Norway, where he met the famous Henrik Ibsen, and then to London, where he appeared in many productions before his first enthusiastically received Australian tour in 1909. He produced "Kismet" and wrote and produced "Chu-Chin-Chow," which, in London, ran from 1916 to 1921—a then world record.

JANUARY 27

1845 Charles Sturt reached Rocky Glen during his two-year expedition into Central Australia. There are several memorials to Sturt in Australia, including a statue of him in Adelaide and a number of cairns erected at points along his journeys down the Murrumbidgee and Murray and into Central

Australia. A picture of the desert country Sturt journeyed through appears above.

JANUARY 28

1848 The first Bishop of Melbourne installed. He was Charles Perry, a former vicar of St. Paul's Church, Cambridge.

1848 Birth of George Chaffey, pioneer of irrigation in Australia. Canadian-born Chaffey came to Victoria on the suggestion of Alfred Deakin (later Prime Minister of Australia), who was impressed by the irrigation work of the Chaffey brothers in Ontario. George Chaffey decided on Mildura as the site. The choice of this rabbit-infested mallee scrub country caused astonishment, but by 1890 there were 3000 settlers at Mildura and rapid progress had been made. Nevertheless, Chaffey ran into many difficulties and he left Australia a ruined man.

1910 Sir William Cullen appointed Chief Justice of New South Wales, the first Australian-born man to be appointed to this office.



STURT'S Stony Desert, north-east South Australia, photographed by Phil Merchant.



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- The perfect finish for kitchens, bathrooms and laundries.
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Ideas for your recipe file

DEVILLED HAMWICHES

1. Spread buttered bread thickly with Devilled Ham, then with MASTER FOODS Onion Relish.

2. Blend one can of Devilled Ham with four tablespoons MASTER FOODS gherkin spread.

3. DEVILLED HAM spread thickly, topped with slices of fresh tomato, shredded lettuce, Bread and Butter Cucumbers etc.



BONCHOVY RIDERS

Spread paste thickly on hot buttered crumpets and top with poached eggs.



CHICKEN VEGETABLE PIE

Combine 1 can Master Foods Chicken and Veal with $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, 2 dessertspoons flour, heat to boiling until fully thickened. Add 1 cup each cooked peas, diced pre-cooked potatoes, diced carrot, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fresh chopped celery, also chopped parsley, pepper and salt. Pour into unbaked pastry pie case, cover with layer of pastry, bake until well browned.



BAVARIAN LIVERWURST DIP

Blend 1 can Master Foods Liverwurst with 4 oz. cream cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped celery, 2 teaspoons chopped chives, add milk or cream to desired consistency. Chill well and serve with plain unseasoned biscuits.



HOT SMOKED FISH SAVOURY PATTIES

Blend 1 can Master Foods Smoked Fish Paste with $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, 2 dessertspoons flour. Heat until well thickened. Add chopped parsley, squeeze of lemon juice. Fill into pastry shells. Serve hot from oven. Chopped hard boiled eggs or flaked tuna may also be added to hot mixture before filling.



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2/3 MASTER FOODS DEVILLED HAM PASTE. A subtly spiced, slightly smoky paste with a real country-style ham flavour. Serving suggestion: Try spreading it on slices of toast to team with scrambled eggs. Devilled Ham and Eggs!



2/3 MASTER FOODS BONCHOVY. A delicious fish paste with the tangy taste of salt cured anchovies. Not that it's too salty, mind you. Just perfect. Serving suggestion: A new way to cook potato cakes. Mash three medium sized boiled potatoes with one can of Bonchovy, 2 eggs, chopped parsley, salt and pepper. Drop from spoon into hot oil or fat, and fry golden brown.



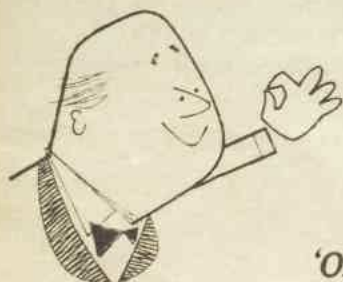
2/3 MASTER FOODS SMOKED FISH PASTE. Full of the mild flavour of hickory smoked fish. Serving suggestion: For a savoury, take hard-boiled eggs, remove the yolks and mix them with an equal quantity of Smoked Fish Paste. Refill the egg halves. An exciting garnish to a salad or cold plate.



2/3 MASTER FOODS LIVERWURST PASTE. A delightful spread with the traditional smoothness of true Bavarian Liverwurst. Serving suggestion: In addition to sandwich and savoury uses, may we suggest you spread a generous helping of paste on a grilled steak just before serving. We call it "French Steak".



2/7 MASTER FOODS CHICKEN & VEAL PASTE. This superb spread tastes more like roast chicken than the chicken you cook yourself. Serving suggestion: Make an excellent chicken stock or soup for all kinds of dishes. Mix one can with three cans full of water.



'Oh! those Master Foods people! They really live up to their name'

SUMMER BRAUNS

● Brauns — or jellied meat loaves — are cool dishes for summer eating. Cut into slices, served with a colorful salad, they make a light but sustaining meal.



DELICIOUS CHICKEN BRAUN is shown in the foreground above. At back is Head Cheese, a brawn recipe from Sweden.

Recipes from our Leila Howard Test Kitchen

SOME meats, when cooked, will set in their own jelly; some have gelatine added to mould them into a good-cutting loaf.

Each brawn recipe on this page will give six to eight servings. Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in the recipes.

BRAWN

- 1 pig's head
- 1 onion
- 2 cloves
- bouquet garni
- $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. round steak
- salt and pepper

Wash the pig's head. Place in saucepan, cover with cold water. Bring to boil slowly, drain, add cold water to cover. Add peeled onion stuck with cloves. Simmer, covered, 1 hour or until tender. Remove head from stock, separate meat from skin, bone, and gristle. Chop meat into fairly small pieces. Return to stock with round steak, cut into small pieces, bouquet garni, and seasoning. Simmer gently, covered, 2 hours. Discard onion, cloves, and bouquet garni. Spoon into wetted mould, refrigerate until set. Unmould before serving.

HEAD CHEESE

- $\frac{1}{2}$ pig's head
- 1 lb. lean pork
- 1 lb. veal shoulder
- salt
- 5 whole allspice
- 5 peppercorns
- 2 cloves
- 1 small bayleaf
- 1 small sliced onion
- 1 small carrot

Clean pig's head, soak in cold water 6 to 12 hours, changing water if necessary. Place with the other meat in large saucepan, cover with boiling water. Bring to the boil again, skim, and add remaining ingredients. Simmer $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours or until meat is tender. Remove meat from bones, cut into small pieces. Measure the liquid, continue boiling until reduced to half the quantity; strain. Replace chopped meat and strained liquid in saucepan, bring to the boil, season to taste. Pour into 9 in. by 5 in. loaf tin which has been rinsed out in cold water. Allow to cool, refrigerate until set.

CHICKEN BRAUN

- 1 boiling fowl with giblets
- 1 medium onion
- parsley
- salt and pepper
- 1 tablespoon gelatine
- 2 tablespoons cold water
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground mace
- 6 peppercorns
- 2 hard-boiled eggs
- 4 slices lean ham
- grated nutmeg

Joint fowl, place in large saucepan with all giblets, onion, mace, peppercorns, sprig of parsley, and a little salt. Just cover with cold water, bring slowly to the boil. Remove any scum from surface, cover. Simmer 1 hour or until fowl is tender. Skin, remove meat from bones, cut into 1 in. pieces. Replace skin and bones in saucepan, boil until stock is reduced to about $\frac{3}{4}$ pint. Remove all fat from surface. Soften gelatine in cold water, dissolve over hot water; add to strained stock, stir well, and allow to cool.

Sprinkle base of $1\frac{1}{2}$ -pint plain mould with chopped parsley, arrange slices of hard-boiled egg decoratively; top with strips of ham and chicken in alternate layers. Sprinkle each layer with little grated nutmeg, pepper, and chopped parsley, if desired. Pour stock gently over; refrigerate until set.

SCOTTISH POTTED HOUGH

- 2 lb. shin of beef
- bones from knuckle of beef
- salt
- 1 tablespoon worcestershire sauce
- freshly ground black pepper

Place shin of beef, knuckle bones, and 1 tablespoon salt in large saucepan. Cover with cold water, bring slowly to the boil, skim; simmer gently 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours or until meat is tender. Allow to cool slightly, remove meat from pan, chop fairly finely. Boil stock rapidly until reduced to 2 pints. Strain, add worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper to taste. Place meat in 3-pint mould, pour over stock. Allow to cool, then refrigerate until set.

PIG'S HEAD IN JELLY

- $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. lean pork
- salt
- freshly ground black pepper
- 1 teaspoon ground coriander
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon thyme
- 3 cloves garlic
- small piece orange peel
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pig's head
- 2 carrots
- 1 cup dry white wine
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints water
- 2 tablespoons chopped parsley

Place pork in bottom of deep casserole, sprinkle with 2 teaspoons salt, pepper, coriander, thyme, 2 cloves sliced garlic, and the orange peel. Place cleaned pig's head on top and carrots round it. Pour over wine and water. Cover, cook in slow oven 3 hours or until meat is falling off the bone. When slightly cooled, remove meat, strain stock into bowl, allow to set, remove any fat from surface. Chop all meat, discarding bones, fat, and gristle. Slice carrots, place in base of plain 4-pint mould.

Reheat stock, boil rapidly until reduced to $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints. Leave to cool again and just before setting point add parsley and 1 clove crushed garlic. Season to taste with salt, pepper. Pour over chopped meat, and pour into mould. Refrigerate until set.

BEEF BRAUN

- 2 lb. shin of beef plus bone
- 8 oz. bacon pieces
- 3 sheep's tongues
- salt and pepper
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon marjoram
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon thyme
- sprig parsley

Wipe and chop shin bone into 6 in. lengths, or ask butcher to do this. Place in large saucepan with shin of beef, bacon, sheep's tongues, 2 teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, and herbs tied in muslin. Cover with cold water, bring slowly to the boil; skim well. Boil $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours or until meat is tender. Strain, reserving stock; remove meat from bones and rind, cut into small pieces. Skin and bone

tongues, cut into small pieces. Return all but bones, skin, rind, and herbs to saucepan. Bring to the boil, season to taste. Pour into 3-pint mould. Refrigerate until set.

PIG'S HEAD BRAUN

- 1 pig's head
- 1 lb. shin of beef
- 1 sheep's tongue
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground cloves
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon white pepper
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground mace
- piece lemon rind
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pint vinegar
- salt
- 1 tablespoon gelatine

Place all ingredients except vinegar and gelatine in large saucepan. Cover with cold water, bring slowly to the boil. Simmer, covered, 2 to $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours or until meat is tender. Strain, reserving stock. Separate meat from bone, skin, and gristle. Chop meat into fairly small pieces. Return stock to saucepan with chopped meat and vinegar. Reboil, season to taste; allow to cool. Soften gelatine in a little cold water, dissolve over hot water. Stir some brawn into dissolved gelatine, then add this to remainder of brawn, mixing well. Pour into plain 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ -pint mould. Refrigerate until set.

PORK AND CHICKEN BRAUN

- 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 lb. chicken
- 4 uncooked pig's trotters
- 2 medium onions
- 6 whole cloves
- 8 black peppercorns
- 1 bayleaf
- 6 whole allspice
- sprig of parsley
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon thyme
- salt

Place all ingredients in large saucepan, cover with cold water. Bring slowly to the boil, skim, cover, and simmer 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours or until tender. Remove meat from pan, dice neatly, separating skin, bone, and gristle. Place in 1-pint mould. Return all bones and skin to saucepan, bring to the boil, and boil rapidly until liquid is reduced to $\frac{1}{2}$ pint. Strain liquid over meat in mould, season to taste, stir, and place in refrigerator until set.

CALVES' FOOT BRAUN

- 4 calves' feet
- 2 carrots
- 2 onions
- 2 bayleaves
- 4 sprigs parsley
- 6 black peppercorns
- salt, pepper
- cold water
- juice of 1 lemon
- 4 hard-boiled eggs

Chop calves' feet into several portions, or ask butcher to do this. Clean and place in large saucepan. Add carrots, onions, bayleaves, parsley, peppercorns, and 4 teaspoons salt. Cover with cold water, bring to the boil, and simmer, covered, $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 hours or until meat falls off bones. Strain, skim off fat, remove and chop all meat. Put bones back into stock, add lemon juice, reboil and continue cooking rapidly until 2 pints liquid remain. Strain, mix with meat, season to taste with salt and pepper. Place slices hard-boiled egg in base of plain 4-pint mould, pour over brawn mixture. Cool, then refrigerate until set.



The sandwich you could live on!

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Make lunch a hearty, healthy meal with the sandwich you could live on: Spread slices of white bread with butter and VEGEMITE yeast extract. Cover with slices of KRAFT Cheddar Cheese and tomato, and sandwich together with another slice of bread. (If preferred pack a whole tomato separately). You couldn't eat better or enjoy lunch more!

Ten more good lunch ideas

1 Oat Lunch — 3 slices buttered wholemeal bread, with two or three CHESTIKS*, an apple or orange and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of milk 2 Brown bread sandwiches filled with lettuce, KRAFT Cheddar and sliced radishes 3 Rye bread spread with KRAFT Salad Dressing, topped with lettuce, sliced tomato and KRAFT Cheddar 4 A long bread roll, slightly hollowed out and lined with lettuce. Filled with Tuna salad and topped with KRAFT Cheddar 5 Vienna bread, spread with KRAFT Salad Dressing, topped with sliced hard-boiled egg, gherkin and KRAFT Cheddar 6 Cracker biscuits, topped with lettuce, sliced cucumber and KRAFT Cheddar 7 Toast spread with prepared mustard and topped with grilled pineapple, KRAFT Cheddar and bacon 8 A portion of French bread stick filled with lettuce and alternate slices of KRAFT Cheddar, tomato and pork sausage 9 Bread roll spread with prepared mustard and filled with lettuce, sliced ham, dill pickle and KRAFT Cheddar 10 A brown bread sandwich filled with slices of tomato and KRAFT Cheddar; another with lettuce and KRAFT Cheddar.



for good food and good food ideas

*Trade Mark KR122



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PRIZE RECIPE

● A beautifully moist apple cake, lightly spiced, wins the \$10 prize in our weekly recipe contest.

CHOPPED walnuts give a pleasantly crunchy texture to this prizewinning cake.

APPLE CAKE ROYAL

1 egg
4oz. butter or substitute
1 cup castor sugar
2½ cups plain flour
1 teaspoon bicarb. soda
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon mixed spice
1 teaspoon nutmeg
1½ cups drained apple pulp
squeeze lemon juice
1 cup chopped raisins
½ cup chopped walnuts

TOPPING

2 tablespoons top of milk
½ cup brown sugar
½ cup coconut
2 tablespoons butter or substitute

Sift dry ingredients three times. Mix together apple pulp, lemon juice, raisins, and walnuts. Cream together butter and sugar until light and creamy. Add egg and beat well. Gently fold in dry ingredients alternately with fruit mixture. Turn mixture into 8in. ring tin, lightly greased.

Preheat oven at hot, and turn to moderate when ready to bake cake. Bake at moderate approximately 1 hour 15 minutes. At the end of this time, cover cake with combined topping ingredients, return to slow griller, and cook until topping bubbles and browns slightly.

Turn out on to wire rack, topping side up, when cooled.

First prize of \$10 to Mrs. W. Edmonds, c/o Post Office, Menai, N.S.W.

Household hints from readers

● These household hints sent in by readers win \$2 each.

IF concrete steps or paths become smooth and slippery, paint with clear paving paint, then sieve fine sand over before the paint is dry.—Mrs. F. Maloney, 44 Campbell St., Port Fairy, Vic.

To frost windows, apply a strong mixture of vinegar and Epsom-salt with a brush or rag, giving several coats if more obscurity is desired. It can be removed easily by washing over with hot soapy water.—Winona Winter, No. 8 Jibbon St., Cronulla, N.S.W.

For cleaning the inside of hollow-stemmed wineglasses, use a child's small paint brush.—Mrs. E. V. Brunn, 6 Gwender Tce., Para Hills, S.A.

Another use for ½-gallon ice-cream tins: Fill two with water to about ½in. from top and freeze. When going on a picnic, put on lids and place in icebox. Much more food can be packed, the ice lasts longer, and water does not drain out.—Mrs. A. J. Crawford, "Alara," Congewai, via Paxton, N.S.W.

When taking jelly to sick people, especially those in hospital, it is a good idea to put the jelly into a paper cup, which can be thrown away when empty.—Mrs. P. Morley, Waroona P.O., W.A.



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★ The old fort at Gafsa, Tunisia — built by the Romans and reconditioned by the French for the Foreign Legion.

THEY'RE calling Tunisia the new Riviera of the Mediterranean. And that (unfortunately, according to some) seems exactly what it will be in a few years from now.

At the moment, however, despite the great influx of tourists from Europe and America, Tunisia is still cheap and still unspoiled. But how long it can remain this way is anyone's guess. From a quiet, sunny, unsophisticated place to which only the Germans went in the summer, it has become the mecca of sun-seeking tourists from all over in summer — and the northern winter.

APART from its beaches, Tunisia has archaeological wonders to rival Rome and Greece, and these — combined with good winter sunshine — add to its charm. The natives, too, are exceedingly friendly. Their French background (it was a French colony till little more than a decade ago) and French-influenced food, in addition to their mixed European ancestry (of which they are extremely proud), is now being backed up by a knowledge of English.

Combine all this with new, luxurious hotels springing up everywhere, and new "villages" like little Monacos and Nices now being built, and Tunisia is an obvious choice to emerge as the North African Riviera.

Tunisia has the best of many worlds. It has 750 miles of white sandy beaches. It has romantic inland oases, like Gafsa and Tozeur on the edge of the Sahara. It has its new, magnificent (and cheap) air-conditioned hotels.

At the moment, the country, from Bizerte in the north to the lotus eaters' isle of Djerba in the south, is a perfect place for a holiday.

If you get tired of the beach you can take in the culture of the Romans of 2000 years ago (go to Carthage and the Ruins of Sbeitla, or look at the giant, still-standing aqueduct that used to take water from the holy city of Kairouan, the one-time capital, to Carthage). There's a Roman amphitheatre the size of the Colosseum in Rome in a good state of preservation.

If you are the hunting type, you can go pig shooting in the country north of Tunis.

If you like the sea and swimming, you'll take to the

boats (generally supplied by the Government-owned "Palace" hotels) and go off skin-diving, water-skiing, or just lazing on the beach.

There are camels and horses to ride, camel markets to visit, and souks (markets) in which to buy your souvenirs.

Tunisia is also the place for enjoyable motoring. And for the next few years or so it will probably remain a place where, even with a top speed limit of 55 m.p.h., you can average 50 miles an hour. Journeys of 400 miles in a day can be accomplished without strain.

Drive — yourself — cars are available. You could rent an 1100c.c. car for about \$3.75* a day — including, approximately, the first 35 miles. Subsequent mileage costs extra, as does petrol.

Last winter there the go-ahead Tunisian tourist industry decided to leave some of its new hotels open during the winter season. The ex-

periment was a big success.

It now seems highly likely Tunisia will not only be a popular place to go for guaranteed sunshine during the long, eight-month summer period, but also during the balmy days from December to March, when the inland oases really come into their own. All offer big, brand-new hotels of five star comfort at three and two star prices (by comparison to the rest of the Continent and Europe, that is).

UNLIKE most Arab countries, in Tunisia begging is virtually nonexistent. The thousands of children one sees always seem to be either going to or coming from school. And schools turn up in the most unlikely places (one is in "the middle of nowhere" between Gabes, an unusual oasis on the coast, and Gafsa, 160 miles inland). Only at Djennal (it means camel), where I went on one of the State tourist coaches to see the early morning camel market, did I ever receive anything other than friendly smiles or "good mornings" from children trying out their English.

This time I was formally presented with scraps of

* All prices given in HOLIDAY HORIZONS are in Australian currency.

paper on which were printed names and addresses. "We do not wish to bother," they said, "but if Monsieur found any foreign stamps on his return would he mind sending them?" I had only a chance to take the notes and hear the requests before a passing citizen, who thought they may have been pestering me, sent them on their way.

If you like interesting food, there is always something in Tunisia to delight the most jaded palate. Generations of French influence have left behind the delights of French cuisine, but for my money I'll take the spicy, delectable foods of the Tunisians themselves.

There's the *couscous*, the national dish. The basis is semolina sprinkled with water and oil, crushed, then steam-cooked twice over a pot of vegetable soup. The dish is served with many more vegetables and, finally, with pieces of delicately boiled mutton. There are extras — like meat balls stuffed with onions, a sausage containing a mixture of meat and tripe, and onion and eggs with mint and various spices.

Briks are another "must" to be tried. They are made from very thin paste, of almost fine strudel quality, wrapped around egg or some

stuffing and fried in boiling oil.

Briks have a flavor and crispness all of their own. At the new Tunis Hilton — one of the few new hotels managed by "foreigners" in Tunisia — the chef gives the briks a twist, and adds spiced meat to the centre. It is delicious.

Mechoui of lamb, or very young mutton, roasted in the open and spiced with aromatics, is another tasty Tunisian dish. *Mechoui* is generally served from an open-air barbecue, and many of the new luxury hotels which are due to open this summer on the isle of Djerba and other places along the coast are equipped with outdoor fireplaces.

AND there's *merguez* (beef or lamb sausages broiled on charcoal); *kebabs* aplenty; *meloukhia* (a dish of mallow leaves pounded into a sauce and served with meat).

And to wash these delicious meals down, there are the wonderful and world-renowned Tunisian wines. Coming mainly from the Cape Bon area, they are French influenced, cheap (never more than about 85c

a bottle, even at a restaurant), with a wonderful bouquet and flavor. The reds are my favorite, but the whites are both dry and delectable.

And, of course, being on the Mediterranean means plenty of fish dishes, like *poisson complet* — grey-blue mullet or sea bream served with peppers, tomatoes, eggs, and various salads. Lobsters abound and the Tunisian chefs are expert in making them even more wonderful to eat.

After a meal, wander through the *souks* (markets in the walled Arab towns), where there are hundreds of shops which sell anything and everything from finely made necklaces and jewelry in gold, silver, and brass to scarves and hand-made carpets.

Tunisia has its own style of pottery. Nabeul, just up from Monastir, is noted for its ceramics — and perfumes.

You can fly direct to most places in Tunisia from Paris or London in 2½ hours for as little as about \$122 return (some jets will make mid-week flights for that price this year).

Or you can take a package tour from an English travel agency.

One firm this year offers a luxury beach hotel, 15-day tour for about \$153.

Tourists need smallpox vaccinations. Visas aren't necessary for British (U.K.) passport-holders, but an Australian needs to get one.

THE dozens of new hotels built — mainly by the Tunisian Government — during the past few years (construction of many more is going ahead) offer accommodation and service that leave little to be desired.

A single room at an excellent air-conditioned hotel costs under \$5 a day and full board with the same accommodation can work out as cheaply as \$10 a day, all-in. But you can stay at the less luxurious but clean and pleasant "Arab" hotels for as low as \$4 a day for full board. The same hotels offer accommodation only for under \$2.50 a day. (French, by the way, is the native language, but English is spoken at most of the bigger hotels.)

— HAROLD DVORETSKY

TUNISIA — a booming new Riviera

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 25, 1967

WITH something to offer everyone — tourist, artist, hunter, businessman; the rich; the young traveller "on a shoestring" — India is now a better holiday proposition than ever before.

A land of colorful contrasts, India offers its foreign visitors the wild grandeur of the Himalayas, great monuments from the past, varied flora and fauna, a variety of costumes and customs among its national groups.

And, as part of this young republic's modernisation plans depends on tourism, it has built excellent hotels and resorts, noted for their first-class service.

Also, since June last year, the Indian currency has been devaluated. This means that instead of receiving 5.33 rupees to the Australian dollar, the tourist in India now receives 8.40 rupees.

Advantages are considerable to the Australian tourist, who now finds his hotel bills in India reduced by about 30 percent and the buying power of his dollar in the market places and shops increased by about 57 percent.

Because of a revision in tour pricing, even package tours — such as the "Float and Fly" holiday arranged by a shipping company and an airline — will be considerably reduced after April 1 this year.

For example, fares for this 32-day holiday (go by sea, return by air), which takes in Bombay, Jaipur, Delhi, Agra, Madras (and Singapore on the way home), will be lowered from \$890 to \$777.

Australian travellers who travel to Europe via India are more familiar with the cities of northern India.

A two- or three-day stop-over in Delhi, India's capital, is worth while. There are two main Delhis — the old city built by Shah Jahan in the 17th century and the new city partly built by the British during the 1920s.

The impressive Red Fort, with its palaces, baths, and fountain-studded gardens, is Old Delhi's star attraction.

Something for everyone, in

INDIA

HOLIDAY HORIZONS

Close by is Rajghat, where Mahatma Gandhi was cremated.

With all its monuments, museums, and bazaars, Delhi is interesting enough to keep the tourist busy for a week.

A better idea is to "do" Delhi in a few days and leap-frog from there to several other tourist centres — like Agra and Jaipur (just more than an hour from Delhi by air) or Kashmir (two hours or so away).

Agra was the residential capital of the great Moguls until Shah Jahan moved to Delhi in the 17th century. Its greatest single attraction is the wonderful Taj Mahal, a marble mausoleum built by the Shah Jahan in memory of his Queen.

AS well as getting to Agra by road or air, a special air-conditioned train (the Taj Express) leaves Delhi daily and returns at night. The cost is \$12 return.

Known as the "Pink City," and bounded by 18th-century walls, Jaipur contains exquisite palaces. Capital of Rajasthan, Jaipur is considered one of the most picturesque cities in the world and is a favorite with tourists.

Northern India is dotted with wonderful hill resorts, but the most famous of them by far is the Kashmir Valley, described by the Mogul King Jahangir as "Paradise on earth."

Kashmir's capital, Srinagar, has many distinctive charms, not the least being its excellent hotel and houseboat accommodation.

With an altitude of 5000 to 6000 feet, the ancient city of Srinagar spreads on both sides of the River Jhelum. A houseboat on

picturesque Dal Lake costs from \$33-\$100 per month, including meals and good service.

A climax to a holiday in Kashmir would be to visit Gulmarg, a highland mountain retreat, which in December is covered with a carpet of snow. The last four miles of the 28-mile trip from Srinagar is by pony ride.

Gulmarg is famed for its skiing facilities and excellent golf course.

Sixty miles from Srinagar is Pahalgam, a famous resort ringed by tree-covered, snow-capped mountains. Pahalgam is noted for its hiking and riding treks, as well as for trout-fishing.

For the tourist with more time, there is much to interest and fascinate in south India, which is a little more off the usual tourist track.

The Hindu way of life has flowed on here, almost un-

disturbed by outside influences, for more than 2000 years.

The south has more to offer than its impressive temples — of which there are more to the square mile than anywhere else in India.

The two southern States of Madras and Andhra Pradesh contain 61 million people and share a coastline of 1750 miles, skirting the Bay of Bengal, the Indian Ocean, and the Arabian Sea.

Third largest city in India, Madras is well worth a stopover, and can be made the focal point for excursions to various surrounding places of historical and archaeological interest.

Hyderabad, the present capital of Andhra Pradesh, is the fifth largest city of India, and is so modernised that many visitors are surprised to learn it has, in fact,

a history well over 350 years old. The principal mosque at Hyderabad is the Mecca Masjid, which can accommodate 10,000 worshippers at a time.

ONE of the ports of Kerala State, on the west coast of India, has been described as the "first emporium of India," because it began trading in the first century AD. (The tiny coastal village of Puvvar, in the south, is widely held to be the ancient "Ophir" where King Solomon sent his trading vessels in 1000 BC.)

The entire State of Kerala, which sprawls along toward the apex of the peninsula, is palm-fringed and lagoon-studded against a backdrop of green mountains.

Home of historic shrines and temples, Kerala offers the tourist big-game hunting as well as tropical scenery.

Most of the larger shipping companies which ply between Australian ports and Europe have regular calls at Bombay. This city, on the west coast, is a natural blend of East and West.

With all the throb of a Western metropolis, Bombay is famous for its spectacular seafront.

A few miles off Bombay is the island of Elephanta, where the famous 8th-century caves containing magnificent sculptures are preserved.

An hour-and-a-half's flight from Bombay is Aurangabad, which is the starting point for a journey to two of the world's most famous rock-cut temples, at Ajanta and Ellora.

The return flight from Bombay to Aurangabad costs about \$28, and the caves are easily approached by road.

— ANNE OLSEN

★ Lakshmi Narayan Birle Temple, in New Delhi.



★ Public gardens on Malabar Hill, Bombay.

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Getting
to know

SPAIN

... the unknown land



Old Spain lives alongside the new . . . In Madrid's Plaza de España, backed by modern buildings, stands the memorial to 17th-century author Cervantes. He sits above his famous characters Don Quixote and the servant, Sancho Panza.

A TOURIST frantically trying to cram too many "sights" and "experiences" into a short itinerary will still be a stranger when he leaves Spain—a country diverse in its scenery and its people's temperament.

To be a wise *forastero* (traveller) you have to concentrate on only a few "sights," chosen to fill in the many contrasting colors of Spain's fascinating tapestry.

And do not consider only the big towns as important material, but seek out the innumerable small *pueblos*, where more than half the population lives.

A good starting point is Madrid, in the "land of castles," as Castile is called.

Although Spain's grandiose and often tragic past lives on in the 18th-century Royal Palace—you will need a whole morning to explore this dazzling maze of Tiepolo frescoes, Bayeu-designed tapestries, Goya and Ribera portraits—and in the great art treasures of the Prado Museum, housed in a rose-colored palace, the real life of Spain is to be found in the pavement cafes.

TAKE time off from sightseeing to sit in the shade of a sweet-smelling acacia tree, sipping *horchata de chufas* (a delicious nut drink, served only in summer), and watch the world stream by. In those few "stolen" moments you will learn more about Spain and its people—who often describe themselves as "impossible" to understand!—than in a week of hard exploration with guidebook and camera.

If you are lucky, you may be invited to join a *tertulia*, or discussion group. This is a very Spanish custom—but watch it with politics! These are taken very seriously.)

A stroll at dusk along the formal avenues of the Retiro Park, pausing to watch the row-boats on the lake, or the marionette theatre, can be enlightening, too.

While the modern heart of the capital is the Puerta del Sol, where ten streets meet, the early 17th-century Plaza de Mayor, almost unchanged from the days of the Inquisition, when it was used for the *auto de fe* (the burning of heretics), is the point at which Old Madrid begins.

Spend an afternoon exploring the picturesque square and surrounding district, which is dim, unevenly cobbled, often dirty but always colorful. A flight of steps, off the Plaza Mayor, will lead you to La Cueva

de Luis Candelas (once the hideout of a famous highwayman), where the waiters are dressed like bandits, and their roast suckling pig—a speciality of Castile—is a taste-treat you won't forget.

A word of warning about Spanish food and drink. If you are used to plain food, approach with caution.

Ever since the Phoenicians had the idea of planting olive trees round their empire, olive oil has been used liberally in Spanish cooking.

Wine is another permanent factor of the art of good eating in Spain—and no matter how strong it may be the Spaniard never degrades a good wine by diluting it with water. (Spanish sherries, of course, are considered by many to be the best in the world.)

Spanish *hors-d'oeuvre* are substantial—using *chacinas* (pork variation), *mariscos* (shellfish), vegetables, and canned fish in oil—sardines, anchovies, *mejillones* (mussels), etc.

Soup is a treat and there are more than 30 recipes for making the cold, garlic soup known as *gazpacho*. An ancient dish, it was once a favorite of Andalusian Moors.

The famous rice dish, *paella*, can be found all over the country with slight variations, while omelets of many kinds are always on the menu.

Galicia, in the north-west, has wonderful fish, while Anevalo and Segovia have disputed Madrid's claim to the title of roast-suckling-pig capital.

All parts of Spain are rich in sweets and desserts, particularly Andalusia, famous for its *tortera de Navidad* (Christmas tart). One Spanish sweet, *turrón* (nou-

gat), is so old that it is mentioned in a poem by ancient Persian poet Hafiz.

If you are a Goya enthusiast, you must make a special effort to see his magnificent paintings at San Antonio de la Florida, and "St. Bernard Preaching," at San Francisco El Grande, while all art lovers will want to visit the Duke of Alba's private collection at the Liria Palace (you will need a special pass from the Spanish Tourist Department).

Although Spain's No. 1 shopping street is probably Barcelona's Paseo de Gracia, Madrid's Gran Vía is a close second, and much cheaper. (What to buy: Suede and kidskin jackets, coats; leather handbags, wallets, belts, hand-sewn gloves; hand-embroidered blouses and lingerie, lace mantillas; Talavera pottery; Toledo jewelry; sherry.)

But the bargain hunter's paradise is the Rastro, Madrid's famous "flea market." There, in open stalls, you will find anything from old furniture—you'll need an expert's eye to recognise the genuine article!—to a packet of needles.

AFTER dark, Madrid glitters as brightly as the most sophisticated world capital, and offers many kinds of nightlife—be it cheek-to-cheek dancing in some crowded, smoke-filled nightclub; wining and dining at a de luxe restaurant; or the chance to clap your hands and stamp your heels in exciting flamenco gipsy dancing.

At the foot of the Guadarrama Mountains, 31 miles from Madrid, is El Escorial, the great Renaissance monastery-palace built by

☆ "Spain is an unknown country. Legends and labels pile up: Black Spain, inquisitorial Spain, beautiful Spain, tragic Spain, folkloric Spain, unhappy Spain, a projection of Africa into a map of Europe . . ."—Spanish author Jose Maria Gironella.

Philip II in the 16th century. It gleams with rich frescoes and marble floors, and in the black marble and bronze Royal Pantheon are urns containing the remains of Spanish kings.

In contrast to this sombre setting is Toledo, where the great painter El Greco lived until his death in 1614. Many of his finest paintings, including "The Burial of the Count Orgaz," together with the overwhelming beauty of the 13th-century cathedral, make a visit to this ancient city, only two hours from Madrid, a highlight of any itinerary.

For a completely different picture of Spain, you should try to find time to see the Valley of the Fallen on the outskirts of Madrid. Hewn from the interior of a mountain, this memorial honors Spain's Civil War (1936-1939) dead.

Castile may be the geographical "heart," but for the Spain of the travel posters you have to go to Andalusia. Not only does this southernmost region boast Spain's three greatest tourist gems—the rose-colored Alhambra Palace at Granada, the Mosque of Cordoba, and the Alcazar and Cathedral of Seville—but it exchanges the harsher realities of the northern and central regions for the Spain of dreams, where fountains play in shaded patios and

every black-eyed *senorita* seems to be called Carmen.

The icicles, stalactites, and stalagmites expressed in the design of the Church of the Sagrada Familia, in Barcelona, are as good a reason as any to visit this Catalonian city. The architect was Gaudi, whose weird adaptations of natural phenomena can also be seen in some of Barcelona's houses.

THE famous Ramblas is a great tourist "draw," too. Situated where the city walls once encircled the Old Town, this wide, tree-bordered avenue bisects the whole town.

If you believe in legends, one of your main ambitions will be to see Montserrat, just outside Barcelona. The Holy Grail was believed to have been in this monastery, founded in AD 880.

"No tragedy in the world ever transfixed me as much as this . . ." French writer Merimee was referring to the Spanish national spectacle: Bullfighting.

The chief arenas are in Madrid, Barcelona, Seville, Malaga, and Valencia, but

even the small towns boast bullrings.

Majestic! . . . Cruel! . . . Colorful! . . . Inhuman! . . . Many adjectives have been used to describe *la corrida*, but, whatever the truth or the judgment may be, bullfighting is as much part of the Spanish way of life as the remorseless sun and tantalising flamenco.

Spain, of course, is also the home of the *fiesta*, a colorful mixture of feasting, processions, folk-dancing, and singing, held in towns and villages throughout the country from April to October.

A famous festival is the *July encierro* (bull-running) in the streets of Pamplona. This was a great favorite of American author Ernest Hemingway.

In contrast is the stern emotion of *Semana Santa*, or Holy Week, when statues, telling of Christ's death, are escorted through the streets by silence, by prayers, by candles, by trumpets, and drums.

The climate goes to the same extremes as the Spanish landscape and temperament, and varies from temperate in the north to very hot in the south. The *siesta* is a Spanish custom, but is more widespread in the southern regions, where the midday sun hits hardest.

Accommodation is just as varied, and there is a wide range of modestly priced hotels and *pensiones*. (But don't fall into the trap, as so many visitors do, and overlook the 15 percent service charge when working out your holiday budget!)

One of the best ways to digest all you have seen is to "get away from it all" to one of Spain's sea-washed hideaways along the Mediterranean or Atlantic coast, or—farther afield—to the idyllic Balearic Islands, where life can be one long round of bathing, resting, fishing, boating, sailing—and remembering.

— VALERIE
CARR

HOLIDAY HORIZONS

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(Advertisement)

Science Shrinks and Relieves Painful Haemorrhoids without surgery

New Formula, "Preparation H," shrinks, relieves stops itch—even in most stubborn cases—not just temporary relief!

ASK YOUR CHEMIST

NEW YORK, N.Y. (Special). At last, science has found a new healing substance with astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids, stop itching, and to relieve pain—without surgery. In one case after another, "very striking improvement" was reported and verified by doctors' observations. The pain was relieved promptly. And, while gently relieving pain, actual retraction (shrinking) took place. And most amazing of all—this improvement was maintained in cases where doctors' observations were continued over a period of many months! In fact, results were so thorough that, even months later, sufferers were able to make such astonishing statements as "piles have ceased to be

a problem!" And among these sufferers were a very wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing. In addition to actually shrinking piles—Preparation H lubricates and makes functional elimination less painful. All this, without the use of narcotics, anaesthetics or astringents of any kind. The secret is a new healing substance, Bio-Dyne (Regd.)—the discovery of a world-famous institution. This new healing substance is offered in suppository or ointment form called Preparation H. Ask for individually sealed, convenient Preparation H suppositories or Preparation H ointment with special applicator.

TASMANIA By car,



★ Picturesque oast house in the hop fields of New Norfolk, north of Hobart. Much of Tasmania's scenery is reminiscent of England, with hawthorn hedges lining the roadsides.



★ A fascinating area of Tasmania is Port Arthur, on the Tasman Peninsula, where the slowly decaying ruins of the old convict settlement can be seen in a setting of beautiful English trees. The old church (pictured) was designed by a convict.

AN interstate motoring holiday is the ideal way to introduce your family to new places, new faces, and new experiences.

You'll look back for years on the fun of picnics by the roadside; the attractive, modern motels and hotels to stay at; the historic towns and spectacular scenery on each day's drive.

Here, planned for you, is a car tour through some of Victoria's most beautiful countryside, stopping in Melbourne, then boarding the car ferry which will take you across Bass Strait to Tasmania.

There, Devonport becomes the starting point for a tour of the holiday island which is often called the tourist gem of the Commonwealth.

And, for visitors from New South Wales and Queensland, there's a fabulous new way to return home—sailing from Hobart, Burnie, or Launceston (Bell Bay) on a 12,000-ton passenger liner, the Empress of Australia, to Sydney.

For a family of two adults and two children, with a medium-sized sedan car, the round-trip fare (which covers travel between Melbourne and Devonport on the Princess of Tasmania and the trip from Tasmania to Sydney on the Empress) is about \$200. This includes the cost of transport for the car.

The fare for the same family and car travelling from Melbourne to Devonport and back on the Princess would be about \$106.

Rates for motel accommodation in Victoria range from \$7 to \$12 a night for a double room, and in Tasmania from \$8 to \$11 a night. Special tariffs apply for children, according to their ages.

Itineraries given here provide for three different points of entry to Victoria—at Corryong from the Snowy Mountains; at Mildura; and from Bordertown, South Australia.

WITH the suggested overnight stops, each route takes about seven days—but, of course, this could be varied according to personal taste. Allow another seven days or so for the tour of Tasmania.

● Entering Victoria at Corryong, the first day's drive takes you through Tallangatta, Beechworth (stop to see historic buildings and relics of the gold-mining days), and via Myrtleford, a picturesque town in the Ovens Valley, which has an annual Easter festival of "Tobacco and Hops," to Bright, nestling at the foot of Victoria's Alps.

Stay overnight; next day go to Mt. Buffalo National Park and lunch at the chalet.

Return to Bright. Next day travel through Tawonga Gap to Mt. Beauty (former headquarters of the Kiowa hydro-electric scheme), Falls Creek, where the ski chalets and lodges in the alpine village are open to summer tourists,

and along the new Bogong High Plains road to Omeo, stopping there for lunch.

Continue along the Omeo Highway to Bruthen and Lakes Entrance, the home port of Australia's largest fishing fleet and a popular holiday resort in a setting of ocean beaches, lakes, and rivers.

Stay there three nights to enable you to make day trips to the famous Buchan Caves—conducted tours are given twice daily—to scenic Metung, Paynesville, and Eagle Point, and to cruise on the Gippsland Lakes.

Travel to Melbourne along the Princes Highway, via Bairnsdale, Sale, and the Latrobe Valley—heart of Victoria's power production. ● Visitors from South Australia and south-west New South Wales could make Mildura, in the heart of the Sunraysia district of citrus groves and vineyards, their holiday starting point.

WITH trips on the River Murray, tours of the vineyards, and river fishing for the giant Murray cod, perch, and bream (if you have time), allow at least two nights there.

Then, follow the Sturt Highway to Robinvale and continue along the Murray Valley Highway to Swan Hill. Stop there to visit the Australian Folk Museum in the old paddle-steamer Gem, built in 1876. It's moored in a land-locked pool at Horseshoe Bend on the banks of the Little Murray.

Next stop is Kerang (visit the Ibis Rookeries) and on to Echuca for the night.

The following day's drive is via Yarrowonga, Lake Mulwala, and Rutherglen, to Wangaratta, inspecting wineries en route. Allow two nights at Wangaratta to enable you to make a day trip to Beechworth, Myrtleford, Mt. Buffalo, and Bright (see previous itinerary for details).

Next day's travel takes you along the Hume Highway to Benalla and the Midland Highway to Eildon. A particular point of interest there is the Department of Fisheries and Wildlife fish hatchery at Snob's Creek.

Take the Maroondah Highway to Melbourne, stopping at Healesville to visit the famous Sir Colin Mackenzie Sanctuary in a bushland setting of 428 acres.

In this peaceful reserve, in the valley of Badger Creek at the foot of Mt. Riddell (2750ft.), is a collection of Australia's native animals and birds—kangaroos, koalas, wallabies, wombats, echidnas, platypuses, emus, lyrebirds, bower-birds, cockatoos, parrots, and other native fauna.

Another attraction three miles north-east of Healesville is the great Maroondah Lake, which supplies Melbourne with up to 50 million gallons of water each day.

Maroondah is open to the public and its beautiful park

HOLIDAY

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 25, 1967

MAY WE SUGGEST . . .

The ideal solution to all your gift problems for friends in Australia or overseas is a gift subscription to

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VICTORIA

has splendid picnic facilities, including barbecue fireplaces.

● South Australian tourists arriving along the Western Highway through Bordertown could make their first Victorian overnight stop at Horsham, stepping-off point for a tour of the Grampians. These mountains rise in wild grandeur, with their towering cliffs, red sandstone peaks and craggy rock faces laced over with waterfalls and sculpted by the elements into fantastic natural statuary.

From August to November a galaxy of wildflowers carpets the mountains in bright, hazy patterns of yellow, white, pink, blue, and red. An annual event is the Wildflower Festival, held at the beginning of October.

Halls Gap, in the heart of the Grampians, is reached from Horsham via the Henty Highway, through Cavendish and Dunkeld. An overnight stop could be made at the Gap — or, alternatively, at Stawell, once a rich goldfield and now famous for its Easter Gift footrace.

From Stawell, the Western Highway leads to Ballarat, a city whose coat of arms carries the proud motto: "Culture, Beauty, Industry."

Highlights of the year in Ballarat are the Begonia Festival, held in March, when the public gardens have beautiful displays of these brilliant, exotic blooms, and the well-known South Street competitions in music, elocution, dancing, and callisthenics, held in October.

After an overnight stop in Ballarat, travel to Melbourne via Daylesford and Hepburn Springs, Kyneton, Woodend, and Mt. Macedon. With its fast-growing skyline of tall buildings across the banks of the Yarra River, Melbourne is a truly elegant city.

It's a shopping paradise, too, with some of the largest department stores in the Southern Hemisphere, as well as countless specialty boutiques tucked away in little arcades.

As a panoramic backdrop to Melbourne, the Dandenong Ranges (only an hour from the city) are well worth a day trip, and there's always a chance of spotting a lyrebird in Sherbrooke Forest.

AFTER a few days spent exploring Melbourne, it's time to drive aboard the vehicular-passenger ferry the Princess of Tasmania for a 14-hour overnight sailing to Devonport.

This is your gateway to an island of unforgettable beauty and old world charm. Each district has its own special appeal, providing a tremendous variety of scenery, from breathtaking mountain views and seascapes to rich farming valleys, with roads lined by hawthorn hedges reminiscent

of the gentle English countryside.

Landmarks of a forgotten era are everywhere — old stone fences built by convicts, historic churches, old bridges and colonial mansions, like Entally House outside Launceston.

Most fascinating of all is, perhaps, Port Arthur, where the slowly decaying ruins of the old convict settlement can be seen in a setting of delightful English trees.

Arriving in Devonport at 9.30 a.m., there's the whole day ahead to start your tour. Heading for Queenstown on the west coast, follow the Bass Highway to Burnie, and then the relatively new Murchison Highway to Zeehan. This was once a thriving mining township of 10,000 people, but is now a ghost town with fewer than 600 inhabitants.

Twenty-three miles from here is Queenstown, which still owes its existence to the copper mine at nearby Mt. Lyell. Almost all the 4500 inhabitants rely on the smelter for their livelihood, and the night-time glare from the molten metal furnaces makes a spectacular sight. Organised visits to the works are arranged at night for tourists.

Next day's travel takes you through wild bush country to Hobart. Much of the road passes through the Lake St. Clair National Park, which covers about 525 square miles of the Central Highlands.

This area provides the source of Tasmania's cheap hydro-electric power, using mountain streams backed up by dams as high as 200ft.

LAKES formed in this way have been stocked with fish, and some magnificent trout have earned Tasmania a world-wide reputation among anglers.

Spend three nights in Hobart, to allow for day trips to the Tasman Peninsula, Mt. Wellington, and the apple orchards of the Huon Valley.

The view from the Pinnacle of Mt. Wellington (4166ft. above sea level) is spectacular, and just a 12-mile drive from the centre of the city. On the way back see the model Tudor Village at "Tudor Court," in the suburb of Lower Sandy Bay.

The nearby Huon Valley, centre of the apple-growing industry, is a glorious sight with its springtime blossoms and autumn foliage.

The day trip to the Tasman Peninsula is one that few tourists miss, for there are the historic and picturesque ruins of the Port Arthur penal establishment.

Still standing are the Penitentiary, the church (designed by a convict), and the circular Model Prison.

The Peninsula would be an island but for the narrow strip of land at Eaglehawk Neck. Near there are interesting geological formations which include the Tessellated Pavement (a stretch of rock so engraved that it resembles a giant pavement), Tasman's Arch



★ Lending an air of Parisian charm to tree-lined Collins Street, Melbourne, the cafe tables under gay umbrellas are perfect spots to sit and watch the world go by.

(a bridge of stone), the Blowhole, and Devil's Kitchen.

Hobart itself, a city which is both old and new, has much to offer the visitor. There is the modern, impressive \$14 million Tasman Bridge, 3364ft. across the Derwent River, and Battery Point, where the houses, narrow streets, and corner pubs date back to the seafaring days of early Hobart.

Leaving Hobart for Swansea, on the east coast, drive via Sorell, Buckland (visit the old church there with its famous stained-glass window), and Triabunna, a former whaling station.

Overnight in Swansea, then on toward Launceston along the Tasman Highway via Bicheno (also a former whaling station), the Elephant Pass to St. Marys, and the St. Marys Pass to St. Helens, a popular resort.

Continue through St. Columbia Falls at Pyengana, Weldborough Pass, Derby (a tin-mining area), and Scottsdale (a rich agricultural area) to Launceston.

Spend the night there and next day leave for Devonport along the Bass Highway, visiting Entally House, an old colonial home at Hadsden, en route. At Deloraine, detour to Mole Creek to see the King Solomon Caves, and then continue to Devonport.

Travellers returning home through Melbourne embark on the Princess of Tasmania there, while those returning by sea to Sydney on the Empress could continue to Burnie — or, alternatively, pick up the ship at Bell Bay, 30 miles north of Launceston.

— BEVERLEY COOPER



★ These richly colored craggy rock faces, sculpted by the elements into fantastic natural statuary, are a feature of the Grampians, in western Victoria. From August to November the area is carpeted with a mass of wildflowers.

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New Way to Reduce Weight

A tablet specially designed for sweet tooths that aids in weight reduction is now available. You can now slim and stay slim by taking one or two tablets after the main meal each day to dispel and neutralize the fatty unsaturated content of the food eaten and lessen body weight until normal.

Excessive weight, besides robbing one's youth and beauty, soon leads to the risk of development of high blood pressure, hypertensive heart disease and circulatory, coronary and internal disorders. A sensible diet of lean meat, fish, fruit and vegetables, avoiding excesses of sugary and starch content foods and the use of polyunsaturated oils in the preparation of food, together with Mevon Extract tablets each day is the safe and easy way to reduce excess weight.

These Mevon Extract tablets quickly sweeten the breath, hasten digestive processes of all foods and contribute to a healthier, happier enjoyment of daily living. They are so easy to take and are sucked like a sweet. These Mevon Extract tablets do not need a doctor's prescription and are available at most leading pharmacies.

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2-year-old Susan models her new swim-suit. "But yesterday," says Susan's mother, "she was grizzly and grumpy. Wouldn't go down for her afternoon nap. I'm glad I remembered Laxettes. Today she's right as rain and bright as a button." Mother Nature should keep every child regular, but when Nature forgets, remember Laxettes, the chocolate laxative. Laxettes restore your child's regularity overnight, so gently, so surely. Get Laxettes tonight, tomorrow they're right. Only 35 cents (3/6).

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HORIZONS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 25, 1967

Page 51

"It was a wonderful weekend at Waitangi . . .

We played golf on the beautiful course right outside our bedroom window. Bill went fishing - and caught a 14 lb schnapper."

Next time your husband is going to New Zealand just remind him he can take you with him for a half air fare (as little as \$79.40 return economy class) and between May and October you can stay free of charge at six* fabulous resort hotels in New Zealand, paying only for your meals. Tell him to ask his travel agent, airline office or the New Zealand Government Tourist Department about it.

*Tourist Hotel Corporation hotels at Waitangi, Waitomo, Mt. Cook, Franz Josef, Wanaka and Te Anau.



In **SOUTH AFRICA** ... Gracious

SOUTH AFRICA, famous the world over for its fascinating wild animals and fabulous gold and diamond mines, has been careful to ensure that its links with the past have not been forgotten.

living from the past

Great care has been showered on historic buildings and furniture there, carefully preserving them for generations to come.

And nowhere is this restoration more apparent than in beautiful Cape

Province, home of the fine old Cape Dutch-style houses, dating back 150 years and more.

Today these elegant reminders of another era look much as they must have originally, while their furni-

ture is eagerly sought by collectors throughout the world.

Many of the old houses have been opened up for display, and the tourist to the Cape region should make a visit to these great homes a "must" on his itinerary.



★ ABOVE: Interior of the old Alphen Hotel, near Cape Town. Note the fine, old stinkwood chest.

★ RIGHT: "Non Pareil," near Paarl, shows clearly the elegant simplicity of Cape Dutch styling.



HOLIDAY HORIZONS

★ Groot Constantia is a favorite with tourists visiting historic old Cape Town. Once a homestead, it is now a museum.



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You've never known a hair-removing cream that's as quick, easy to use, and kind to your skin as fragrant Veet Odourless with lanolin. For Veet 'O' is no ordinary depilatory. You know it's different from the moment you smooth it on. In just three or four minutes, depending on texture, every trace of unwanted hair simply melts away. Not just to skin level, but right down to the roots, and without fuss, mess, or depilatory smell.

Gentle Veet 'O' leaves arms, underarms, and legs soft, smooth, and flawlessly shadow-free. In fact, after you've used Veet 'O' every other hair removing method seems plain old-fashioned.

Just 45 cents a tube or 68 cents for the large economy size, at all chemists and cosmetic counters.

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SCALY SCALP healthy again!

Scalp itchy? Unsettling skin particles floating through your hair? These are the positive signs of scalp scale. No woman (or man) can ignore this embarrassing condition. It can earn you the scorn of others—by spoiling your whole appearance. Don't be ashamed. Scalp scale happens to many women who lacquer-spray their hair. Some lacquers encase both hair and scalp. They choke off the flow of natural oils. So, hair dries out, scalp skin flakes off.

HERE'S WHAT TO DO
If you have scalp scale, don't expect ordinary hair-dressing creams or oils to fix it. Don't compromise. Take this one

positive step that gets hair and scalp healthy again. Once a week, shampoo your hair, rinse thoroughly, and towel-off excess water. Massage a generous quantity of Napro Hair Vitalizer vigorously into hair and scalp with fingertips. Leave on hair 5 to 15 minutes. Rinse off with warm (not hot) water. Instantly, hair is supple again. Scale is whisked away. Scalp shines clear as a new-born babe's. All because Napro Vitalizer gets lacquer-locked scalp glands working again, re-nourishes lacquer-dry hair with life-giving oil.

The 65 cent Napro tube contains four generous treatments.

Don't compromise. Vitalize!

N.V.

EVER

Cornered a lion with a camera?

Bought a souvenir from a Zulu?

Taken the cable up Table Mountain?

Ridden a ricksha in downtown Durban?



Ever-increasing numbers of Australians are doing all these exciting things, finding in South Africa the richest travel experience the world has to offer. You'll find them in the great game reserves, camera-shooting lions, hippos, elephants, giraffes, all in their natural surroundings.

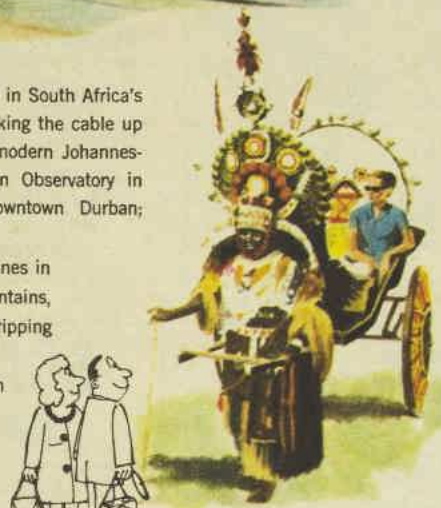
You'll meet them in quaint native villages, collecting fascinating souvenirs, trying their tongues at Zulu, Ndebele, or Basuto.



They're living it up in South Africa's big cities, too. In gracious Capetown, taking the cable up Table Mountain; dining in modern Johannesburg; visiting the world-famous Boyden Observatory in Bloemfontein; riding a ricksha in downtown Durban; going pukka in stately Pretoria.

They're in Kimberley, marvelling at fortunes in uncut diamonds; in the Drakensberg Mountains, raving over the majestic scenery; side-tripping to Victoria Falls.

If you're planning an overseas trip, join them for the holiday of a lifetime. You'll love every minute—and, like the globe-trotters from all over the world who congregate there, agree—



IT'S IN TO SEE SOUTH AFRICA INSTEAD

Touring in South Africa is inexpensive. Accommodations are excellent, there are no language or currency problems, and the hospitality you'll encounter is as sunny as the climate. For fully illustrated literature, contact your travel agent, or send this coupon.

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★ Traditional "Pink Peach Dance."

SINGAPORE

SINGAPORE has been called the gateway between East and West, a crossroads of the world, "instant" Asia. It's all of these — and more.

A teeming seaport of more than a million people, located at the southernmost tip of the Malayan peninsula, it is a beehive of industry, enterprise, and commerce—the heart of a young nation.

One of the most exciting cities in the Far East, it has always afforded a welcome haven to the traveller.

The beginnings of Singapore are shrouded in the mists of history. Record has it that Sang Nila Uta, a descendant of Alexander the Great, journeying from Palembang to the island of Bantan, was caught in a severe storm which drove his ship to the shores of an island.

As he stepped ashore with his followers, he spotted an animal which Malay annals say was "very swift and beautiful, its body bright red, its head jet black, its breast white, in size rather larger than a he-goat." Told it was a lion, he is supposed to have said: "If the animals here look so smart and fierce, it would indeed be a good

HOLIDAY HORIZONS

country to found a kingdom." And he named it "Singapura" (the Lion City).

The traditional symbol of this city is the "Merlion" — a lion with a fish tail emerging from the sea — that signifies its historic name.

Today the little Malay island settlement that Raffles leased from the Sultan of Johore on February 6, 1819, is inhabited by people of many races. Their cultures, faiths, and languages have helped knit Singapore into a multi-racial, multi-lingual, and multi-religious society whose tolerance and harmonious pattern of living has not only enriched the unity of its people but turned Singapore itself into one of South-East Asia's greatest cities.

Singapore is a modern metropolis in every sense of the word. It possesses all the amenities and facilities of other major cities around the globe.

Its harbor, the fifth largest in the world, is full of great ships loading and unloading precious cargoes. Its slow flowing river is full of small craft carrying rubber, rice,

and other essential produce, while a new international airport is one of the finest in that part of the world.

Luxury flats, workers' blocks and apartment houses, bungalows, offices, factories and other industrial enterprises, vast housing estates, constructional schemes, dual highways and ever-increasing transport are all symbolic of the Republic's desire to grow and flourish.

Singapore has the reputation of being one of the cleanest and healthiest cities in Asia and such tropical diseases as malaria, typhus, and dysentery are no longer a problem in the Republic.

Water is quite safe for drinking right from the tap without boiling — the only place in that part of the world where it can be done.

Taximen are courteous and, as almost all speak English, getting around is no problem.

To meet the tourist boom (and Singapore is making an all-out bid to woo overseas visitors through the untiring efforts of its Tourist Promotion Board and Travel Association), many luxury hotels have been built in and around the city, and new ones, even more ambitious in scope, design, and comfort, are in the course of construction.

VISITORS always remember Singapore as a "shoppers' paradise" — a place where one can buy a bewildering variety of things at amazingly low prices. Singapore being a tax-free port with no import or purchase tax, goods sold here are much cheaper than in the countries of their origin.

The Singapore Tourist Association was formed by the city's leading business houses and traders to promote and maintain high standards of ethics in the conduct of their business. Lists of approved shops can be obtained from the Association or the Singapore Tourist Promotion Board.

And what makes shopping such a delight for the adventurous is the age-old Eastern custom of bargaining. One can happily haggle over prices and beat down figures in such fascinating spots as

● Continued on page 56



★ Ancient craft against a modern backdrop.

11 great new cruises by P & O



11 wonderful ways to spend your holidays this year

Browse over this list. Each cruise offers you so much more than any ordinary holiday. You can roam the South Seas. Explore New Zealand. Discover the beauty of Japan, the fascination of Hong Kong.

Add to this glorious days of non-stop fun aboard a big, white P & O liner - enjoying good food, good fun, with interesting new friends, and being pampered by superb service. It's the one holiday that has everything.

How much time can you spare? There are cruises from 12 days to 31 days. Fares start from as low as £106/10/0 (\$213) in Tourist Class, £111/10/0 (\$223) One Class and £148/10/0 (\$297) First Class.

Choose a cruise now. Mail coupon for details. Then see your Travel Agent or P & O for reservations. Soon.

SAILINGS FROM SYDNEY

'ORONSAY' South Seas Cruise, Feb. 5, 20 days. To Wellington, Suva, Pago Pago, Nuku'alofa, Auckland, Brisbane, Sydney. Fares from: First Class, £222/10/0 (\$445); Tourist, Wait List.

'ORCADES' Cherry Blossom Cruise, Mar. 8, 31 days. To Darwin, Hong Kong, Kobe, Yokohama (Tokyo), Guam, Sydney. One Class fares from £280 (\$560).

'ORSOVA' Easter Cruise, Mar. 23, 14 days. To Hobart, Noumea, Suva, Sydney. Fares from: First Class, £176/10/0 (\$353); Tourist, £125/10/0 (\$251).

'ORSOVA' Hibiscus Cruise, Apr. 7, 12 days. To Suva, Nuku'alofa, Auckland, Sydney. Fares from: First Class, £148/10/0 (\$297); Tourist, £106/10/0 (\$213).

'ORCADES' Follow-the-sun Cruise, July 20, 14 days. To Suva, Lautoka, Honiara (Guadalcanal), Sydney. One Class fares from £128/10/0 (\$257).

'IBERIA' Tropic Isles Cruise, Aug. 31, 13 days. To Savusavu, Suva, Nuku'alofa, Sydney. Fares from: First Class, £162 (\$324); Tourist, £116/10/0 (\$233).

'CANBERRA' Oriental Cruise, Oct. 19, 28 days. To Japan—Yokohama (Tokyo), Kobe, Nagasaki—and Hong Kong, Sydney. Fares from: First Class, £383/10/0 (\$767); Tourist, £217/10/0 (\$435).

'HIMALAYA' December Cruise, Dec. 3, 13 days. To Noumea, Suva, Auckland, Sydney. One Class from £111/10/0 (\$223).

'HIMALAYA' Christmas Cruise, Dec. 17, 13 days. To Brisbane, Suva, Bay of Islands (Russell), Auckland, Sydney. One Class fares from £121 (\$242).

'IBERIA' Christmas/New Year Cruise, Dec. 20, 13 days. To Hobart, Picton, Wellington, Auckland, Bay of Islands (Russell), Sydney. Fares from: First Class, £151/10/0 (\$303); Tourist, £110/10/0 (\$221).

'ORSOVA' Christmas/New Year Cruise, Dec. 23, 13 days. To Noumea, Suva, Melbourne, Sydney. Fares from: First Class, £151/10/0 (\$303); Tourist, £110/10/0 (\$221).

Note: All dates and fares are from Sydney and are subject to availability at time of application. Ask about connecting travel to and from Sydney by ship or other means before or after the cruise you select.



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Many thousands of women of all ages have achieved a clear, healthy, radiant complexion, quite simply and easily, through the regular use of Neutrogena.

Skin beauty . . . the way Nature intended!

Almost every woman is blessed from birth with a naturally flawless complexion, but very few retain this complexion through the years.

The regular use of Neutrogena can help solve this problem, because it promotes natural cleanliness, the basis of all proper skin care.

What is Neutrogena?

Neutrogena is a specially formulated skin cleanser in soap form—a solidified cleansing cream that, with water, produces a rich creamy lather.

What does Neutrogena do?

- Neutrogena preserves Nature's invisible 'neutral cloak', and so helps guard against blemishes, dryness and dullness.
- Neutrogena protects deep skin oils, and so helps keep your skin properly moist and soft.
- Neutrogena leaves no harmful residue (a major cause of skin irritation).

For a lovelier skin texture, vibrant and glowing, use Neutrogena, the skin cleanser that cleanses the way Nature intended.

Prove to yourself that Neutrogena should be your cleanser. Start this one-month beauty test today!

Thoroughly cleanse your skin with Neutrogena, rinse with clear, clean water, then cleanse and rinse again. Do this each morning and night, and in just one month you will be amazed and delighted with the fresher and more youthful appearance of your skin. One month's supply of 3 cakes of Neutrogena costs only \$1.35.



Neutrogena is prepared under the original formula of the eminent Belgian cosmetic chemist Dr. Edmond Fromont, and is protected by Australian Patent No. 164532. Your Family Chemist and selected Department Stores sell Neutrogena—economically priced at only 45 cents. Manufactured and distributed in Australia by The House of Paulding.

NTG 98

ASK YOUR NEWSAGENT

TO

HOME DELIVER

The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Plenty of bus stops!

HOLIDAY HORIZONS

OVERSEAS

If you are eager to see and experience as much as you can, but your time and funds are limited, a great way to globetrot these days is by overland coach.

One coach tour travels across no fewer than 16 countries on two continents.

From the moment you board the fully air-conditioned coach at Bombay until your arrival in London life is fascinating.

En route you see countries as different architecturally and culturally as India, Pakistan, Afghanistan, Persia, Iraq, Jordan, Lebanon, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Yugoslavia, Italy, Austria, Germany, Belgium, and England.

The general itinerary has been carefully planned to cover enough ground to capture the personality of each country, be it the blue-tiled grandeur of Persia, the timeless pride of Greece, or the endearing charm of Italy.

Armed with a specially written 28-page booklet, giving a wide historical background of your route, you will sightsee in ancient cities such as Damascus and Istanbul; rest in some "off-beat" spot like Quetta, high in the mountains of Pakistan.

Sometimes you will dog the footsteps of Alexander the Great—on the Plain of Issus, in Syria, you are where he defeated the Persian King Darius III in 333 BC.

You can pause, lost in the past, among the ruins of ancient Byblos (which gave its name to the Bible), or Philippi—where, in 48 BC, St. Paul preached his first sermon on European soil.

And the cost of this tour is almost as exciting as the journey—with the fare at \$364 from Bombay to London.

This doesn't include living expenses between India and

England, but, if you don't mind sacrificing your hot shower occasionally and are not above sometimes erecting your own stretcher bed, you need only \$2.50 to \$3 a day for dinner, bed, and breakfast.

Two unique ways to see the Middle East: Either by bus along the shores of North Africa and Egypt for 40 days, visiting antiquities like Tutankhamen's Tomb in Luxor, or the pyramids and sphinx in Cairo (the fare: \$225, plus \$2.50 to \$5 daily expenses); or you can travel by mobitel for 32 days in Turkey and the Holy Land.

(The mobitel is a mobile hotel towed by a coach during the day and used for accommodation at night. The fare: \$263, including breakfast, one light meal, and accommodation.)

Coach tours across Russia, Scandinavia, and Europe, ranging from 20 to 23 days, are another popular way of "discovering" the world and are economy-priced from \$192, including meals (except lunches).

You can take your pick—from the fairytale Moorish architecture of the Alhambra, in Granada, to the sweeping panorama of Moscow's Red Square; from the atmosphere of harems, mosques, palaces, and minarets in Istanbul, to the Eastern European capital, Budapest, famed for its gipsy music.

(There are sea and air connections between Australia and India, or Australia and Port Said.)

AUSTRALIA

AUSTRALIA is a country of many landscapes and each year thousands of people board coaches and set out to discover for themselves its ever-changing beauty.

From North Queensland to Tasmania, from the east

coast to the west, tours have been organised to enable the traveller to see as much as possible in a short length of time.

In air-conditioned armchair comfort, tourists can cross the Nullarbor Plain on a Western Australian holiday, tour the Snowy Mountains with stops at Canberra, Mount Kosciuszko, Thredbo, Tumut Valley, and the Murrumbidgee Irrigation area, or spend five to eight days in historical Tasmania visiting points of interest.

A Barrier Reef Island holiday, incorporating an eight-day stay at Palm Bay Island Resort, Long Island (an island in the Whitsunday group), presents an ideal solution to vacation problems.

Passengers can join coaches in Melbourne, Sydney, or Brisbane, and travel by road to Proserpine, then on to Shute Harbor to board the launch which takes them to the resort.

One of the most exciting tours organised for 1967 is the "trailblazer" 22-day camping holiday to Central Australia—for those with a pioneering spirit.

Starting on April 8, the coaches leave each Saturday from Sydney. The tour covers more than 6000 miles of interesting—and, at times, unique—scenery in New South Wales, Queensland, Northern Territory, South Australia, and Victoria.

Hotels and motels are bypassed. Passengers take their own camping equipment or hire it from the coach company and spend the nights under the stars.

The tour is ideal for the person who wants to really see Australia with a minimum of expense. The adult fare is \$110 and the child's \$80. Not included in this are camping ground fees and admission charges (which should average \$7), food supplies and/or meals (which should average \$10 a week), and launch or boating fares and fees.

Banks help

BANKS take many worries out of holidays.

A service by which travellers use their local bank's overseas offices or agents as their postal address is available.

The overseas tourist can also rely on his bank to arrange essential documents, such as passports and visas, and necessary health clearances.

An invaluable service for tourists is the issuing of travellers' cheques. If the cheques are lost, the bank should be contacted immediately, when it will refund the money.

Many people leave valuables—jewellery or documents—with banks while away. These are kept in sealed containers in locked safes.

Banks also arrange insurance for any valuables which travellers take with them.

Banks will plan holidays anywhere and their travel officers organise every detail—rail, air, sea, or bus bookings, accommodation, entertainment.

Even if customers haven't enough money to take holidays, their bank will help them, by opening special purpose savings accounts where money can be deposited for future holidays.

• Continued from page 54

SINGAPORE

the famous Change Alley (claimed to be the world's narrowest and busiest bazaar) and Arab Street.

In Sungei Road (also popularly referred to as the "Thieves' Market") you can buy anything from a needle to a mobile crane. Or try People's Park in the heart of Singapore's Chinatown, and the "Pasar Malam" (Night Market) which features a seemingly endless line of lighted stalls selling an amazing variety of household and fancy articles.

Eating in Singapore can be as varied as anywhere in the world. Culinary arts handed down through the centuries are practised with tantalising skill.

For the sightseer, Singapore offers many places of interest.

Hop into a taxi and take a drive round the warren of highways and by-ways that

bisect the island's 224 square miles. Admire the lush green vegetation that seems to cover everything like a carpet; visit the Botanical Gardens in Cluney Road where friendly monkeys gather round to pick up proffered peanuts or other tit-bits.

Drive up the Gap in North Buona Vista Road, or to Mount Faber to get panoramic views of the harbor and vast areas of the city. Take in Nicoll Highway, the Merdeka Bridge, the Esplanade and South Bridge Road over the Elgin Bridge to catch breathtaking glimpses of Singapore River scenes.

Singapore's answer to the fantasies of Disneyland is Haw Par Villa Gardens, also known as the Tiger Balm Gardens, in Pasir Panjang Road. Grotesque king-size figures of birds, beasts, reptiles, and humans fill the

many pools and pavilions.

If one is in search of Malay kampongs (villages), then direct your taxi to Jalan Eunos, Paya Lebar, and Geylang Serai—and don't forget to take your camera, too. Harbor tours also visit the kampongs.

Chinatown is a city within a city and is reached via New Bridge Road. By day it bustles with life, by night it is transformed into a fairland of light, with strange sounds: Crashing cymbals, high-pitched voices, clattering sandals, weird music, sing-song calls.

In search of the exotic, the visitor will find much of interest at the Sri Mariamman (Hindu) Temple in South Bridge Road. Or at the Indian Temple Bandayathapani in Tank Road, the Siang Lim See Buddhist Temple in Kim Keat Avenue, the Budh Gaya Temple in

Race Course Road, with its giant reclining Buddha.

And, to round off a busy day, drive along Changi Beach via Tanah Merah Besar and Nicoll Drive to take in the seascape, and call in at the House of Jade in Nassim Road to view some priceless treasures.

Also go to the National Theatre to admire the unique architectural lines and the beauty of its multicolored fountain and to the National Library and Museum for a look into Singapore's past.

Finally, take a trip to Johore across the Causeway, calling in at the Kranji War Memorial on the way.

The many festivals in Singapore are celebrated with great enthusiasm. Chinese New Year, in February, is an exciting time for all concerned with parades, firecrackers, and feasting during the week-long event.

TWO NEW 'SHIPSHAPE' HOLIDAYS

SAILING in the P & O liner Arcadia when it leaves Sydney on October 19, 1967, you will have the holiday of a lifetime and see 18 countries in 16 weeks.

This is one of the fabulous Australian Women's Weekly White Christmas Party Tours in 1967.

These wonderful tours offer you the choice of spending Christmas, 1967, in Rome or Lucerne, Switzerland, and the New Year in either Paris or Rome.

Because of the tremendous interest shown by readers in booking on our two previous pre-paid group tours, the organisers, World Travel Headquarters, have now designed an interest-packed itinerary for travellers who wish to see Europe in the off-season.

For as little as \$1298 (£N.Z.548) you receive accommodation to and from Europe in excellent P & O Line ships, London accommodation for a total of 13 nights at well-situated hotels, and a 17-day coach tour of nine European countries.

ARCADIA will be on its inaugural run via South Africa, South America, North Africa, and Portugal to London.

After calls at Melbourne, Adelaide, and Fremantle to pick up tour members, the ship will visit Durban and Cape Town, South Africa.

It then crosses the Atlantic to Rio de Janeiro, in Brazil, for a 34-hour stopover.

From Rio de Janeiro the ship recrosses the Atlantic to North Africa for stopovers in Dakar, capital of Senegal, and Casablanca, in Morocco.

The following day the ship calls at Lisbon, Portugal.

You arrive in London on November 28 and spend the next day on a planned sightseeing tour round the city.

Wherever possible, World

Travel Headquarters try to provide a "free, own expense" period in which tour members may do exactly as they wish.

For this reason, between November 30 and December 15 there's a 15-day break to allow members to look up relatives and friends or to do independent sightseeing.

After this you join one of two similar, but separate, 17-day coach tours which depart within a day or two of each other for visits to Belgium, Luxembourg, Germany, Liechtenstein, Austria, Italy, Monaco, and France.

ONE tour gives the Christmas period in Rome (New Year in Paris); the other the Christmas period in Lucerne (New Year in Rome).

Both European coach tours link up again in London in time for the travellers from both coach tours to return home in the Canberra, leaving England on January 14.

If the Arcadia sailing from Sydney in October is not convenient, the Canberra sails from Sydney on November 18, giving a 12-week holiday for as little as \$1170 (£N.Z.496 from New Zealand) per person.

Calls are made at Melbourne and Fremantle, where interstate passengers embark.

Canberra's itinerary includes Singapore, Aden, Suez, Port Said, Naples, Lisbon.

After the ship reaches Southampton on December 15 there's a full day's sightseeing the next day with the Arcadia tour members, who are "back on tour" after their free period.

Canberra passengers, too, have the choice of European coach tours and where they will spend Christmas.

Fares for children on the Arcadia/Canberra segment are as little as \$830 (£N.Z.348), and on the Canberra/Canberra segment are \$776 (£N.Z.326).

HOW TO BOOK

Full details of the wonderful day-by-day itinerary are in the special tour brochure which you may obtain NOW through any of the General Sales Agents listed below, or your travel agent.

NEW SOUTH WALES - A.C.T.: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., 33-35 Bligh Street, Sydney. Telephone 28-4841.

NEWCASTLE AND NORTHERN N.S.W.: Jayes Travel Service Pty. Ltd., 285 Hunter Street, Newcastle. Telephone 2-5191.

VICTORIA-TASMANIA: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., CML Building, 330 Collins Street, Melbourne. Telephone 67-7481.

QUEENSLAND-NORTHERN TERRITORY-NEW GUINEA: Universal Travel Company, 93 Creek Street, Brisbane. Telephone 2-3008.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA: King's Travel Agency Pty. Ltd., 30 Currie Street, Adelaide. Telephone 51-2146.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA: Wesfarmers Travel Service, 569 Wellington Street and 14 Terrace Arcade, Perth. Telephone 21-0191.

NEW ZEALAND: Russell & Somers Limited, 83 Customs Street East, Auckland. Telephone 20-959.

HOLIDAY HORIZONS

No hand-me-down history hanging over from yesterday. Here everyday reality is the blending of 3 great cultures — their religious practices, customs and ceremonies making an exhilarating present... colourful, vital, splendid... Come on up and

catch a slice of life!



Here's an island that offers much to the curious and the enquiring... more than 500 Chinese and Indian temples... the world's largest private collection of Jade... at least 1,000 different oriental dishes... Meanwhile you live in western-style luxury in any one of many first class hotels. When you're through with sightseeing there's always... **SHOPPING**... Singapore is a shop window to the world... the market place of East and West, and since you can get duty free goods in Singapore, your money goes further. Whether it's bargaining in Change Alley, or fixed prices at one of the departmental stores—you come out dollars ahead!



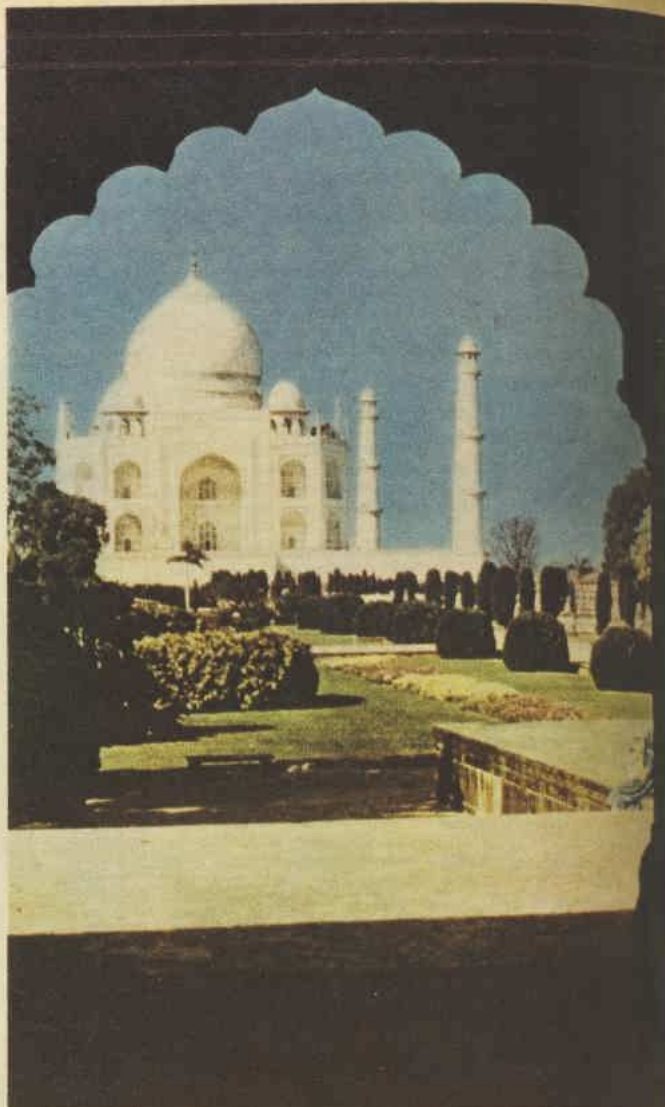
come deep in the Orient to
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What can you do on \$12 a day in India?

Everything!

You now get 8.40 rupees instead of 5.33 when changing your Australian dollar. In India, air-conditioned accommodation, all meals, sightseeing and incidentals can be enjoyed from around \$12 a day.

Vast India — world's second-largest nation — is a dazzling land of contrasts. Cosmopolitan Bombay, Kashmir in the Himalayas, super New Delhi, the immortal Taj Mahal, the pink city of Jaipur — everywhere India offers the tourist something different. You can see India's breathtaking temples, collect curios in ivory, gold and silver. Do you want to make it less than \$12 a day? There is plenty of clean, comfortable and inexpensive accommodation as well at India's 5 star de-luxe hotels.

You will feel welcome in India. Travel is comfortable and English is spoken everywhere.

For helpful advice, call the Government of India Tourist Office, Carlton Centre, 55 Elizabeth Street, Sydney. Phone 28-1604-5



TOURISM PASSPORT TO PEACE

India

FLYING plays a big part in New Zealand holidays.

Many of the 70,000-odd Australians who visit the Dominion each year go there by air.

And, usually, they join the "jet-set" to do so. Jet-prop services are available, too.

You can fly from Melbourne or Sydney to any of the main New Zealand centres—Auckland and Wellington (North Island) and Christchurch (South Island).

Brisbane is connected only to Auckland and Wellington. At present, jets cannot use Melbourne or Wellington airports. Jet-props make these runs.

They take longer—about four hours for a crossing, against about two and a half hours for that of a jet.)

Normally, flights are two-class—economy and first.

Fares are cheapest from Sydney. One-way economy class costs \$83.50, return \$158.70. One-way first-class costs \$109, return \$207.10.

At certain times airlines take part in "air-economy" tours, working in co-operation with New Zealand tourist organisations.

A sample is a Sydney-to-Sydney all-inclusive (except for some meals) seven days' tour by bus of the North Island thermal area for \$159.75.

HOLIDAY HORIZONS

(There are also, of course, reasonably priced, comfortable transatlantic liner passages available.)

Once the tourist is in New Zealand, flying continues to offer economical, fun in time, as well as money) transport during a holiday.

(New Zealanders are very flying-conscious. The biggest domestic airline carried more than a million passengers during 1965/66—a remarkable figure for a country with a population of just over 2,600,000.)

Transatlantic air travellers can join this airline's internal flights at Auckland, Wellington, or Christchurch, and go on to 26 destinations linking New Zealand cities, major towns, and holiday resorts.

Most centres have daily services—main ones have several each day.

This airline also provides connecting services with smaller lines that go to the more remote areas.

The benefit in time saved by flying is clearly shown by the average duration of flights by the senior airline—one hour.

Because of short distances, fares are generally low by Australian standards.

One flight offered by the airline costs only \$4.90.

And groups of ten or more tourists can take advantage of a ten percent discount on normal fares.

A smaller airline, that plies up and down the South Island, offers one of the world's most fascinating regular air services.

Its airlines wind through the soaring mountains of the Southern Alps (with peaks up to a mile above the plane's path), skimming over glaciers and chasms.

Light planes come into the "flight-seeing" picture now.

In the Mt. Cook (South Island) alpine area, ski-fitted planes carry mountaineers and supplies to base camps.

The ski-planes also carry skiers to sweeping fields that would otherwise be inaccessible or would take days to reach on foot.

These flights are also wonderful ways for non-skiers to get breathtaking looks, without effort, at the spectacular scenery.

Light planes are used, too, to take hunters and fishing parties to remote happy hunting grounds rarely penetrated by man.

One of the most impressive South Island light plane

★ Light plane took these trout fishermen to Lake McKerrow, in New Zealand's South Island.

flights is from Queenstown to Milford Sound.

You fly past craggy, virgin bush-covered mountains (sometimes they seem only a wingspan away), swoop over never-explored valleys and vivid lakes.

Perhaps the highlight of this trip is at Sutherland Falls, which cascade 1904ft. from a crack in the side of mountaintop Lake Quill.

The plane pops through the crack—and the lake seems near enough below to touch.

A banked circuit of the lake and you suddenly fly out—and the nearly 2000ft. drop yawns beneath.

At Milford Sound you land for 20 minutes for a visit to the luxurious hotel in an imposing fiord setting.

The hour and a half flight costs about \$16.

One of the most popular North Island light flights is an all-day Bay of Islands outing.

Twenty minutes after leaving Auckland you land at Kawau Island for a tea or coffee break.

From there you fly along



beautiful coastline to the entrance to the Bay of Islands.

A brief stop is made at famous fisherman-author Zane Grey's fishing lodge at Otehei Bay before flying to Paihia and driving to the beautiful new Waitangi Hotel for lunch.

After visits to the historic Waitangi Treaty House and Museum, a Maori Meeting

House, and a huge war canoe, there is still time to enjoy the surrounding countryside.

The return flight to Auckland is over charming farmland and rugged bush, and lands in time for dinner.

The \$42 fare includes coffee, lunch, taxis.

— ROBIN ADAIR

Happy landings in NEW ZEALAND



This is a view of one of the luxurious lounges—a two-storied ballroom seen from the carpeted staircase leading to the balcony. Sink into the comfort of a deep cushioned armchair... Listen to the music of a continental orchestra... Watch the sea through the spacious windows... Dance beneath the soft glow of an enormous chandelier formed by thousands of delicate Murano crystals.

TAKE A CLOSE LOOK . . .

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Fremantle	Messina	Bremerhaven

FLOTTA LAURO

Simple, grand



★ Colorful scene near market, Palermo.

THE haunting rhythm of a mandolin wafted through the night air as we passed the doorway of the small bar on the Santa Lucia waterfront. As we left it behind, a soft Neapolitan voice joined in the melody. Lights twinkled across the Bay of Naples at the foot of Vesuvius.

This was exactly as we had

imagined it would be. Naples by night, however, is a vastly different prospect to the washing-decorated, squalid city by day. Daylight brings a cacophony of blaring car horns, suicidal motorists, grimy *scugnizzi* (urchins), and hordes of "con men" pushing cheap watches and pens on to gullible tourists.

We were making our way to the pier to board a vessel for the overnight voyage to Palermo, Sicily. This ship operates on a frequent service to the North

African port of Tunis, calling at Palermo on the way. We were looking for something off the usual well-worn tourist tracks of Europe. Perhaps this was the answer.

(Tourists who travel by sea often leave ship at Naples and set out on tours of Europe on the way to Britain.)

The Sicilia looked a neat little vessel—its trim white paintwork gleamed under the wharf lights. We produced our fourth-class tickets at the gangway and were directed down—and down and down—below.

We had been advised not to travel fourth-class but ignored this for two reasons. First, the cost was a fraction of the second-class fare—\$6.50 per adult against \$17.50—and, secondly, we were looking for "atmosphere." This we certainly found!

The sleeping quarters were 50-bed dormitories (men's and women's), the floor was a type of asphalt, but the beds were clean.

My travelling companions were an interesting group. Swarth, dressed in black, and friendly, they settled themselves on their bunks. From the depths of straw bags, they produced bread, salami, and, in some cases, raffia-encased bottles of chianti, which they constantly up-ended to wash down their noisily consumed repasts.

WE went on deck to escape the garlic-tinged atmosphere and watched the lights of Sorrento and Capri slip by. Day dawned over the rugged peaks of Sicily as the ship nudged into the Palermo wharf.

We were greeted by a colorful gathering—hawk-faced drivers, reflecting the years of Arab rule of Sicily, sat atop their gaudily decorated horse- and mule-drawn carts. Silver discs the size of 50c coins shone on the harness, red plumes nodded on the animals' heads, and bells tinkled with every movement.

The Youth Hostel at Palermo provided good, cheap accommodation. We had a four-bed room with shower and toilet attached, at a cost of 60c each. We cooked in our room on a small methylated spirit stove. Although we could have dined fairly cheaply at the hostel, we found it much more economical and satisfying to provide our own. There are a number of these hostels in Sicily, all of them good. Where there are no hostels, cheap *pennoni* are available. Information bureaux at the main railway stations will provide a list of this type of accommodation.

We shopped in the open-air market for our weekend supplies, and were intrigued by a crowd gathered around a stall where cauldrons steamed over a wood fire. As we watched, the "chef" dug a huge octopus out of the boiling water. The large tentacles were slashed off and found a ready market at 50 lire (8c) a time.

We produced 50 lire and our piece was flopped on to a board in front of us. With a few deft blows, the cook chopped it into a dozen steaming ringlets. The outer skin was grey and glutinous, but the inner core was firm and white. The locals munched the whole lot with obvious relish, but we confined ourselves to poking out the white flesh and discarded the sucker-encrusted outer skin. It had a delicious



Snow sports, Navacerrada. The Alhambra, Granada.



Cathedral of Santiago de Compostela, tomb of St. James, patron saint of Spain.

SEE Spain

Europe's most beautiful travel bargain!

From the rugged Pyrenees to the "Sierra Nevada" . . . from Madrid and Barcelona to the "Pillars of Hercules" . . . SPAIN . . . the wondrous land where centuries of history come vividly to life! No country offers more exciting variety at so moderate a cost. See Valencia of The Cid . . . Granada's Alhambra, "a palace befitting paradise." See Segovia, and its Alcazar, one of the world's most beautiful castles . . . Toledo, with its Visigoth Gateway, Moorish mosques and the villa of El Greco. Stroll along the leafy Ramblas of Barcelona . . . the Gran Via, finest of the splendid avenues of Madrid, Europe's highest capital and itself the very synthesis of all Spain. These are but a typical few of the fascinations of Spain, whose friendly, hospitable people will delight and charm you. **YOUR TRAVEL AGENT WILL PLAN A COMPLETE ITINERARY.**



Flamenco dancers, Madrid. Patio, Cordoba.



Benidorm, Alicante.

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S652

SICILY

HOLIDAY HORIZONS

Story, pictures by PEGGY DUNSCOMBE

delicate flavor—not unlike crayfish.

The market was a bustle of activity. Donkey carts picked their way between stalls laden with local mandarins and oranges—most still had small sprigs of leaves attached to demonstrate their freshness. There were weird-looking vegetables. Cauliflowers, instead of being white, were green. Young goats, complete with heads and fur, dangled grotesquely from wires across the front of the butchers' stalls.

Nearby a vendor displayed a wonderful array of the brilliantly decorated puppets for which Sicily is famous. We had trouble getting the children away from these. The market was a wonderful place to observe how, and on what, the people lived.

The local blacksmith provided a source of entertainment for the children. A small stone hut housed the primitive furnace, but no such refinement was afforded the blacksmith or the animals. The system was to tether the donkey or mule to one small tree at the front, then lift up a hoof, and wedge it in the fork of another small tree.

We caught the train eastward along the north coast to Milazzo—the volcanic island of Stromboli was our objective. Ferries leave Milazzo for Stromboli, a distance of some 50 miles, frequently and are inexpensive.

Stromboli juts abruptly from the sea, the jagged cone of its volcano dominating the island. We stayed at a cheap pensione overlooking the sea.

The friendly locals are proud of the fact that their island was used as the location for the Ingrid Bergman film "Stromboli."

Back on the mainland of Sicily, we caught the train to Taormina, about 30 miles south of Messina. The station is on the seafront, but the town of Taormina is perched high above on a cliff top. Buses ply between the station and the town, and crawl up a serpentine road to the top. We, however, elected to climb a winding, prickly pear-lined track up the cliff face.

Taormina is often named as Capri's greatest rival, and well it might be. From its lofty setting on the cliff top, it commands a magnificent view for miles in each direction down the coast. Away across the Straits of Messina the "toe" of Italy is visible.

As we climbed, a magnificent seascape unfolded. Far below, the island of Isola Bella jutted from an azure sea. The scarlet fruit of the prickly pear blended in with the golden blossoms of the mimosa and the deep green of the conifers on the cliff face and in the valley below. At the top of the track, we came upon a beautiful park.

The park was a golden sea of mimosa blooms. For Australians who thought they had a world copyright on wattle we were rudely awakened.

At the pensione Elios, our second-storey balcony overlooked the sea, with Etna to the right. The room was large and clean, with double glass doors opening on to the balcony. The cost was \$3.60 per night for the four of us. This was in the off-season; it would doubtless be more expensive in summer. Again we prepared our meals in our room on methylated spirit stoves.

Taormina is famous for the

ruins of a Greco-Roman theatre. This was built by the Greeks and later reconstructed by the Romans. It was not difficult to stand on what was once the stage and imagine the stone tiers filled with a toga-clad audience. Here, incidentally, as with most other national monuments and museums in Italy, the International Youth Hostel card gives free admittance. When one considers the tremendous number of historic buildings

and ruins to be seen here, this constitutes a big saving for a family. Usual price of entry to these places is about 200 lire (30c) each.

The train from Sicily to mainland Italy is transported across the Straits of Messina on a ferry in about three-quarters of an hour. As we approached Calabria, it was with a genuine feeling of regret that we watched Sicily recede in the distance.



★ Mt. Etna, from the author's rented room.

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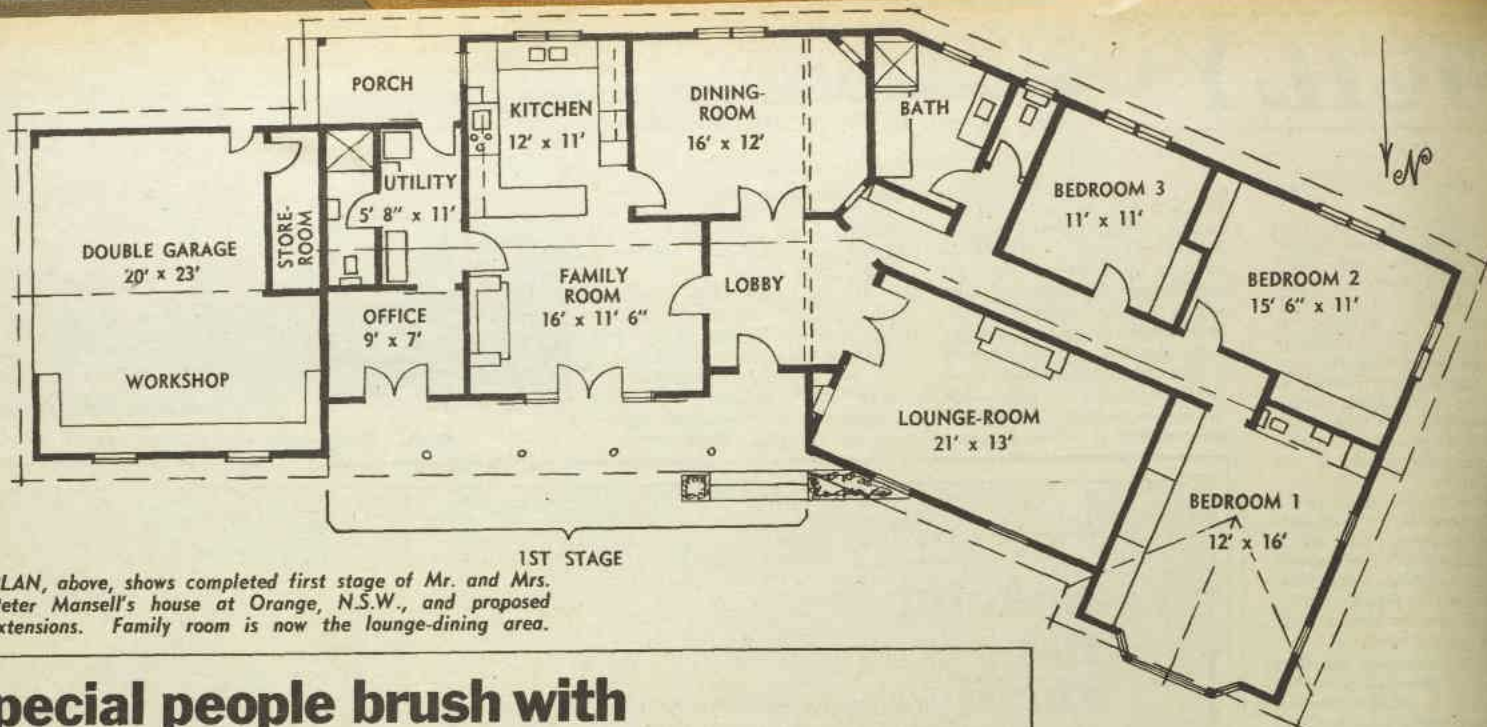
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wish
you
were
going?





PLAN, above, shows completed first stage of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Mansell's house at Orange, N.S.W., and proposed extensions. Family room is now the lounge-dining area.

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● HOUSE of the WEEK

NESTLING in the hills in the Orange district of N.S.W. is the partly completed white weatherboard colonial-styled home of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Mansell.

Mr. Mansell is the son of Australian artist Byram Mansell, whose murals, pottery, and paintings with aboriginal motifs are well known throughout Australia.

The 2000-acre sheep property, "Coolumbala," was bought two years ago, and while the first stage of the house was being built Mr. Mansell and his wife, Belinda, lived in a shearers' shack.

The completed house will be 23 squares, but at present only 10 squares have been erected. They consist of lounge-dining area, kitchen, bedroom, study, utility room, bathroom, and front hall.

The extensions will include a double garage and workshop, lounge, two bathrooms, and three bedrooms. The present bedroom will become the dining-room, and the lounge-dining area will be a family room.

Mr. Mansell's study is at present being used as a nursery for their baby daughter, Sophia.

Great attention has been paid to detail to give a truly authentic colonial atmosphere. The front door, for example, is based on the entrance of Experiment Farm, Parramatta, N.S.W., complete with curved fanlight and extra wide door.

The door-knockers came from a demolished home at Redfern and are black-painted cast iron.

The house was designed by Mr. Mansell's cousin, Sydney architect Mr. John Cameron.

When completed, the house will be a boomerang shape, and already the English-type garden has been laid out to encompass the whole house. It is full of poppies, pansies, snapdragons, stocks, roses, irises, Russell lupins, and columbines.

A crazy path of slate stones from the nearby hills leads to the front door; a weeping cherry tree is planted in the centre of the circular front lawn round which the driveway winds.

Elms, plane trees, oaks, and poplars have also been planted, and there is a flourishing kitchen garden to supply household needs.

French windows, which will have shutters on either side, open from lounge-room to a veranda furnished with a marble-top table and chairs.

Highlight of the lounge-room is the ceiling-high fireplace of river stones gathered by the Mansells from the Coolumbala River, which runs through the property.

A collection of copper pieces surrounds it — candelabra on the elbow-high mantelpiece, a water jug, kettle, coal skuttle, and large copper jam pan used to hold wood. Horse brasses, brass-handled fire tongs, and poker complete the fireplace setting.

A calf-skin rug on polished cypress pine floor and bracket lights from a piano add to the colonial atmosphere.

The kitchen is separated from the lounge-room by a breakfast counter with wooden stools, and a utility room leading off the kitchen has a large deep-freeze unit and spin-dry washing-machine. A stable door opens out into the garden.

WARDROBE TO MATCH STAR'S BUSY LIFE



● **Right:** Jazzy jumpsuit has cut-outs on each side and belted bell-bottom trousers. How does Gita keep so slim? "Hard work is the best diet!"



● **Left:** Chiffon flows into a delightful formal—ideal for Gita Rivera's singing engagements. A versatile young artist, she likes to dress up for stage and television appearances.

For teenagers

● Provocative pussycat bow adds a fresh and feminine touch to this ankle-reaching formal gown. Note the way it matches the striking organdie skirt, which falls from a satin bodice.

THE latest find on the Australian recording scene is quite a well-known face.

For, as well as a role in "They're a Weird Mob," Gita Rivera had made several television appearances before she signed a five-year contract with a leading local recording company.

"It's my first recording contract," said the excited 18-year-old, "and my biggest break yet."

Since she came to Australia in 1961, Gita, who was born in Yugoslavia, has sung on several television shows, made interstate appearances, and played the part of an Italian girl in "They're a Weird Mob."

"You might remember I sang an Italian love song—'I Kiss You and You Kiss Me'—at the party where Nino and Kay fall in love," Gita said. "But the best part was seeing my mother and uncle also in the film."

For when the producer, Michael Powell, was auditioning Gita for the part, he asked to meet her mother. Later that day he met her uncle, Peter Matulic, and signed the three of them to play an Italian family.

The recording company, determined to make her an international star, plan to use specially commissioned material, writers, arrangers, and instrumental backing groups, as well as arrange personal appearances all over Australia for her first record, to be released at the beginning of next month.

A bouncy, bubbly, and versatile artist, Gita, who plays the piano and guitar, sings in seven languages, including English, Italian, French, Hebrew, and Spanish, as well as her native tongue.

"That's one of the most exciting parts of my contract," Gita said. "My records are going to be released in several different languages—all around the world."

With such a busy life Gita needs quite a large wardrobe—both on and off stage.

"As I'm nearly always in slacks at home, I like to dress up when I'm singing," Gita said. "But, as the mod trend is to under-dress, I wear mostly casual formal gear."

Story: Kerry Yates

Pictures: Ron Berg

● In the mod trend, Gita loves this mini-shift of shimmering silver lame which can be casual and dressy, too. The current rave in London, the "lame fever" is now catching on in Australia, she says.



Beautify Your Complexion at Night

The promise of a younger, lovelier complexion free from wrinkle-dryness is yours when you pamper, nourish and fortify the tissues with nightly vitalized creaming. Even while you sleep your complexion will blossom with a new smoothness, suppleness and radiant beauty.

Dot rich Ulan vitalizing night cream over your face and neck and blend it in with the fingertips until the skin is generously covered, then follow these simple massage movements to revitalize your skin and keep facial muscles firm.



For Wrinkles Underneath the Eyes

The lines round your eyes are soon smoothed away by using vitalizing cream every night. Gently circle the cream, coaxing it into the dry lines to impart milky smoothness to the skin. Press the nourishment along the deeper expression lines seven times in an outward or upward direction with the fingertips, then smooth over the face and neck to enable the Ulan vitalizing night cream to bring youth to the complexion.

For a Youthful Neck

A smooth elegant neck is soon attained by using vitalizing cream every night. Cream nightly and once a week wrap a towel, wrung out in hot water, round the neck for a few minutes before creaming. This will help the Ulan vitalizing night cream to add moist nourishment and a lovelier milky bloom to the skin.



For a Smooth Unlined Forehead

Keep the forehead beautifully smooth by using vitalizing cream every night. Firmly coax the nourishment into the skin from brow to hairline, using the fingers of both hands in upward movements.

To smooth out vertical forehead lines and to give the forehead smooth beauty, place both hands on the centre of the forehead with the fingertips interlocked, then pull the fingers apart, smoothing the Ulan vitalizing night cream right across the forehead to erase those unwanted lines.

Ulan vitalizing night cream is perfect for the very dry skin as well as the mature complexion because it replaces the vital beauty oils and fluids in skins stripped of their natural emollients by harsh weather, neglect and even the erosions of time itself. As you sleep, your complexion is nurtured to smooth, silken loveliness as never before.

Before vitalizing your skin, first cleanse it by spreading a complexion beauty milk over your face and neck. Wonderfully suited to every complexion is Delph cleansing milk, which removes make-up and skin impurities with a dissolving, non-drying action and leaves the skin smoother, clearer and free from wrinkle-dryness. As you tissue away every trace of dirt and stale make-up your skin will be ideally prepared for its nightly quota of nourishment.

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THE HIGH COMMISSIONER

Concluding instalment of our
absorbing three-part serial

By JON CLEARY

SPECIALLY selected by LEEDS, the Commissioner of Police, DETECTIVE-SERGEANT MALONE is sent to London to arrest JOHN QUENTIN, the Australian High Commissioner, for murder. This has been ordered by FLANNERY, the Premier of New South Wales, who hopes to score a victory in his feud with the Prime Minister because he has always treated Quentin as his protégé.

Quentin, known then as JOHN CORLISS, had disappeared 23 years before, when his wife, FREDa, was found murdered. Later he had joined the Navy at Perth under the name of Quentin and then had married SHEILA REDMOND.

Now presiding over a cease-fire conference on Vietnam, Quentin begs for five days' grace before Malone takes him back to Sydney, and Malone finds himself installed in the Quentin household, where LISA PRETORIOUS, Quentin's secretary, and JOSEPH, the butler, accept his presence.

The first night Malone accompanies the Quentins and Lisa to a reception, where an American negro, JAMAICA, warns him against MADAME CHOLON, a Vietnamese. On the way home an attempt to assassinate Quentin is made by PALLAIN, PHAM CHINH, and TRUONG THO, who are in league with Madame Cholon. SUPERINTENDENT DENZIL and SERGEANT COBURN, from Scotland Yard, Special Branch, are called to investigate.

Madame Cholon then arranges for a bomb to be delivered to Quentin, but Malone intervenes and it explodes, killing Truong Tho. Later Malone gets a tip from Jamaica that Madame Cholon will be at Fothergill's gaming rooms and takes Lisa there with him. However, Madame Cholon does not arrive, but Malone is very nearly killed in a parking area by Pham Chinh, who tries to run him down.

Next day, Madame Cholon has an unexpected visit from two Chinese observers at the conference, who tell her they know she is responsible for the attempts on Quentin's life and that she must stop — or else. She decides Jamaica must die, as she thinks he has informed on her. NOW READ ON:



"Get out!" Quentin said to Malone as he held his wife close to him.

MALONE lay on his bed. The curtains were open and there was a distant hum of traffic, the breathing, sighing, occasional shrieking of the city; but it was not disturbing. Dead silence would have been worse, would have made him more aware of the people in the house. One of whom had tried to open his briefcase in which was locked the file on Quentin and the warrant for his arrest.

It had been a long day and not a good one. The conference, he knew, had gone badly again. He had become concerned for the success of the conference as were Quentin, Larter, and Edgar; he had become a silent, unacknowledged member of the delegation. He wanted the conference to succeed in its main purpose, to achieve some sort of peace, no matter how fragile; he also wanted it to succeed for Quentin's sake. The man would want to take something with him into the dark years ahead in jail.

At the afternoon break in the discussions Quentin had come along to where Malone had stood by himself on one of the balconies.

"Thinking of buying the place, Scobie?" Quentin said. Malone had been gazing admiringly at the staircase and the big hall below him. "I'm going to find it tough going back to my flat in Kings Cross. No marble walls and chandeliers there."

"The marble is imitation. Like the attitudes of some of the delegates here today."

Quentin sounded bitter and disappointed, but he managed a confident smile and went on to speak over Malone's shoulder. "Mr. Chen, Mr. Pai. Enjoying yourselves?"

Malone was introduced to the two Chinese, one thin and young, the other fat and middle-aged. "Our stay has been enjoyable, but we are looking forward to going home," said the young man, Chen. "We do not make very good observers. We prefer to work."

"I thought you had been working all the time you were here." The look of sour depression had gone from Quentin's face; he smiled with frank good humor. "Winning friends and influencing people."

"Dale Carnegie is required reading in Peking. And Norman Vincent Peale and Godfrey Winn." Chen was not without a sense of humor; he had learned that outside China propaganda had to be more subtle than at home.

"How else can we understand the West unless we read their philosophers?"

"You should not neglect Dorothy Dix."

"Women have never made good philosophers," said Chen, still smiling, and looked at the fat man. "We know that, don't we?"

"Too emotional," said Pai. "We are fortunate there are no women here at the conference trying to influence decisions. Do you not think so, Mr. Quentin?"

Quentin looked at Malone, then back at the two Chinese. "Perhaps they are in the background. One never knows. Most of the delegates here are married men."

"Wives are not the women to be wary of," said Chen, still unmarried and still innocent. "Wives do not have ambitions for power, except perhaps over their husbands. At least I understand that it is like that in the West."

"I must ask my wife what power she has over me," said Quentin, still smiling.

"I did not mean to offend," said Chen: the revolution had not killed all politeness.

Then Chen and Pai excused themselves and went away.

"What do you make of those two?" Quentin said. "Do you think Madame Cholon would be working for them?"

"I doubt it."

"It's a pity your friend Jamaica won't tell you what he seems to know about her. Have you seen him here today?"

Malone shook his head. "He seems to have blown through. Denzil is trying to find out what he can about him. I gather he's up at the American Embassy now making a nuisance of himself." Malone hesitated, then said, "Sergeant Coburn will see you home this evening."

"Where are you going?"

"Up to book our seats for Saturday. There's a flight out at five-thirty in the afternoon. Shall I book Mrs. Quentin on it, too?"

Quentin drew a deep breath and his brows came down as if he were trying to concentrate on a problem he had for the moment forgotten.

"Make it for the three of us. First class. I may as well have the comfort while I can. I'll pay the extra."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 25, 1967



are you ready to meet the beautiful little beast

Hit the button and hear the beast purr. Into low and the stick moves a short sweet inch. There's real machinery under there. Four pots and a carby a pot. Roller-bearing shaft, and four-branch exhaust. All breathed on by the master hand of Soichiro Honda. (In girl talk, the words mean: Mr. Honda personally styled the performing ability and lasting qualities of this competition motor). About now you're moving into third and flying. The car's hugging the road like it was you and the road was you know who. Top gear, let's go all the way.

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Painful Hemorrhoids

It strikes 7 out of every 10 people in all walks of life. Yet many otherwise intelligent people know little of its dangers. Piles (hemorrhoids) are aggravated by many factors—including over-exertion and unsuitable diet. Neglect—and reliance on superficial relief—invites serious medical consequences.

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"There's no need. They authorised first class for you and me. But I'm afraid you'll have to pay for Mrs. Quentin."

He had left Lancaster House late in the afternoon, when Coburn had come to relieve him, and gone up to the airline offices to book seats for Saturday's flight.

He handed the girl two ticket vouchers. "For yourself and Mr. Corliss, is that right? And the name of the third person?"

"Mrs. John Corliss." The voucher for Quentin's ticket had been made out in the name that was on his warrant for arrest. Malone wondered how Sheila Quentin would react to hearing the name of another woman, a woman now dead.

"And the address in case we want to get in touch with you?"

He gave the number of the house in Belgrave Square; the girl did not seem to attach any significance to it. "That will be another three hundred and ninety pounds, sir."

HE took out his traveller's cheques and the money he had won last night. He laid down the notes and wrote out cheques for the balance. "What time will we reach Sydney?"

"Seven—twenty Monday morning. Rather early, I'm afraid."

But not too early for mayhem.

"Enjoy your trip," said the girl, safe in the heart of Piccadilly.

Then he had come back to the house in Belgrave, come up to his room, taken off his jacket and shoes, picked up his briefcase and at once seen the scratches on the lock. Whoever had been in his room had not succeeded in opening the lock, but they had damaged it; it had taken him some time to open it and he had bent his key in the process. Now he lay on his bed wondering who had made the crude attempt to open the briefcase. Quentin himself? He had been home at least

THE HIGH COMMISSIONER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

half an hour before Malone had returned. Sheila? She would have had all day. Or Joseph? Or even Lisa?

He reached for the case again and took out the file. He began to read it again from the beginning. It now read like another story; or at least the story of another man.

Corliss kept very much to himself while working for the Water Board. He seems to have been incapable of communicating with other people. He had no friends there and belonged to none of the social clubs. He played golf at Moore Park,

months before he disappeared, those working closely with him in survey parties noticed a change in him. He still did not join them out of work hours in any social functions. But he was gayer, seemed to be enjoying life more.

Why? Malone asked himself. Had the relationship between Quentin (he could not bring himself to think of him as Corliss) and his wife, Freda, improved? But if so, why had he killed her so soon afterward? Or had the killing, as Quentin had claimed, really been an accident?

Two weeks before the murder Corliss took his

Where had Quentin gone for that week alone? Why had he not taken his wife? Had they had an argument on December 8 about his enlisting, an argument that had blown up into a fierce row, which had come to blows and in which she had been fatally stabbed?

There is another gap in Corliss' movements. From leaving the head office of the Water Board at 3.30 p.m. on December 8, 1941, till he enlisted in the Royal Australian Navy at HMAS Leeuwin, the Navy depot in Perth, Western Australia, on May 12, 1942.

Where had he been for those five months? Had he been going through torture that was only to be assuaged

at the door and Sheila Quentin said, "Mr. Malone? Would you care to join us for a drink before dinner? My husband has something he wants to discuss with you?"

"Sherry? Whisky? Beer?" Sheila was pouring the drinks. "I don't know your taste, Mr. Malone."

"He's not a sherry man," said Quentin and smiled at Malone. "That's one thing we have in common. Give him whisky. But where's Joseph?"

"It's his afternoon off," Sheila looked at Quentin, her eyes darkening with concern. "Have you lost track of the days? It's Thursday."

Quentin nodded his head sharply, as if annoyed with his own abstraction. "Of course. He's lucky, having an afternoon off. Did he take that clock of mine to be mended?"

"He had it with him when he went out," Sheila handed Malone his drink. "Bow's that?"

Malone tasted the drink and coughed. He looked up at her, thinking how beautiful she looked even through the tears in his eyes, wondering what she had hoped to achieve by finding out what was in his briefcase. "Are you trying to knock me out?"

She smiled. "Whisky is supposed to be medicinal. I thought it might help you forget your bruises."

Which ones? he wanted to ask. The physical ones or the bruises to his trust. He had trusted her husband, gone much further than he should have as a policeman, and Quentin had rewarded him with lies. He looked at Quentin and said, "You wanted to see me about something?"

"How much do I owe you for Mrs. Quentin's air ticket? You got us on Saturday's plane?"

Malone nodded. "You owe me seventy pounds."

Both the Quintens looked at him curiously. "Seventy pounds for a first-class air ticket to Sydney?" Quentin smiled. "What is it, bargain week?"

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which is a public course, and even there had no friends; he played either alone or would join a pick-up foursome. None of his workmates had ever met his wife or been invited to his home. Their neighbors in Coogee remember him as a shy, morose man who never did more than pass the time of day with them; the wife, Freda, was also shy, but one or two women remember her as pleasant; she would not talk about her life before she came to Australia.

Certain of Corliss' workmates remember thinking of him as unhappy. He appeared to be a man without ambition or interest, living only from day to day. Then, roughly three to four

annual holidays. He went away for a week. He did not take his wife with him nor is it known where he went. He returned to work on Monday, December 8, 1941. His workmates noticed that he seemed troubled and unhappy again, but put it down to the news about Pearl Harbor. He was asked if he was going to enlist. He made one of his few confidences of his private life; he said he would have to see how his wife felt.

Up till then, he said, she had been against his joining up; she had lost her parents to the Nazis and she did not want to lose her husband. But now the Japanese were in the war, he said, things might be different. He left work early that afternoon.

when he met Sheila Redmond? Malone flipped through several more pages.

On July 10, 1942, he married Sheila, daughter of Leslie and Elizabeth Cousins Redmond, at the Registry Office, Perth. Nothing can be traced of Sheila Redmond's history prior to her marriage. When Corliss (now Quentin) became Minister Without Portfolio, Mrs. Quentin was interviewed by several newspapers. But all the articles written about her are vague about her beginnings. All that emerges is that she grew up on a farm in northern Queensland.

Malone sat up. Northern Queensland?

Then there was a knock

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Refits Loose Dentures to Hold Snug as a Dentist's Mould!



Tasteless! Nothing to mix! CUSHION GRIP lets you talk, laugh, eat anything—without discomfort or embarrassment! After years of research modern science has developed CUSHION GRIP, a remarkable new way to make false teeth fit beautifully—stop looseness, slipping, clicking, relieve sore spots—without messy pastes, powders and pads! CUSHION GRIP is a completely new substance; clear, soft and pliable. It works in an entirely new way, actually holds false teeth snug as a dentist's mould!

Works through suction—the natural way! Unlike tacky pastes, gritty powders and bulky pads, CUSHION GRIP uses the principle of suction to make your loose dentures fit properly again. There's nothing to mix or measure. Simply squeeze CUSHION GRIP out of the tube on to your dentures, insert false teeth in mouth and bite down. Instantly CUSHION GRIP moulds to the exact contours of your mouth and gums, providing comfortable, beautiful fit. The fit is so precise that it creates its own suction—thus holding dentures firmly in place this amazing new, natural way!

Ends all seven common problems caused by loose-fitting dentures! Slipping and rocking—the main cause of sore spots and social embarrassment—end with your very first application of CUSHION GRIP. Biting and chewing become natural again as

CUSHION GRIP holds dentures securely, firmly in place with natural, soothing suction. Difficulty in speaking ends, because you talk naturally when your lips and tongue are relieved of the necessity of holding slipping dentures in place. Also relieves strain on facial muscles that no longer must work to keep loose-fitting dentures in place. Digestive disturbances, caused by improper chewing of foods, are eliminated. Painful sore spots due to loose, slipping plates are relieved instantly. Simply apply a dab of CUSHION GRIP to the sore spot and replace dentures. Amazing! No more pain! And... perhaps most important of all... you need never again suffer the embarrassment of slipping, clicking, insecure dentures.

One application lasts for weeks, despite nightly cleaning! So convenient! So economical! If you've been using pastes or powders, you've probably resigned yourself to the annoyance (not to mention the cost) of as many as three applications each day. Drink something hot? New application! Bite something hard? Crack! New application! Clean your dentures? New application! But with CUSHION GRIP this constant nuisance and expense is gone forever. CUSHION GRIP can't melt, crack or loosen! When you insert your dentures after daily cleaning your dentures still fit the contours of your mouth and gums beautifully, perfectly as before. When you decide it's time to change—weeks later—CUSHION GRIP lifts off cleanly, easily. You can't beat that for convenience and economy!

COMPARE: the outstanding advantages of CUSHION GRIP with anything you may have tried before!

PASTES usually have an annoying flavour of their own that changes the taste of everything you eat. Moreover, when you drink hot liquids the paste usually dissolves. When you bite into something hard, paste often cracks.

POWDERS are no better—are often gritty, pebbly and are a nuisance to apply.

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CUSHION GRIP refits old dentures so they feel new again! You save a lot of money with CUSHION GRIP. Not only that, CUSHION GRIP is tasteless, odourless, there's nothing to mix or measure—you simply squeeze it from the tube and apply! And it lasts for weeks and weeks. So you save time and money! CUSHION GRIP makes your false teeth fit more beautifully, more firmly and more comfortably than any paste, powder or pad you've ever used.



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THE HIGH COMMISSIONER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

"I already had three hundred and twenty pounds of your money." "I told you that was your money!" Quentin had stopped smiling. "Not any more," said Malone stubbornly. "What's the matter, Mr. Malone?" Sheila stood behind Quentin's chair. "Something's troubling you?" He took another taste of his drink, coughed because he had drunk it too fast, then said, "Which one of you killed Freda?" Then there was a knock at the door and Lisa opened it. "Superintendent Denzil and Sergeant Coburn are here, sir."

Quentin had been staring at Malone. They both looked suddenly old; and just as suddenly Malone was stricken with pity again for them. He turned away from them, unable to go on looking at them, and said to Lisa, "You'd better bring them in," he said, and for the second time in this house sounded authoritative. The first time had also been with Lisa and she seemed to remember it. She looked at him with the beginning of resentment; then she smiled and nodded. She pushed the door wide open and looked into the hall.

"Would you come in, Superintendent?"

THE first thing that Malone noticed was how tired Denzil looked. Behind him Coburn, also tired, looked as if he did not believe what Denzil was telling Malone and the others.

"We've found your Mr. Jamaica. His body was in a rented car outside the Chinese Government's office in Portland Place. He'd been garrotted." Denzil realised his mistake and looked at the two women. "Sorry, ladies. I didn't mean to be so blunt."

"I think my wife and Miss Pretorius should be excused," Quentin had stood up when Denzil and Coburn had come into the room. He ushered the two women toward the door, gently pushing Sheila, who said nothing but was reluctant to go. Then Quentin turned back into the room.

"Do the Chinese know about this?"

"If they do, sir, they haven't told us," said Denzil. "We were very lucky — the body was found by a uniformed man on the beat there. Sergeant Coburn went up there and took the car and the body back to the Yard."

"Do you think the Chinese did it?" Quentin asked.

"Hardly, sir. Not right outside their own place. No, he was planted there. And I think you can guess by whom. Why, I don't know." He was tired enough to admit some ignorance. "I don't understand women too well at the best of times. I'm afraid the working of an oriental woman's mind is beyond me."

"You're sure Madame Cholon's responsible?" Malone said.

"Do you have any other nominations?" Denzil sounded weary, not sarcastic. Malone hesitated, then shook his head. Denzil went on, "We haven't even been to see the Chinese yet, sir. I talked it over with the Assistant Commissioner, told him what you wanted, to keep everything out of the papers. He doesn't feel we can go on covering up things for too long — especially in a case of plain murder like this."

"If they don't already know, do you have to tell them? I mean immediately?" "Strictly speaking, no. The body was found in the street, not on their property. If we speak to them at all, it will only be out of courtesy or

curiosity. I think we can contain ourselves on those two counts for the time being, sir. How long do you want?" "Twenty-four hours will do. The conference will be over tomorrow, Saturday morning at the latest."

"How's it going, sir?" "Not too well, I'm afraid. But one keeps hoping — But his voice was already that of a hopeless man; he was slowly turning blind to the future."

"Well, sir, we can keep this quiet till Saturday, if you wish. It might give us more time to find out who Jamaica really was. I wonder if I might borrow Mr. Malone for a while?"

"Of course. I'm not going out tonight. I'm expecting one or two delegates to drop in to see me."

"Sergeant Coburn will stay here. Just in case."

"You think there might be another attempt on my life?" "I think we have you pretty well sheltered now, sir. If you don't go out, other than going to the conference tomorrow, they'll have to get into the house to get at you. And there's no chance of that, short of them putting on a commando raid. You won't mind if Sergeant Coburn looks over your visitors tonight? Discreetly, of course."

He looked at Coburn and managed a smile that, though weary, had some warmth in it. "He doesn't wear very discreet ties, but otherwise he's very circum-spect."

Malone led the way out of the room into the hall, wondering why Denzil wanted to take him out of the house tonight. He glanced up and saw a movement of yellow at the top of the stairs: Sheila had been wearing a yellow dress. But when he stopped and looked steadily up at the landing he saw nothing; he could feel Sheila Quentin watching him, but he could not see her. It disturbed him, suddenly reduced her to an ordinary criminal level. He turned back, saw that Coburn was standing alone as Denzil had a last word with Quentin. He moved toward the sergeant.

"Keep an eye on Mrs. Quentin, too." He kept his voice low. "See she doesn't go out of the house. If she tries it, tell her you're acting on my orders."

Coburn was either tired or conditioned: he showed no surprise. "You think they might try getting at her?"

"They could. Everyone's a target now."

"What about the secretary?"

He might as well go the whole way with the interpretation Coburn had put on his words. "Yes, they might even try it with her. Keep 'em all in the house."

"What if Quentin wants to go out?"

"Tell him the same. He can't go out until I get back."

Malone then followed Denzil out of the house. A police car was parked by the kerb and the uniformed policeman from the beat was talking to the driver. Denzil stopped on the steps of the house and looked at Malone.

"I had to get you out of the house. Didn't want to talk in front of Quentin. I'm afraid I had to spill your little secret to the Assistant Commissioner tonight. I mean why you're really here."

Malone stopped smiling. "What did he say?"

"Shocked, naturally. He's a bit old-fashioned," said Denzil, and Malone almost smiled again.

"I'm taking both of them, Quentin and his wife, out of here Saturday afternoon."

We'll be back in Sydney Monday morning. Can the Assistant Commissioner control his shock till then?"

"Don't be rude about him, son," said Denzil. "We've been leaning over backwards for you two Aussies all the week."

"But now I'm on my way up to the American Embassy. I think they may be able to help us about Jamaica. I thought you might be interested?"

"Thanks, sir. I'd like to come."

The uniformed policeman saluted as they got into the car. "This American is a new man, haven't met him yet. Just hope he isn't a Southerner. Can't understand them at all."

"Maybe he won't want to talk at all. Presuming, of course, that he knows something about Jamaica."

"That's quite possible. That he won't talk, I mean. I'm afraid the Americans still trust anyone but themselves."

The car drew up outside the huge embassy in Grosvenor Square.

Most of the embassy staff had gone home, but the man Denzil wanted to see was still in his office. A porter checked them in and they were led through a maze of corridors till they came to a door that said: Investment Counsellor.

The man in the office was not a Southerner and spoke English that had only a faint transatlantic accent. "I'm Ed Royston," he said, rising to meet them. "I got your phone message, Superintendent. It's a pleasure to meet you."

Denzil came straight to the point. "I understand you are the new CIA man here, Mr. Royston."

Royston obviously thought that was not a very polite remark. "I'm afraid you're in the wrong office, sir. All I do is advise Americans where and how to invest their money in Europe."

Denzil looked around the office, at the charts on the walls, the leather-bound books on the shelves, the stacks of the "Wall Street Journal" and the "Financial Times" on a tilted reading bench against one wall. "You have a neat cover here. Your predecessor was a telecommunications engineer. I had a little trouble communicating with him, too." He smiled and looked back at Royston. "Don't let's waste time, Mr. Royston. I'd like some information about a man named Jamaica, first name unknown."

Royston shook his head. "I'm afraid I've never heard of him."

"We have his body down at the morgue," Denzil was matter-of-fact and patient. "We found it in a car parked outside the Chinese, the Red Chinese, offices in Portland Place."

Royston picked up a pen and began to doodle on the blotter on his desk. He looked at Malone. "May I ask who you are, Mr. Malone?"

"I'm from the New South Wales Police Force," said Malone, inventing his own cover. "Attached to the Australian High Commissioner for special duty."

"Why are you so interested in Jamaica?" Royston addressed the question to both of them; then sat silent while Denzil told him everything they knew about the dead man. At last he said, "He didn't tell you much, did he?"

"Was he working for you?" Denzil asked.

Royston shook his head. He seemed no longer interested in keeping up the pretence of being an investment counsellor. "We knew he was here,

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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

SUCCESS WITH CUTTINGS

By ALLAN SEALE

SOME gardeners are credited with a "green thumb." By reputation they merely poke a cutting in anywhere and it grows. What might seem like a mystic power would in most cases amount to an instinctive appreciation of the conditions needed for such success.

The three essentials are:

- Knowing the best type of wood to take, which is also related to the time of the year you take it.
- Having a good root-inducing soil mixture.
- The right environment for the cuttings while they are striking.

ENVIRONMENT: This is important, as cuttings or twigs wilt under most circumstances before they have time to make root growth, even though planted in moist soil.

Wilting occurs because the leaves in their normal life process are transpiring, or using up water, at a greater rate than the stem is able to take it up. This process slows down when light is restricted.

Nurserymen create the ideal conditions by striking the cuttings in glass-houses, where the air is saturated with moisture by mist sprays.

On an amateur scale these conditions can be approached by enclosing

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the pot containing the cuttings in a plastic bag, which is kept shaded.

Another method on the same principle is to make a small humidity house, able to take a few flower-pots, from a box nine or 12 in. deep, a similar width, and about 18 in. long. This is covered with a sheet of frosted glass or plastic. An inch or so of wet vermiculite or peatmoss in the base will keep the atmosphere moist.

Keep the box in a warm position. If frosted glass is not available, coat the clear glass or plastic with white paint or shade it with a piece of cloth.

Results are usually better if the cuttings are in complete shade for the first week or ten days, with the box or bag closed. Later a little filtered light can be allowed to enter. At this stage allow a little air during the day by placing, say, a quarter-inch-wide slit under one corner of the glass.

After three or four weeks, cuttings of most plants should be well calloused and showing signs of root growth. (Callousing is a thickening and granulation of the cut section of the stem.) More air should then be allowed; finally, remove glass (or plastic bag).

But cuttings should be hardened gradually to direct sunlight. Hardening can be done by shading initially with wire gauze plus a little dry bracken or twigs as an extra cover. Then after a few days the bracken or twigs would be removed, and after a week or so the gauze would be used only in the heat of the day.

THE SOIL: There are many recipes for cutting soils, and most of them are good. Some mixtures are naturally more suitable to some plants than others. However, the best results from the widest range of plants have been obtained by mixing equal parts by bulk of coarse sand and finely shredded peatmoss.

A dusting of complete fertiliser, say about a teaspoonful to a two-gallon bucket, will also usually improve results.

Softer vermiculite-type mixtures are suitable for many of the very soft-wooded plants, such as peperomias, pileas, philodendrons, and ivies. Inversely, cuttings of azaleas, camellias, and similar shrubs will remain green sometimes for months and slightly callous in these mixtures, but refuse to form roots. The same cuttings often make roots in peatmoss and sand mixtures in three or four weeks, except the camellias, which are usually much slower.

BEST CUTTINGS: Most evergreen shrubs strike best from 3 to 4 in.-long pieces of the young or tip growth.

Root formation is usually quicker if these are taken just as the new growth is losing its soft, sappy appearance — often from late November to mid-February.

For most plants the cuttings should be trimmed off cleanly, preferably with a razor blade, just below a leaf junction. Remove only the leaves which would be covered by the soil.

Some cuttings, such as leptospermum (teatrees), seem to do better where a heel of the old wood is attached. These are removed by pulling the twig downward. The sliver of bark torn away with the heel is trimmed off cleanly.

Some of the summer-flowering evergreens, such as hibiscus and oleander,

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can be grown from comparatively large pieces of stem about the thickness of a lead pencil and six to ten inches long.

Sometimes these give good results when planted into a lightly shaded section of the garden where the soil is fairly light and can be kept moist. In this case trim off any sappy growth and set the cuttings obliquely at about 45 degrees, covering about 4 in. of the stem.

DECIDUOUS PLANTS: Cuttings of deciduous plants are usually started during their dormant period after the foliage has fallen.

In most cases large pieces are taken as suggested for hibiscus and oleander. They may also be planted in the same way or in containers, but humidity is of no consequence. Root growth will develop more rapidly where the soil is warmer than the atmosphere.

Many deciduous plants can also be propagated from tip cuttings taken in summer, as suggested for evergreens.

GERANIUMS: In most areas these give better results when planted about April, using fairly mature top growth about 4 in. long.

NATIVE PLANTS: Eucalyptus and some of our other trees are difficult from cuttings without special techniques. Most of the spring-flowering natives, such as boronia, eriostemon, and pime-lia, can be grown from tip cuttings taken in summer, as suggested for other evergreens, but very often smaller (2 or 3 in.) pieces give better results.

SUCCULENTS AND FRANGIPANIS: Fleshy-stemmed plants are often better if they are allowed to dry out and callous over the cut section before planting.

This applies to frangipani. Take cuttings in spring before new growth appears. Store them in a dry, airy place for several weeks, then plant about 3 in. deep and water sparingly.

Cut out and paste in an exercise book



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but he wasn't under our control. The ambassador knew nothing about him and neither did the rest of the staff. That was why they told you they'd never heard of him when you checked on him last night. He was working direct with Washington."

"He told you nothing?" Royston hesitated, then threw down the pen and sat forward. "I can't tell you much, Superintendent, because I don't have the authority. You'd have to get on to Washington for that. All I can tell you is what he told me about this Madame Cholon. He rang me this morning, made an appointment to see me tonight. That's why I'm here now, waiting for him. How much do you know about this Cholon woman?"

"Nothing," said Denzil. "Well, he got on to her about three months ago. She used to be one of the favorites of Bay Vien — he had no proof that she was one of Bay's mistresses, but she knew him pretty well."

"Who was Bay Vien?" Malone asked.

"Bay Vien ran the Binh Xuyen sect in Saigon during the time of Bao Dai, the last Emperor. The Binh Xuyen had everything wrapped up in Saigon — the brothels, the dope traffic, the gambling, the lot. Bay Vien ran the police and no one could do anything in Saigon without his OK."

"How many were in the sect?"

ROYSTON shrugged. "About half a million. But their influence spread much wider than that. Then Ngo Dinh Diem became President and he got to work on them. Whatever else he was Diem was a moralist. He wasn't interested in any rackets off from the brothels or anything else that the Binh Xuyen ran. He set his troops on them and wiped them out."

"All half a million of them?"

"Not all of them. You can't find and kill half a million people, especially when they are out of uniform and look just like everyone else. There are still a lot of the Binh Xuyen people around. Including Madame Cholon."

"There's a man named Palhin, too. What about him?"

"He knew Cholon in Vietnam, but Jamaica had no proof he was working for her."

"What does Cholon want here in London?" Malone asked.

"Jamaica was only guessing, but he thought she wanted to revive all the old rackets in Saigon. There's millions in it for anyone who could get them going again. But she couldn't do it if there is ever a stable government put in power. Either one backed by us or," he smiled, "by the Communists."

"So if this conference reached a stalemate, was adjourned," Denzil said, "she'd be in a position at least to get started."

"Not on a big scale, but enough to be profitable. And if things are allowed to drift, get worse out there, she'd be sitting pretty. Especially if she could get one or two of the local generals on her payroll. They're not all on our side, you know, even though we're paying them now."

"What had Jamaica intended doing to stop Cholon?"

"I'm not sure, but I think he was going to turn her over to you when he knew exactly what she was up to. When he called this morning he said he had something important he wanted to talk about — maybe he'd finally got something on her."

Denzil nodded. "Did Jamaica tell you where the Cholon woman could be found?"

"I'm sorry—no." He stood up. "I'll get on to Washington, find out if Jamaica had filed anything else on her."

"Who was Jamaica?" Malone was curious. Despite their antagonism, the man had tried to help him. "Where did he come from?"

"He was from some small town in Georgia. He got out of the Army right after Korea finished, never went back to the States. I gather he was pretty bitter then about conditions for negroes down South, said he never wanted to go home again to being kicked around. He could have turned Communist, I guess. But he didn't."

"What happened?"

"He got this silk business going in Bangkok, did pretty

THE HIGH COMMISSIONER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67

three very hot-tempered live ones in there blowing their tops that everyone seems to know their business. They've been giving some of us inside information on what they're planning and now some of it is getting back to them. They want to know where the leak is."

"Where do you think it is?"

"It could have been a dozen places. Someone from their own delegation got careless — though I doubt that. Someone from the British crowd — they've never trusted British security after the Burgess-Maclean business. It could be a leak in the South Vietnamese lot. There's

opened. "Just casually, that's all."

Quentin and Larter came out with three men. There were formal good nights and Edgar ushered the Americans to the front door. Quentin nodded at Malone and the latter took the hint; he said good night to Larter, and walked along the hall to the library.

Coburn rose from one of the leather armchairs and turned off the television set in one corner of the room. "Well, how did it go?"

Malone told him everything they had learned at the American Embassy. "Now all

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



well out of it. But though he didn't want to go home, he never stopped being an American. We approached him about three years ago. He refused at first, then one day he came to our control out there and said he'd work for us. He became one of our best men. His mother still lives in Georgia. I guess he's going to go home after all."

"Will you take care of his body?" Denzil said.

"We'll attend to it. How was he killed?"

"Garrotted."

"Better make it a heart attack. We'll accept that if you will."

"If we catch up with this Cholon woman, we might want to charge her with his murder. But I'll get a death certificate for you and you can ship the body back to America. We'd appreciate it if you kept all this as quiet as possible."

Outside on the embassy steps, Denzil looked at Malone. "Well, now all we have to do is find her."

"What then?"

"I'll have her watched so closely she won't be able to turn round without our knowing it." They got into the waiting car and he flopped back against the seat. "Women! They're always the worst of the lot."

"I wouldn't know," said Malone, thinking not of Madame Cholon but of Sheila Quentin. "I've still got to find that out."

When Malone let himself into the house with the key he had been given, Edgar was standing in the hall examining his jewels in the big mirror. "I'm putting on weight. The harder I work and the more I worry, the fatter I get. What's new on the security front?"

Malone didn't feel in the mood for long expositions. "We're progressing. Where's Coburn?"

"In the library watching TV," Edgar turned away from the mirror. "The boss told us about the dead negro outside the Chinese office. He's in there with some of the Yanks now." He nodded toward the closed door of the drawing-room.

"Has he told them about Jamaica?"

"I don't know. He's got more on his mind right now than a dead Yank. He's got

so much rivalry inside that lot, everyone wanting to be the next boss in Saigon. I wouldn't lay any bets against a little bit of skulduggery there."

"Who else is on the list?"

"Us."

"Who'd give away any information on our delegation?" Malone realised it was an embarrassing question.

"Well, Phil Larter and I didn't, for a start," Edgar said with a grin. "And the boss is not the sort who makes unguarded remarks. We've had papers from the Yanks, but they've had top classification. Only the boss, Phil, and myself, oh, and our military adviser — we're the only ones who've seen them."

"Where are they kept?"

"In a safe at Australia House. The boss probably brought them home to study,

you blokes have to do is pick up Madame Cholon."

"When are you going back?"

"Saturday."

"Is Quentin going with you? I heard his wife say to him that she would have to start packing."

"Not that I know of," Malone lied; he was instinctively still protecting Quentin. "Where is Mrs. Quentin?"

"Upstairs in her room."

"Joseph back yet?" Coburn shook his head. "Lisa?"

"I gather she's working late at Australia House."

Good, Malone thought, I'm going to get that hour alone with the Quentins. He opened the library door and looked out; Larter and Edgar had gone and Quentin was slowly climbing the stairs. "OK, I'll take over now. You can go and have a word with

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUDD



but he has a safe here that only he knows the combination to."

"I've seen it."

"I'm sorry for the boss."

Edgar looked at the closed door of the drawing-room. "They shouldn't be accusing him. He's done more to keep this conference going than any half a dozen other men. And he's not well, have you noticed that? In the past week — why, only since you arrived — he looks as if he's aged ten years. He needs a rest. He was on the phone to the PM at lunchtime, I caught the tail-end of the conversation as I went into his office. Sounded as if he wanted to go back home. Has he mentioned anything to you?"

Malone stood up as the door to the drawing-room

your bird about purple ties." Coburn went out, closing the door after him, a young man whose only trouble was a bird who was too much with it.

Malone knocked at the door of the Quentins' bedroom. He would rather have talked to them downstairs; but Lisa or Joseph might be home any minute.

Quentin opened the door and said, "Come in, Scobie."

He hesitated, then he stepped into the big room. Quentin closed the door and stood with his back to it for a moment; Malone felt trapped and looked back over his shoulder defensively. Then Quentin moved away from the door, sat down beside Sheila on the wide four-poster bed.

There was a chair beside the door covered in yellow Thai silk. Malone sat down on it, felt the Thai silk with his rough palm, thought of the dead Jamaica. Then he looked across at the Quentins and made himself think of the dead Freda. "I'm repeating my question," he said in his best formal policeman's voice, "which of you killed Freda Corliss?"

"I don't think we have to answer that," Quentin said after a moment. "I have admitted causing the death of my first wife and you have a warrant for my arrest. I'll reserve my plea till we get back to Sydney and I'm charged in court."

"When I get up in court to give evidence against you, I'm going to have to tell everything that is in the file on you."

"I don't know what is in the file. But if there is anything that implicates my wife, they would have issued a warrant for her, too."

Malone looked at Sheila. "You must have been afraid that there was something in it that implicated you. Otherwise why did you try to open my briefcase?"

She did not even attempt to deny it. Quentin raised an arm and put it about her trembling shoulders. He glared at Malone and almost shouted, "Leave us alone! Get out and leave us alone!"

"Can't you see I'm trying to help you!" His own voice was as anguished as Quentin's had been.

"How can you help me, trying to bring Sheila into this?" He held her closer to him; her trembling communicated itself to him. "I tell you she had nothing to do with it! I killed Freda — it was an accident — but I killed her! You understand, it was me! Me!"

Malone stood up, began to walk about the room. Then Quentin seemed to realise that Malone was not going to be dismissed. He slumped a little, still keeping his arm around Sheila. "What is in that file?"

"It's not so much what's in it but what's not in it. The omissions." Malone looked at Sheila. "You were not careful enough, Mrs. Quentin. I wasn't trying to trap you. I didn't even sus-

There was one other thing. This morning at breakfast, just before that man from the American Embassy was announced, Mrs. Quentin said something that didn't register with me right then. She said, 'We knew it couldn't last.' We. You told me the night I arrived here she knew nothing about it, that she didn't even know about your first wife."

"We three will be on that plane for home on Saturday, and the conference and everything else that's occupied you for the past twenty years will be behind you. You're not going to be any hero when you get into the dock. All that's going to help you is the truth."

Sheila was the first to move. She stood up, moved to the window.

"Are you prepared to listen to the truth, Sergeant? You can take it all down if you like," said Sheila. "And I'll sign it."

"I'll see. Tell me what you have to say first."

"I killed Freda, but it was an accident. I had gone to see her that day to ask her to give John a divorce."

Malone interrupted: "How long had you known each other before that?"

"Three months, perhaps a little longer. I did come from Queensland, from Charters Towers. My parents were dead and I came down to Sydney to work. I worked as a Council typist and I met John one day when he came into the Town Hall on business. We started meeting each other secretly — I had no friends and neither did he, so there was no one to recognise us when we were together. There was only Freda." She turned to Quentin.

"I was never in love with Freda nor she with me," Quentin said. "I realised that a month after we were married. I was young and lonely, a boy from the bush. She was a good-looking girl and, well, I suppose you could say she had the attraction of being foreign. She didn't love me, she told me that a couple of years after we were married. Our marriage was just some sort of haven for her. And she never wanted to leave it. When I told her about Sheila, she just didn't want to know. She'd lock herself in her bedroom and not talk to me for days."

He looked at Sheila and she nodded sympathetically. Then she took up the story again: "John and I decided we'd go away together for good. I'm not trying to excuse ourselves when I say we were truly in love, which John and Freda never were. I'm just giving it as the reason. If I hadn't gone to see her, tried to be — well, decent, I suppose — she'd still be alive. John was at work, he didn't know anything about my being there. I pleaded with Freda to give John a divorce, but she wouldn't listen."

"She called me names — and I got angry then, told her we were going away anyway. She had been sewing when I called on her and she had a sewing basket on the couch beside her. When I got angry, so did she. She picked up the scissors, threatened me with them, and told me to get out of the house, to leave John alone and not break up her marriage. I don't even know now if she intended hurting me with the scissors. She might even only have been trying to frighten me. All I know is that I grabbed them and we struggled and the next thing —"

Quentin moved across the room and took her in his arms. She buried her face against his chest and sobbed quietly. He held her to him and looked over her head at Malone.

"Why tell lies about it?"

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● Experts explain the hazards
of having physical loveliness

BE GLAD YOU'RE NOT BEAUTIFUL

By ETHEL KAPLAN

● Beauty can be a problem. It can interfere with happiness, handicap a woman in her roles as wife and mother, and can even pose the threat of emotional illness.

FOR most women, it's a lifelong struggle — this heroic attempt to obtain, maintain, or regain beauty. And, like all wars, the battle for beauty takes a heavy toll in time, money, effort, and heartache.

So why do women persist in this frequently futile effort to vanquish nature and time? Partly because of a belief that, compared to the woman with an ordinary exterior, the beautiful woman has an easier and a happier life.

But when one studies legends, considers scientific opinion, and puts candid questions to beautiful women themselves, one discovers that beauty can actually interfere with happiness, and also handicap a woman in her crucial roles as wife and mother.

The curse of beauty is a recurring theme in many familiar fairytales.

Remember Snow White, whose stepmother ordered her murdered because the magic mirror proclaimed the little princess the fairest damsel in the kingdom? Then there was the Sleeping Beauty, sent into an almost eternal slumber because she was hated by an ugly old witch. Cinderella's troubles, too, stemmed from envy of her good looks, her evil stepsisters fearing the competition of her beauty.

Early in life girls are warned through such fables that if they grow up to be beauties they must expect to cope with the jealousy and hatred of women less "fortunate."

However, these legends learned in early childhood do not warn of a further danger of beauty.

In fairytales, the beautiful heroine also possesses a flawless character. Invariably, she is pictured as sweet, modest, loving, and totally undeserving of her suffering.

But in reality one of the major drawbacks of possessing a beautiful face and form is that, if overemphasised, these attributes may thwart healthy personality development.

Tolstoy, the famous Russian novelist, considered it "a strange illusion to suppose that beauty is goodness." His comment is supported by innumerable classical and biblical legends which illustrate time and time again that the beautiful woman is considered a troublemaker.

Consider, for example, the most famous beauty of all — Helen of Troy, the adulterous wife of Menelaus. Her face may have launched a thousand ships, but it also led to her own misery, the death of the man she loved, and the destruction of an entire civilisation.

Heartless beauties of the past

The Bible tells that King David's passion for Bathsheba drove him to plot the death of her husband. Samson lost his strength because he lost his heart to a beautiful Philistine named Delilah.

Why is the story of the heartless beauty who destroys her lover such an oft-told tale?

To the average person, a beautiful woman is, subconsciously, seen as a threat. No doubt there is some comfort in depicting one's rival as a villain. So, in real life, beautiful women are sometimes unjustly maligned by those who fear the power of their beauty.

However, it must also be admitted that many lovely and pampered children do grow up (like the fictional stereotype) into self-centred, cold, and inconsiderate adults.

"But beauty is an asset," you might argue. "Doesn't it help its possessor to feel content with herself, to win friends, to attract an enviable marriage partner, to bear more attractive children?"

Yes, beauty can do all that.

Still, it is no passport to happiness. Attractive people must be especially careful to avoid two serious emotional illnesses: (1) narcissism (self-love) so extreme that it prohibits love for others; (2) overdependence upon attrac-

tive appearance so that more durable and meaningful assets are not developed.

Beautiful women without these psychological disorders may find their good looks a definite advantage. But for those who fall into one or both of these emotional traps life can bring only a limited kind of happiness.

Both dangers are present even in early childhood. Psychiatrist Marvin Schwarz, of Chicago, points out that because the early years of life are most crucial in terms of character development, the problems of beautiful women stem directly from the problems of beautiful children.

"For some beautiful children, being the centre of attention becomes a way of life. And meaningful relations in life can never be derived and maintained purely by being the centre of attention. To be a successful wife and mother, a woman must be able to give as well as to receive."

Dr. Z. W. Wanderer, a Los Angeles psychotherapist and marriage counsellor, elaborates upon this same idea:

"We can't say that beauty precludes character, but a girl starts out with a handicap from early childhood if she's a showpiece."

"Attractive little girls may tend to become performing dolls. A beautiful little girl's 'value system' can become concentrated upon being charming."

"But can a relationship as intense as marriage be based upon charm?"

"Success reinforces behaviour patterns. If the child can get everything she needs through the use of charm, she may fail to develop more important character traits necessary to sustain intense adult relationships."

"As if they were made of diamond dust"

What can parents of a beautiful child do to guide the attractive youngster toward proper social and emotional development? Doctor Wanderer suggests, "Place the charm in the context of other social abilities — such as a sense of fair play and consideration for others. Don't let the child grow up with the idea that being beautiful is all the world wants of her. Sometimes beautiful little girls begin to act as if they were made of diamond dust."

Then imagine the difficult adjustment when the child grows out of the cute, fragile, little-girl stage and into the awkward pre-puberty stage.

Now she finds that her feminine appeal is no longer an adequate basis for sucking nutriment from her environment, that she is expected to fulfil academic, social, and familial obligations.

If, in earlier years, she had been expected to do nothing but keep clean and look pretty, readjustment at this stage will be a severe strain.

And once puberty is reached? Doctor Schwarz, a child psychiatrist who deals largely with adolescent girls, is particularly well qualified to comment on the problems of attractive teenagers. He says: "Although the teenage girl longs to be popular, when she becomes a sexual object of older boys the resulting stressful situation is hardly to her benefit."

"She must cope with the raw sexual desires of the teenage boy, but she has not the experience nor the emotional stability to do a good job of it."

Can the teenager with sexual conflicts turn to her mother for guidance?

"Frequently not," says Doctor Schwarz. "Rather than being supportive and understanding of the difficulties that teenage daughters face, some mothers are jealous because they are no longer involved in the love chase."

"Others subtly encourage their daughters' promiscuity to get vicarious thrills."

"These problems exist because modern society does not allow for a graceful transition from sexual primacy to

maturity. Unfortunately, today, rather than seeing adulthood as the period of greatest satisfaction and gratification in life, many women see it as a displacement from a life zenith somewhere in adolescence."

More pitfalls await the beautiful woman when she attempts to select, win, hold, and be content with an appropriate mate.

One danger: She may painstakingly search for a man who will enhance her physical image, without bothering to consider his suitability in other ways. ("John and I look so good together.")

Then, all too frequently, the attractive woman is chosen as a marriage partner primarily because of her beauty. Although a well-known calypso song advises men to "marry a woman uglier than you," few are willing to do so.

Role of good looks in mate selection

First of all, Doctor Wanderer points out, the advice goes against nature. In all of nature, beauty plays an important role in mate selection.

Probably this tendency is related to Darwin's theory of natural selection, for studies show that traits which are admired as physically attractive tend also to be indicators of good health (for example, a clear complexion).

It's important to a man that "his" woman be desirable not only to himself but to other men as well. (Or, at least, he must believe that other men desire her.) Doctor Wanderer explains why:

"A man's masculinity is so central to his whole being that he needs to have it reaffirmed by possessing an attractive woman."

Thus, he may fall in love with external beauty, blinding himself to internal ugliness — or even to internal assets.

This masculine emphasis upon externals is a frustrating factor for many attractive single women.

"I know all I have to do is smile at that fellow standing by the door and he'll come rushing over to ask me out," admitted a former teenage beauty queen.

"But so what? I'm tired of compliments on my big blue eyes. How I'd like a man to realise that I have some intelligence, some depth!"

The attractive wife who is also perceptive and sensitive will resent a husband who views her as an object, as a pretty new toy he's proud to possess.

One unhappy bride summed up her shaky marriage by saying, "I know now that Burt married me to take this beautiful thing and dress her and adorn her and show her off. He uses me to satisfy his own ego. He doesn't understand that I'm a human being, not a teenage-type doll."

A more calculating woman, sensing that she is adored primarily for her sex appeal, will dangle her seductiveness as a reward. But, conversely, there's the case of Lorraine, a luscious, slender redhead whose husband was unfaithful. She "punished" him by gaining so much weight that she became extremely unattractive.

More commonly, an attractive woman becomes obsessively concerned with maintaining her beauty as the only weapon she has for holding her husband in marital bondage.

As her beauty fades, she begins to fear that her husband is actually seeking (or at least craving) younger, more attractive sex partners.

Says Doctor Schwarz, "A major need of the man is to be adequate, whereas a woman's main task in life may be to be lovable."

"If she depends solely upon her looks to make her lovable, she will become frightened when they begin to fade. And, after all, holding on to beauty is a losing battle from age 20 on."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 25, 1967

● This article is reprinted from "Today's Health," published by the American Medical Association.

Futile though the fight may be, every decade the army of warriors against time increases in number and vigor. Because of improved cosmetics and new medical techniques, beauty seems accessible to far more women today than it was, say, 50 years ago.

So there are countless pathetic examples of women who devote their mature years to making the rounds from shop to shop to have grey hair brightened, large pores shrunk, the faint hint of a moustache removed, padded bras custom-fitted, ample hips steamed away, and bulging thighs pounded off.

Then they go from doctor to doctor seeking skin treatments for inconspicuous blemishes, nose bobs for nearly perfect profiles, facelifts to remove almost invisible wrinkles, and cottage cheese diets to squeeze perfect SSW figures into roomy XSSW dresses.

And what's forgotten? That the woman who retains the attitude of youth has a much more powerful magnet than one who keeps only the appearance of youth.

Still another marital problem: The beautiful woman is used to being pursued. Even after she no longer needs her beauty as husband-hunting bait, she is likely to continue to use her looks to attract masculine attention.

Is she capable of loving another?

Vanity which was well nourished in childhood will continue to crave sustenance in adult years. When her husband does not satisfy her hunger for admiration, the narcissistic woman may turn to other men and then feel guilty about doing so.

Infidelity may be a greater temptation for the attractive woman because she is more sought after as a love partner and because, if she has developed no assets besides her beauty, she may need frequent affairs to convince herself that men still find her appealing.

Perhaps the greatest challenge that marriage presents to the beautiful woman is this: Is she capable of loving another person more than herself?

If as a child she never needed to feel and to display love in order to receive it, if she has grown up knowing only self-love, she is likely to deny her husband the most important gift he craves from her.

In her classic study of the feminine situation, "The Second Sex," Simone de Beauvoir says succinctly, "A stubborn narcissist will be limited in . . . love for want of the ability to give herself."

To explain more fully, Miss Beauvoir quotes the German philosopher Nietzsche:

"The single word 'love,' in fact, signifies two different things for man and woman.

"What woman understands by love is clear enough: it is not only devotion, it is a total gift of body and soul, without reservation, without regard for anything whatever . . . As for man, if he loves a woman, what he wants is that love from her."

The narcissistic woman is likely to fail her husband because, as Miss Beauvoir points out, "the woman truly in love soon forgets her ego; but many women are incapable of a genuine love affair, precisely because they never forget themselves."

Difficult as marriage may be for the narcissistic woman, pregnancy and childbearing may be even more traumatic.

Knowing that pregnancy diminishes sexual attractiveness, many firm narcissists become pregnant most reluctantly, only after displaying great resistance.

The later months of pregnancy, which bring physical discomfort and restriction of activities, are trying for any woman.

For the beautiful woman, they may be especially so. Just when she feels the greatest need for reassurance, she loses her bodily charms and therefore fears loss of attention, loss of love.

Then the narcissistic woman may hate motherhood even more than she did pregnancy. The child, after all, needs to be loved. While the narcissist wants to be the object of love, she cannot give it.

Not only is she unable to love the child, but she may even come to dislike it — particularly if the infant succeeds in stealing the family spotlight from her.

As the years pass, daughters especially are likely to encounter increased antagonism from narcissistic mothers.

When the youngster matures and becomes an interesting personality in her own right, she is even more likely to be viewed as a competitor for the father's attention.

Then, later, the child's age reveals that her mother is not as young as she tries to look. If the child grows up to be attractive, the mother's resentment will be heightened, for how can she successfully compete with a younger version of herself?

If, on the other hand, the child is homely, the mother may dislike having anything ugly so closely associated with herself.



THE LATE MARILYN MONROE. Did her beauty ruin her marriages and make her self-absorbed, discontented, unloving? Did it spoil her chances of a full and happy life?

"Beauty is its own excuse for being," wrote Ralph Waldo Emerson. But pity the woman who applies this statement to herself and uses it as an excuse to neglect developing her mind, character, talents, and capacity to love.

She is flirting with misery because, according to Doctor Schwarz, the greatest safeguard against unhappiness is the development of a maximum number of ways to cope with challenging situations.

Undoubtedly, many beautiful women can build lives rich with accomplishment and affection.

Those who do succeed because they are able to view their attractiveness in proper perspective. They are not hopelessly vain nor totally dependent upon their looks.

For these happy women, could beauty have been, in fact, an aid to successful living? Perhaps, Doctor Schwarz points out that love is one of the major nutrients of life and that the beautiful little girl does tend to have an easier time obtaining love.

Annie didn't invite "too many pretty girls"

Good looks, and the attention and affection they generally inspire, can help a child develop a valuable sense of security and self-confidence.

The paradox involved is well illustrated by Doctor Wanderer's remark that the possession of beauty presents "a happy problem." The emotionally healthy, beautiful woman must still cope with the neurotic responses that insecure adults display toward her.

Other women, because they are jealous and afraid of being outclassed, will sometimes be cruel, as to an adorable teenager who was not invited to a classmate's boy-meet-girl party because, as she explained between sobs, "Annie just doesn't want too many pretty girls there."

Men also tend to be a bit frightened of beautiful women. And the beautiful woman who is also intelligent and knowledgeable may scare off all but the most self-confident of suitors.

Psychiatrist David Friedman speculates that the phrase "beautiful but dumb" may be a reflection of wishful thinking! The insecure male wants to believe that a beautiful woman is stupid because then she seems less of a threat to his masculinity.

Doctor Friedman writes: "Those of my male patients who have expressed the opinion 'beautiful but dumb' have shown a combination of characteristics.

"They have all had feelings of inadequacy as men, have been excessively competitive, have been exhibitionistic, and have been overtly contemptuous of women whom they unconsciously fear."

The beautiful youngster, too, may be viewed as a threat by her peers. Still, her appearance has definite prestige

value and helps to make her more popular than her plainer classmates.

Psychological studies show that, in elementary school classrooms, children rated by adults as being most attractive also tended to be listed by their classmates as best-liked. But, by the age of 15, feminine attractiveness is an aid in heterosexual friendships only.

According to further research, late-teen students subordinate static beauty and emphasize expressive behaviour and affectionate disposition.

These studies seem to suggest that, once past the mid-teens, beauty diminishes in importance, becomes less and less of an aid in establishing satisfactory relationships with members of either sex.

"Another humbling thought," says Doctor Wanderer, "is the realization that beauty is culture-bound. We certainly can't understand what a Zulu chief sees in his wife.

"But our concept of beauty is no more valid than his. It is not absolute and universal like some of our other values, such as the importance of compassion and the pursuit of truth."

Standards of beauty also vary with personal taste. Every man in love sees beauty in the face of his beloved.

To quote the 18th-century poet John Gay, "Love can beauties spy in what seem faults to every common eye."

Conversely, people tend to underrate those they dislike in all areas, including physical appearance. So it is impossible to say with certainty that Jane is plain and Georgia is gorgeous.

This problem of subjectivity explains the scarcity of scientific data on beautiful women and justifies the hypothetical nature of all statements made about them.

"Beauty doesn't guarantee happiness"

It would be a serious error to conclude that every beautiful woman is bound to suffer because of her looks. As Doctor Schwarz remarked, "We started out to talk about the problems of beautiful women and wound up talking about beautiful women with problems."

But it can safely be said that the pursuit of beauty as an all-consuming goal is foolish because, even if beauty is attained, its possession does not guarantee happiness.

Then what does? This question calls to mind the occasion when Sigmund Freud, the founder of psychoanalysis, was asked, "What do you think a normal person should be able to do well?"

The questioner was probably expecting a long, complicated, and almost incomprehensible reply. But Freud simply said, "To love and to work."

When beauty interferes with the ability to do either, then it is, indeed, a curse.



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"She sat there with Freda till I came home a couple of hours later. Both of us wanted to go to the police and each of us talked the other out of it."

"But maybe you wouldn't understand that, Sergeant," Sheila added bitterly. "Police-men never have much time for charity, have they?"

Malone looked at Quentin, not defensively but sardonically. He was surprised when Quentin said, "Don't say that, Sheila. Not about him."

Malone said with real regret, "There's nothing I can do to help you now."

"You can," Quentin said quietly; he seemed to realise that all of Malone's antagonism had now gone. "Just forget everything my wife has told you."

"No!" Sheila pushed herself away from him. "We've got to tell them everything. It's the only way, tell them the truth!"

Quentin said firmly, "The warrant is for me and that's the way it's going to remain." Sheila was weeping now,

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beyond words. There was nothing left of the beautiful poised woman Malone had first met only three nights ago.

"Would you leave us alone, please, Scobie?"

Malone went to the door, opened it. He turned and said hesitatingly, "You won't try anything foolish?"

"Suicide?" Quentin didn't even sound shocked by the question. "No. I've been waiting twenty-three years to pay this debt. I'm not going to run away again."

Lisa said, "I got the cook to take them up something on a tray. What's going on, Scobie? Is there something wrong between them?"

"It's personal, I think. They've had some bad news. He said something about going back to Australia on Saturday."

They were dining alone in the big dining-room, sitting

together at one end of the long table.

"But I'll have to get them tickets — are they both going?"

He nodded. "He's got the tickets. You don't have to worry about those." Quentin's cheque was in his pocket. The envelope had been lying sealed on his bed when he had gone upstairs to wash his hands just before dinner. He was not going to argue about it any more. "They're on the five-thirty plane Saturday."

"And you, too?" He nodded. "Scobie, what is going on? You know more than you're telling me."

He didn't reply at once, dodged behind a mouthful of food. He was hungry, but he had no taste; Lisa had told him he was eating Osso Bucco, but it could have been dog's meat. At last he said, "I can't tell you anything, Lisa. Not yet, anyway."

"They're not going to sack him, are they?"

"I don't think so," Quentin would resign before they sacked him. He turned the conversation. "If he does go back — for good, I mean — will you stay on here?"

"Stay at Australia House or stay in London? I don't think I'd want to work for any other High Commissioner, not after him. I might go back to Australia for a visit, see my parents. Why?"

"They're in Melbourne, aren't they? Would you come to Sydney?"

"Why Sydney? I thought you worked in Canberra."

He was getting careless. "We have a branch office in Sydney. I work out of there most of the time."

When they heard the front door open, Lisa put down her bone, wiped her chin, and looked over her shoulder at the door that led into the hall. "Is that you, Joseph?"

The butler, in dark suit, his homburg held in his hand, came to the door.

"You wanted something, miss?"

Lisa shook her head. "No, it's all right, Joseph. Have a nice afternoon?"

"Yes, thank you." It had been one of the worst afternoons of his life; nothing in Budapest had been worse. "Good night, miss. Good night, sir."

Joseph withdrew and they heard him going down the lower stairs that led to his room in the basement. Lisa turned back to the table, but Malone said, "What was the matter with him, I wonder? He looked ill. Or anyway unhappy."

"He might have personal problems, too. Butlers do, I suppose."

you, too, madame. When will you be leaving?"

"Tomorrow, if the conference finishes."

She began to move up the stairs. "Bring the cases up to my room."

Joseph went down to the basement and then put two suitcases in his own room, then took three large ones upstairs. He knocked on the door of the Quintins' bedroom and went past Sheila into the room, set down the suitcases. "Will that be all, madame?"

"The clock, Joseph — when will it be fixed?"

"I am to pick it up today." "It's getting old and it wasn't expensive to begin with. Perhaps I should get a new one."

"I shouldn't do that, madame," Joseph said, and tried not to sound too emphatic. "The watchmaker thought it a very good clock. It was just a minor fault."

Sheila nodded carelessly, as if the clock no longer interested her. Joseph studied her for a moment, then closed the door and went back downstairs and down to the basement. He went through the kitchen, ignoring the three women still there, and into his own room. He locked the door and sat down on the bed and took the cheque from his pocket. It wasn't riches, but it was a good price for murder. Especially when the alternative was a sort of bankruptcy.

He hadn't quite believed it when the small oriental man had come up beside him yesterday in Knightsbridge and said, "Would you come with me, sir? I have a gun in my pocket —"

He had looked down and saw that the man had one hand in the pocket of his cheap, ill-fitting jacket.

"Avenue Road, St. John's Wood," said Pham Chinh to the driver of a taxi which stopped right by them.

Joseph showed no sign of being afraid, but his hand was clutched tightly on the clock in its brown-paper bag. It was a poor weapon, but it was the only one he had. "Are you from one of the embassies?"

"Mr. Chen wants to see you," said Pham Chinh.

Joseph pursed his lips, went to say something, then sat back. "Why the gun, then? Did he think I wouldn't come?"

Pham Chinh shrugged and smiled. "One never knows. We had to see if you were the man we wanted. You have just proved you are."

Joseph was puzzled, but said nothing. The two men sat in silence all the way to St. John's Wood. Pham Chinh gave the number of the house in Avenue Road to the driver and the taxi pulled into a gravelled courtyard in front of a large neo-Georgian house. Joseph got out and waited while the man paid the driver. Up till now he had always met Chen and Pai in shabby restaurants at various mainline railway stations around London; the Russians had chosen slightly better meeting places, such as the restaurant at Festival Hall. Neither of them had ever asked him to meet them at such a stylish rendezvous as this. He was impressed, though still puzzled.

The taxi driver drove away. Pham Chinh led the way into a large drawing-room, but stood aside as soon as he entered the door. Joseph was one step past him when he realised he had been tricked. He stopped and half-turned, but the woman standing by the window said, "Sit down, Joseph, unless you want to be hurt. Pham Chinh's gun has a silencer on it and silencers do ruin the accuracy — but I hardly think he could miss you at that distance." She

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Survival of insect pests is not possible with this powerful safe insecticide

A major advance in insecticide development was recently introduced in Australia with the release of a new insecticide with a tremendously powerful killing action. This insecticide, developed in the laboratories of A.N.I. Research (U.K., U.S.A. and Australia), because of its characteristic strength, destroys insects on the pattern of fumigation with amazing speed—yet it does not contain the poisonous chlorinated hydrocarbons such as D.D.T. or B.H.C. and is therefore perfectly safe to spray around the home, near food, children and pets.

AUSTRALIAN homes are annually confronted by the irritating menace of flies and mosquitoes. These annoying insect pests invade the home to present a dangerous threat to the family's good health and clean living habits. It is in the interest of good health to see that homes are effectively proofed against flies this summer.

Threat to Public Health

Flies are known and proven carriers of hepatitis as well as many other summer illnesses. Government authorities are this year conscious of the serious threat to the health of children and are undertaking measures with hostels, restaurants and

hotels to eradicate the fly health problem. In many countries the "safe" Pea-Beu insecticides are recommended by government bodies as being the only insecticide that can be safely used near food and in areas where food is stored, as Pea-Beu contains no poisonous active ingredients to harm the delicate lung and nasal tissue. Powerful Pea-Beu is 50 percent stronger in its active killing ingredient and kills flies and all household insect pests with amazing rapidity.

Pea-Beu is the most powerful aerosol insecticide

A recent survey, which included laboratory testing, con-

clusively proved that Pea-Beu Aerosol Insecticide is 50 percent stronger than any other leading brand. Its high concentration means its use in the home is most economical, even though it costs slightly more. This survey also showed that the majority of people still use the cheap, poisonous sprays. In the interests of greater public safety great care should be exercised in the selection of insecticide. Pea-Beu aerosol was found to contain no poisonous active ingredients and can be guaranteed safe to spray anywhere throughout the home. There is no safer, stronger, quicker killing insecticide than Pea-Beu.

Supplies of the powerful safe Pea-Beu aerosol are available at leading stores and chemists.

Pea-Beu

Pea-Beu aerosol spray is 50% stronger than any other insecticide in its concentration of African Pyrethrins — the safest most effective insect killing substance known to man. Available at chemists and leading stores

Collectors' Corner

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

CAN you tell me about an old-fashioned writing tray? It has no markings on the tray or other pieces, which include four small jars with lids and the centrepiece (without lid); the container for quills; one of the jars would be the inkwell; another one the jar for the sand. This has a sieve-type crockery piece over the top and the other two jars are plain.—Mrs. D. Morse, Brisbane.

This exquisite hand-painted inkstand of singular design was made in England during the early nineteenth century.



● Regency writing tray.



● Tray with lids in place.

The decorations depicting the continuous naturalistic scenes which embellish the removable sections such as the "pounce" pot, together with the brightly gilded rims and handles, are salient features of the late Regency era. "Pounce" is fine sand used, before the days of blotting paper, for drying ink.

Without personal inspection I can only suggest that your inkstand was made at the Chamberlain Worcester porcelain works.

The Spode and Derby potteries produced similar wares to your example. Spode examples are usually marked with numerals (pattern numbers) and the Derby wares (Bloor Derby) are creamy in texture and are usually crazed.

★ ★ ★

CAN you tell me about my hand-painted cup? It has a scene painted on it with a large gold B. with K. entwined. The base has a trademark of Stoke and Sons, Crescent China, Reg. No. 96154 and again the initials K.B. 1890. — Mrs. K. J. Brunt, Morrinsville, N.Z.

Your cup was made at the Crescent Pottery, which was conducted by George Jones (& Sons Ltd.) Stoke, Staffordshire. It was evidently made in 1890. The K.B. refers to the artist. However, this artist does not appear to be recorded by name.

★ ★ ★

COULD you tell me something about the silver biscuit barrel (below)? It is quite a handsome piece and as far as I know has been in the family for more than 60 years. — Miss C. M. Hill, Hawthorn, S.A.

The biscuit barrel is late nineteenth or early twentieth century, about 1890 to 1905.

It was made by James Dixon of Sheffield, England.



● Biscuit barrel.



More fresh oranges! More fresh, tangy orange taste for his toast tomorrow!



Give your husband the most delicious marmalade of all — KRAFT Sweet Orange Marmalade. It has more fresh orange taste than other marmalades because KRAFT use more fresh oranges and 'quick-cook' them to keep all that flavour in. Doesn't your husband deserve the best marmalade of all? (KRAFT make a Seville Orange Marmalade too, and seven varieties of Conserves and Jellies.)

KRAFT for good food and good food ideas

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looked at Pham Chinh. "Is he the man we wanted?"

Pham Chinh nodded. "As soon as I mentioned Chen's name, he knew who I meant. He's the one, all right."

Madame Cholon introduced herself, then sat down and waved Joseph to a chair. "Do I call you Joseph, or have you another name?"

"Liszt," said Joseph. But Madame Cholon made no comment: she knew little of Western music, and Hungarian rhapsodies were as nothing compared to what had been practised in the Hall of Mirrors brothel in Saigon. But Joseph made his own comment on Madame Cholon: "I've heard your name mentioned."

"Where — at the High Commissioner's house?" She was interested, but not alarmed. Pallain had told her that Scotland Yard were curious about her. But the years with Bay Vien had taught her nothing but contempt for the police. "How much have you heard about me?"

JOSEPH looked at Pham Chinh, still standing with his hand in his jacket pocket. "If we are going to talk, does he have to stand there like that all the time? I'm not used to discussion under the nose of a gun."

Madame Cholon smiled. "You have a certain sang-froid, Monsieur Liszt. I wonder if you have enough to do what I want you to do?"

"What's that?"

"Kill your employer."

Joseph's sang-froid deserted him for the moment; he heard himself say, "Which one?"

Her smile widened. "An understandable question, monsieur. You have several, haven't you? It must be confusing at times. But I'm only interested in one of them. Mr. Quentin."

"Definitely not. I'm not a murderer, madame."

"But you're several other things, aren't you? A double agent, for instance. Working for the Russians and also the Chinese."

Again his poise slipped: "Who told you that?"

"An American friend." She thought of Jamaica lying dead on the bed upstairs; he had proved to be useful after all.

"This American —" He wondered who it could be. "How much did he tell you?"

"Everything he knew. We — persuaded him."

She had been surprised Jamaica had told her as much as he had; but perhaps at that stage he had still hoped to leave the house alive and thought

that the information about Joseph was a small price to pay. After all, as he had said, he had stumbled on Joseph's activities only by accident. He had been watching Chen to see if she would meet him, and instead Joseph had turned up. Then he had followed Joseph and seen him meet a Russian. "Do you want me to tell you what I know?"

"Since you are evidently going to make a proposition to me, I'd like to know how much you have to bargain with."

"I do admire you, monsieur. I can see why you have lasted as long as you have. Well, your history. Our American friend knew nothing of your early life, but that really doesn't interest us. You were working for the Russians in Budapest before 1956. You got out of Hungary, ostensibly as a refugee, and came here in December, 1956. You worked for two years for Lord Porthleven, another eighteen months for the Duke of Isis, then you went to work for the previous Australian High Commissioner, Sir James Gable. You can't have had much to pass on to the Russians up till this conference."

"Some time in the past month the Chinese found out you were working for the Russians. When it became apparent that Quentin was to be one of the leading men at this conference they approached you. I don't know whether they blackmailed you or bribed you, perhaps both. In any case, you began to work for them. I don't know what you were able to tell them — our American friend hadn't got on to that."

"So his information on me must have been very recent?"

"I gather it was. He may not even have transmitted it to his superiors. I don't know." She smiled again. "But that's your worry, monsieur, not mine. All I can tell you is that if you don't do as I ask, then someone will be told about you. It would be very awkward for you, wouldn't it, if the Australians, the Russians, and the Chinese were all disillusioned about you? Traitor to three countries, not counting Hungary. That would be some sort of record, wouldn't it?"

Joseph sat for a while in silence. He remembered all the years of training, at the Marx-Engels school at Gorky, then at Verkhovnoye, and, finally, at Gacyna. They had taught him all the uses of guns and explosives, but no amount of teaching and propaganda could make one a killer unless the urge to kill was already there, like a seed waiting to be nurtured. They had never recognised that the

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seed was not in him and he had never told them. His primary use was as an agent, at which, up till now, he had been good; and an agent, if he is really good, should never be in a situation where he has to kill. But now the situation had at last arrived.

"I couldn't kill him in cold blood," he said.

"It would be best if we could devise some way that wouldn't implicate you. Just in case we want to use you again."

"You're very sure I shan't doublecross you," said Joseph, with a side glance at Pham Chinh. "What if I should go to the Chinese — or the Russians — and tell them what you've just proposed? It mightn't fit in with their plans. And they might decide to —"

"Kill me?" The thought seemed to amuse Madame Cholon; she was afraid of nothing, not even death. "Are you threatening me?"

"No, madame. I'm just stating my side of the bargain. Whatever way Mr. Quentin is disposed of, I don't think either of my other employers is going to have much use for me in the future. I'll be, to say the least, suspect. Not only to Moscow and Peking but to Scotland Yard, the CIA, the FBI, and any other security organisation you care to mention. In other words, I shall have to look around for a new life. And for that I shall need what the Americans call a stake."

"How much?"

Well, he thought, if I'm going to die I may as well do so with dreams of wealth. "Twenty — five thousand pounds."

"Out of the question!"

"Had you intended paying me at all?" She hesitated, then nodded. "How much?"

"Perhaps five thousand pounds."

Joseph smiled. He had become fatalistic; he was going to be killed, anyway, if not by this woman, then by the Russians or the Chinese. "That, too, is out of the question. I've become accustomed to good living, madame. And even though I was to go on being a butler, according to my employers' plans, I should have been living in a beautiful house, eating the best of food, drinking the best of wine and whisky. If I have to vanish — as seems probable — after Mr. Quentin has been, er, disposed of, I don't want to spend the rest of my life in a shabby room in some remote South American

village exchanging reminiscences with some ex-Nazi."

"Where would you go — Australia?"

He wrinkled his nose. "Hardly, madame. No, I have several retreats in mind. One always has them in mind, just in case. I shall need a minimum of fifteen thousand pounds. Payable in cash on a Swiss bank — I take it you have money there?" She nodded, just as he had guessed she would. The Russians and the Chinese paid him through Switzerland: neutrality had its uses. "I'll take the cheque with me today."

"And if I refuse?"

He sat back, playing his

choose from. We eliminated Malone, the cooks, the housemaid, the members of the delegation. It could have been Mrs. Quentin, but why should she want to betray her husband? That left either you or the secretary. Then Mr. Jamaica paid us a visit and we questioned him about you."

"It was not difficult to contact you. Pham Chinh has been watching the Quentin house for the past two weeks. You are a man of habit. Every afternoon, even on your afternoons off, you emerge from the house at the same time and go for a walk. Pham Chinh has never bothered to follow you until today. I hope bringing you here has not kept you from some appointment? Perhaps

an "illegal." The three years as a waiter in the Hotel Duna, doing the occasional small job for Western espionage agents, but always letting his Russian bosses know; the manufactured "escape" during the 1956 rebellion; the several years with the innocent lord and duke; then the position with the Australian High Commissioner. The eventual aim was for him to be taken on at one of the principal embassies in Washington, the British, French or German; it might take years, but Moscow had been prepared to wait that long. And he, too, had been prepared to wait.

But now all the Russian plans for him were finished, even if Moscow did not yet know. In two days' time, for he had now made up his mind, he would be on his way to South Africa.

Now this morning he was waiting for Madame Cholon's telephone call. He got up, began to take some of his clothes out of a closet. He already had a new name and a new passport. They were a precaution the Russians had known nothing about.

Then the cook knocked on the door and snapped, "You're wanted on the phone. Some woman."

The Rolls-Royce, the small Australian flag fluttering from its tiny mast on one fender, sailed majestically through the traffic. Malone, sitting in the back seat, looked at his watch: seven o'clock. In a little over sixty hours from now the man beside him would be stepping into a police car in Sydney.

"Something troubling you?" Quentin said.

The two men were alone in the back of the car and the division separating them from Ferguson was closed. Malone nodded and said, "Yes. You. Are you going to persist in leaving your wife out of this altogether?"

"Don't let's discuss it, Scobie. I've made up my mind. You're not going to tell them in court what you heard last night?"

Malone shrugged. "Depends what questions they ask me."

"But you won't prefer the information voluntarily?"

"I don't know. I like to see justice done, that's all."

"You mean you want to see my wife punished? That you don't believe what she did was an accident?"

"No, I believe her. And I don't want her to be punished — I mean I'm not vindictive. All I mean is, I don't think you should chuck your life away. Tell them the truth. They might believe it."

"The way you say that proves you don't think they will."

Malone sat farther back in the seat and changed the subject: "How did it go today?"

Quentin was not accustomed to having younger, junior men turn the conversation on him. There was a momentary spark of anger, but it died quickly. He, too, sat farther back in the seat, almost slumping. His time of authority was over; he and Malone were not even equals. He spoke listlessly: "It's finished. We meet tomorrow morning, but it's just a formality to draw up the communique."

"Did it turn out the way you wanted?"

"Couldn't have gone worse."

Lisa took Malone's arm and they began to move on through the crowd. Her taking of his arm had a natural intimacy about it, was more than the gesture of a girl identifying herself with her escort for the night. Their relationship was easy and warm now. It might all end tomorrow.

"I'm going to miss you,"

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



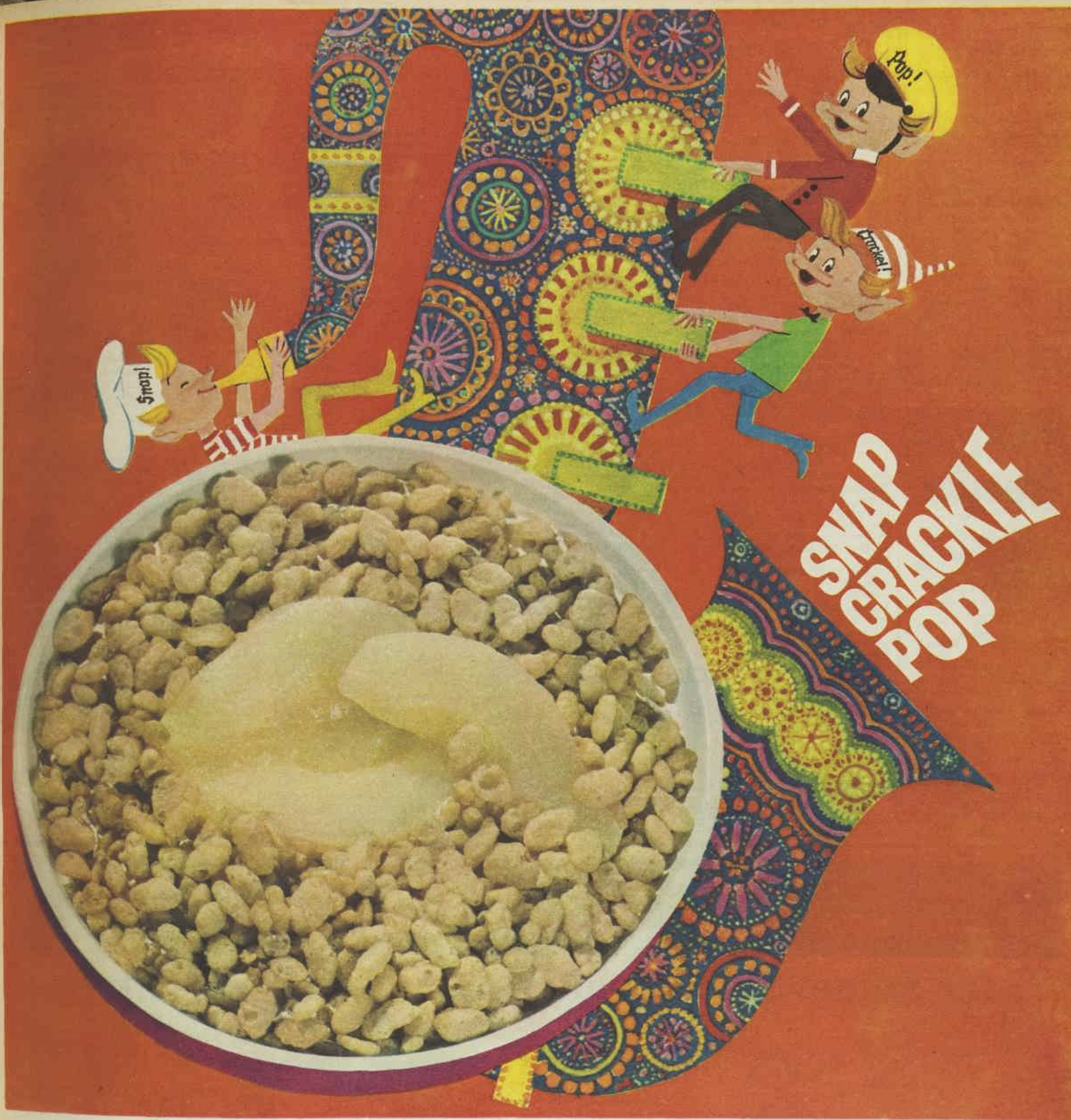
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Smart dress is available cut out to make in purple, navy, or blue denim-finish cotton. Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, \$4.30; 36in. and 38in. bust, \$4.50. Postage and dispatch 20 cents extra.

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The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 25, 1967

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she said, as if reading his thoughts.

"I don't think I'll ever get back this way again. You'll have to come home."

"I might, if—" "If your boss doesn't come back here?" He won't, he said silently; but he couldn't tell her that just yet.

She nodded and looked around the crowded room for Quentin. They were in the Great Gallery of Lancaster House and the long, high-ceilinged room was burning with color. It was impossible to imagine that the conference had failed; the soldiers in the paddy-fields of Vietnam still had their hopes. Lisa looked back at Malone.

"I can't see him or Mrs. Quentin."

"He's over there. Sergeant Coburn is keeping an eye on him. I'm having a breather."

"You still don't expect—" She didn't finish the sentence.

"No." He shifted his arm, conscious of the holster; guns had never been meant to be worn beneath tight-fitting tailcoats. "But just in case—"

THEN he looked over her shoulder straight at Madame Cholon. She came out of the crowd on the arm of the portly African ambassador. Lisa saw the surprise on Malone's face and she turned as the ambassador spoke to him.

"Just on our way to supper."

"May we join you?" Malone said, and took Lisa's arm as he introduced her to the ambassador and Madame Cholon. "I remember you set me a fine example the other night, sir, on what to choose at the table."

The ambassador laughed, shaking hugely. "What he means is I showed him how to overload a plate without spilling any."

He led them through into the music room. Lisa, holding Malone's arm tightly, whispered, "What is she doing here?"

As if she had heard the question Madame Cholon turned to them as they

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reached the supper tables. "His Excellency's wife is back home in his country—"

"Always goes home for the English summer," said the ambassador. "She can't stand it."

"I happened to mention to His Excellency how much I'd enjoyed his reception—"

"So here we are." The ambassador turned back with two loaded plates. Madame Cholon took her without protest, but had to hold it with two hands. "Cementing Afro-Asian relations, eh, madame?"

Madame Cholon smiled in agreement, and Malone wondered what had happened to her color bar: the ambassador was much darker than Jamaica had been. "Have you seen Mr. Jamaica tonight?" he said.

The smile froze on her face, but only for a moment. "Mr. Jamaica? Oh, the American gentleman. No."

"Nice fellow," said the ambassador, eating heartily. "Told me his great-great-grandfather came from my country. Must have been my great-great-grandfather who sold him." He laughed again, almost choking on his food.

Malone handed Lisa a plate and began to eat from his own. Other guests had come into the room, and suddenly the Quentins stood beside him. The ambassador greeted Quentin; then, despite his bulk, bowed with grace to Sheila. "May I present Madame Cholon?"

The polite smiles on the faces of both Quentins did not alter; they were locked in behind their diplomatic facade tonight. They exchanged greetings with Madame Cholon, whose own smile was as polite and unrevealing as theirs.

"I've heard a lot about you, Your Excellency."

"Oh?" Quentin seemed to be watching with dry amusement this woman who had been trying to kill him. She had failed in her aim and now he seemed able to look

at her with cool detachment. "All good, I hope."

She nodded, then said, "Has the conference been a success?"

Quentin looked at the ambassador and the latter said, "There is one more session to go, my dear. We still have hopes, eh, Quentin?"

Malone looked at the ambassador with new respect. He was not the buffoon he played; that was his facade. The conference was dead, but the delegates were keeping their heads down to themselves till they had agreed on the communiqué. Something might still be salvaged, something to keep alive, no matter how faintly, the hopes of the men who had to fight the war.

"You are quiet tonight, Mr. Malone." Madame Cholon had put down her plate untouched.

Out of the corner of his eye Malone saw Sheila Quentin watching Madame Cholon with a sort of horrified fascination: her eyes never left the Vietnamese woman's face. "Just tired," he said. "London is an exhausting city."

"How true. I'll be glad to return home."

"When are you going?" Sheila asked.

Madame Cholon turned her head, seemed to look at Sheila for the first time. "Tomorrow afternoon."

Sheila glanced at Malone, then said, "Not on the plane through Singapore?" Madame Cholon nodded, a slight crease of puzzlement spoiling the smoothness of her brow. "Then you'll have Mr. Malone as a travelling companion."

Madame Cholon looked at Malone, turning away from Sheila, dismissing her. "How pleasant! And how coincidental. Ah, good evening, Mr. Chen. And Mr. Pai, too."

The two Chinese, in hired dress suits that did not fit them, had come to the table. Malone was aware of a cer-

tain tension on Madame Cholon's part toward the two Chinese, but Chen did not seem to reciprocate it. He was completely at ease, except for the inconvenience of his dress coat, which was at least a size too big for him. Pai, for his part, stood nervously in the background, staring steadily at Madame Cholon.

Sheila drew Malone aside. "Do you think she plans—" "Malone shook his head. "Not here. She's shot her bolt, I think. Otherwise she wouldn't have come out into the open."

"Isn't there something you can do?"

"What? Arrest her? On what grounds? Suspicion isn't enough. I've had a little lecture from Sergeant Coburn on that." He saw Coburn standing in the doorway and nodded to him. "Here he comes now. Maybe he is going to arrest her, after all."

Coburn came up to them. "There is a phone call for you, Mrs. Quentin."

Sheila was puzzled. "For me? Here?"

"One of the waiters brought the message. He's over there." Sheila, still looking puzzled, excused herself and went over to the waiter standing in the doorway. When she had gone Coburn turned to Malone, jerking his head discreetly toward Madame Cholon. "She's quite a dish, isn't she?"

"Yes. Is Pallain here tonight?"

"He's around somewhere."

"Do you think one of us had better stick with Mrs. Quentin?"

"You mean the phone call? He wasn't the one who called her—I saw him just before I came in here. But I'll go down and keep close to her. What about Quentin?"

"I'll look after him. I think we're OK now, but you never know. Denzil would chop our heads off if something did happen this late in the piece. Where is he tonight?"

"At the Yard. He never comes to these sort of dos. I'm always the mug for this sort of game."

He moved toward the door

and was stopped by Pallain as the latter came into the room. Pallain said something to him and the two men stood talking for a couple of minutes, Coburn looking as if he were impatient to break away. At last he nodded abruptly to Pallain and went out of the door, pushing his way through the guests now flowing in for supper. Pallain saw Malone across the room, gave an exaggerated bow of his head, and moved across to another supper table.

Just in case the butler should be caught and should talk, he had already bought his air ticket and would be leaving London tonight. But he had not mentioned this precaution to Madame Cholon.

Malone watched him for a moment or two, then turned back to Quentin and the others.

"Where is my wife?" Quentin asked.

"She's gone downstairs. There was a phone call for her. Sergeant Coburn has gone down to keep an eye on her."

Madame Cholon and the ambassador had been caught up in the whirlpool of guests and swept away; Chen and Pai were trapped in another current and they, too, were gone. Quentin, Lisa, and Malone, sticking close together, fought their way out of the room on to one of the balconies. They looked down into the Staircase Hall and saw Coburn moving silently about. He crossed from one side of the wide hall to the other, then disappeared into one of the side galleries.

"I don't think I'll stay long," Quentin said. "I'm tired."

"What time is the session in the morning?" Lisa asked.

"Ten-thirty. I think I'll sleep late, forget about setting my alarm. Would you wake me at nine, Lisa?"

They saw Coburn reappear from the side gallery, looking worried and puzzled. He stood for a moment, then looked up and saw the three of them.

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standing on the balcony. He ran up the stairs to them. "I'm sorry, sir, but your wife seems to have disappeared!"

Quentin stood stock-still, his hands gripping the balustrade. Then he drew a deep breath, collected himself. "Perhaps she is in the ladies' room?"

"I'll go and see," said Lisa, and went quickly.

"We'll look around, too," said Malone.

Quentin nodded, his face ashen. "I'll stay here. Find her, Scobie." It was a cry for help.

Malone and Coburn moved away from him along the balcony. "Try everywhere downstairs," Malone said. "And check with Ferguson. He's out with the car. I'll scout around up here."

Coburn went down the stairs at a run.

Malone went round the balcony and back into the Great Gallery. He passed close by Madame Cholon and the ambassador.

"You look worried, Mr. Malone," said Madame Cholon.

"I'm looking for Mrs. Quentin. You haven't seen her?"

Her expression was almost too innocent. "Should I have?"

THEN she turned away from him, excused herself from the ambassador, and slid away. The ambassador looked after her, then at Malone. "Never trust the Orient, my father used to say." He was not laughing now. "I wonder how right he was? What do you know about that woman, Mr. Malone?"

"Enough not to have any trust in her at all, sir."

"Care to tell me about her?"

"Could I see you later, sir? I must find Mrs. Quentin."

But he didn't find her. When he got back outside to the balcony Lisa and Coburn were already there with Quentin.

"She's nowhere downstairs," Coburn said. "And the car has gone. There's no sign of Ferguson."

"Perhaps she's gone home," Lisa said. "She might have felt ill — she didn't look well."

"But who phoned her?" Malone asked.

"Call the house," Quentin moved down the stairs and the others followed him. "Joseph should be there."

Lisa went away to telephone the house. Coburn went out through the vestibule toward the front doors again, and Malone and Quentin were left alone. Quentin said, "What I can't understand is why she just disappeared without a word. They've harmed her—" he said.

"They are still here," Malone said. "Cholon and Pallain — if he's connected with her. I checked on them both before we came downstairs."

Lisa and Coburn returned. Lisa said, "The phone's engaged."

"She's all right!" Coburn said. "Ferguson's just come back. He took your wife home, sir."

Quentin managed to smile. "Lisa, will you go up and tell Mr. Larter I've gone home. Tell him I felt a bit off-color."

Lisa stared at him. "Hadn't I better come home with you? In case Mrs. Quentin—"

"We'll be all right, Lisa." "I'll go with you," said Malone, and Quentin looked at him as if to protest. "I have to, sir."

Quentin hesitated, then nodded reluctantly. He looked at Lisa and smiled wearily, resignedly. "You see, Lisa? Mr. Malone won't let anything happen to us. Go upstairs and enjoy yourself. There are a dozen Second Secretaries wanting to talk to you."

She looked at Malone. "Call me if you think I'm needed."

Malone said to Coburn, "I'll go back with His Excellency. You'd better stay here and keep an eye on Madame Cholon and our mate Pallain."

"Be a pleasure," said Coburn.

Malone and Quentin went out through the vestibule and met Denzil as he came up the front steps. "I've just come from the American Embassy, sir. I'm afraid I have some bad news."

"This is the day for it, Superintendent. Can't it wait? I have to get home to my wife at once."

Denzil said, "Could I ride with you, sir? This is important."

He gestured to the police car that had brought him to follow the Rolls-Royce. The three men then walked across to the Rolls and Ferguson opened the door for them. "Mrs. Quentin is at home, sir. She's all right. Just a bit upset."

"Better hurry then, Ferguson," Quentin jumped into the car and gestured impatiently for Malone and Denzil to follow him. "You'll have to forgive me, Superintendent, but I'm worried about my wife—" Denzil murmured but seemed abashed. Quentin for the first time seemed to become aware that Denzil, too, was worried. "What is it?"

"It's your butler, sir. Joseph Liszt." Denzil suddenly seemed embarrassed; it was not easy to tell an ambassador his security arrangements were lax. "I'm afraid he is an agent. For both the Russians and the Chinese."

"Joseph? Both the Russians and Chinese? Where did you get this information?"

"From Royston at the American Embassy. It had just come in from Washington. Evidently Jamaica had cabled it to CIA headquarters yesterday. They decoded it, took some time about their decision, then sent it back to Royston to pass on to us."

"But why all the rigmarole?" Malone asked. "Why didn't Jamaica come straight to you? Or go to Royston direct?"

Denzil shrugged. "In the spy game nobody trusts anybody else, even your allies. Anyhow, the delay has been only something over twenty-four hours. We can still pick up this man Liszt. Is he at the house tonight?"

"He should be," Quentin said.

"I don't like him being there alone with Mrs. Quentin," Malone said. "I wonder if he made the phone call?"

Quentin shook his head. "Why would he call her?"

Then the car was drawing in before the house in Belgrave Square. Malone was first out. Quentin was next, hurrying across the pavement and up to the front door. Malone and Denzil heard him calling for Sheila, his voice echoing in the hall.

"I don't have a warrant for this fellow," Denzil said to Malone. "I'll have to phone the Yard and have one sent. But do you have your gun?"

Malone patted his armpit. "I don't think he's the violent type."

"You never know. When a man's faced with years in prison, he might try anything."

Yes, thought Malone. And a woman, too: if she were faced with years in prison, would she try suicide? He felt suddenly cold inside. He crossed the pavement on the run, went up the steps and into the hall as Quentin came stumbling toward him.

"She's not here! And neither is Joseph!"

Madame Cholon dismissed the car that had brought her home and let herself in the front door. She felt apprehensive, and the unaccustomed anxiety began to manifest itself as a rising fury. When Pham Chinh came into the hall to meet her she snarled at him. "Is she here?"

He nodded toward the drawing-room. "In there. I didn't know whether to let her in—"

Madame Cholon waved a curt hand of dismissal and went by him and into the drawing-room. The two women stared at each other for a while in silence.

Then Madame Cholon snapped, "I hope what you have to say, Mrs. Quentin, is important. I was enjoying myself at the reception—"

"What I have to say won't take ten minutes," said Sheila, and drew back the sleeve of her coat to look at her watch. "A little less."

Madame Cholon turned to Pham Chinh, who stood in the doorway. "You may go, Pham."

"I'd rather he stayed with us," said Sheila. "If he was concerned with you in the attempts on my husband's life, then he must stay."

Madame Cholon stood half-turned away; she stiffened and looked over her shoulder at Sheila. "Accusations like that can get you into trouble. Your country has laws—"

"And yours doesn't?" Sheila smiled, but there was no humor in her. "From what Joseph told me, I don't think you care about the laws of any country."

"Joseph?" Madame Cholon's voice was icy. "Who is he?"

"Our butler. Our ex-butler"

now. When he called me at the reception he didn't say where he was, just that he was leaving the country. So I think he must have been at the airport then."

"I don't know what you are talking about." She would phone the bank in Zurich first thing in the morning, have them stop the cheque. But the money was not the important thing. Another attempt on Quentin's life had failed, this time through treachery.

Sheila shook her head wearily. "Don't waste our time. He told me everything. It's hard to forgive him for going as far as he did. But in the end he couldn't go through with it. You see, madame, you overlooked one thing. There are people who have respect, even affection, for my husband. I don't know what it is that Joseph feels, but it stopped him from murdering my husband. And me, too, I suppose. Because the bomb would have killed both of us there in the bedroom."

"It was ingenious, having it in the alarm clock. My husband would have set the time of his own death. And you would have been miles away, safe from suspicion. I just wish I had had your forethought. No, I don't," she said, and sounded horrified at what she had heard herself say. "I never meant to kill anyone. Not Freda."

"Who is Freda?"

"No one you'll ever know," Sheila regained some control. She smiled again, once more without any humor. "You didn't have to kill my husband, you know. That's the irony of it. The conference is a failure, didn't you know that?"

"I don't believe it!"

Sheila bent down and picked up a black handbag from the couch beside her. It was a large bag, one that did not go with her evening wear. "I went home when Joseph phoned me. Somehow I couldn't believe him. But I found the clock, took the back off it to make sure."

"Weren't you afraid of being killed?"

Sheila shook her head. "That intrigues you, doesn't it? No, I didn't care. If it had gone off, it would have solved a lot of things. But it didn't. And then I got my idea. If I had died you would still be alive. I believe in justice, Madame Cholon — perhaps I'm a little late—"

Outside in Avenue Road Coburn sat in the police car that had followed Madame Cholon from Lancaster House. "I wish I knew why she left the reception in such a hurry. Try the Yard again, get them to phone the Super at the Australian High Commissioner's house, ask him does he want me to barge in on her."

The detective beside the driver got through to Scotland Yard on the radio. Coburn sat in the back of the car, frustrated and worried by a sense that something was about to happen that could and should be stopped. He looked at his watch: Twenty-four . . .

Sheila opened the black bag. "My one regret is I did not say goodbye to my husband. But that would have ruined everything—"

Madame Cholon lunged toward Sheila, screaming at the top of her voice for Pham Chinh to help her. Sheila now had her hand in the bag; she snatched it out and showed the small leather-cased clock. She fell away from Madame Cholon, wrenched the case open, and fumbled with the alarm release.

Coburn heard the scream. He was halfway across the road when the windows of the front room of the house blew out.

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AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Jan. 18

<p>ARIES MAR. 21-APRIL 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 3. ★ Gambling colors, grey, blue. ★ Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.</p>	<p>★ You'll have to curb your pioneering urge—the stars are allergic to new projects, partnerships. Also, the treachery of a friend could cause sorrow. Act next week, which is very favoring.</p>
<p>TAURUS APRIL 21-MAY 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 4. ★ Gambling colors, rose, lilac. ★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.</p>	<p>★ Somebody could be sniping at your public image, and crossed mental lines could lead to loss and travel accidents. Plan is to all tight now, ready to go-go next week.</p>
<p>GEMINI MAY 21-JUNE 21 ★ Lucky number this week, 9. ★ Gambling colors, blue, green. ★ Lucky days, Thursday, Tuesday.</p>	<p>★ Some could strike trouble over a gambling win, 18th—don't go by appearances. Peckish friends could land you in money losses, so zip the purse and don't leave it lying around.</p>
<p>CANCER JUNE 22-JULY 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 5. ★ Gambling colors, red, white. ★ Lucky days, Wed., Friday.</p>	<p>★ A star that should benefit you greatly turns rambunctious and detrimentally affects your private and public life. Also, Cupid speaks words of love with a forked tongue.</p>
<p>LEO JULY 23-AUG. 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 7. ★ Gambling colors, black, tan. ★ Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.</p>	<p>★ You just don't get the breaks this week—and to go the lottery would be like lighting a fire with dollar bills. There's also a spot of muddle on January 18. OK next week.</p>
<p>VIRGO AUG. 23-SEPT. 23 ★ Lucky number this week, 2. ★ Gambling colors, green, brown. ★ Lucky days, Friday, Sat.</p>	<p>★ For many life has become less like a treadmill, but care is needed just the same. There could be family brouhahas and "lovers' tiffs, mostly through poor timing. Next week propitious.</p>
<p>LIBRA SEPT. 24-OCT. 23 ★ Lucky number this week, 4. ★ Gambling colors, rose, navy. ★ Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.</p>	<p>★ Your highly developed sense of co-operation could be fully tested. There's the danger of a busted partnership, and loss through any new venture. Also money loss through deceit.</p>
<p>SCORPIO OCT. 24-NOV. 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 8. ★ Gambling colors, tricolors. ★ Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.</p>	<p>★ You'll need that uncanny radar of yours—there's a double cross around. Also the sun locks horns with Jupiter, meaning an unlucky time, with mistakes and loss. However, good stars near.</p>
<p>SAGITTARIUS NOV. 23-DEC. 21 ★ Lucky number this week, 1. ★ Gambling colors, orange, tan. ★ Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.</p>	<p>★ You'll have to curb that forthright open-handed attitude of yours—there's a distinct possibility of money muddle and loss involving "friends." Just be suspicious; compensation next week.</p>
<p>CAPRICORN DEC. 22-JAN. 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 6. ★ Gambling colors, lilac, black. ★ Lucky days, Sat., Monday.</p>	<p>★ You should have begun your go-go cycle with a flying start, but you could get engine trouble this week. Career, ambitions, private concerns come under fire. Very good next week.</p>
<p>AQUARIUS JAN. 21-FEB. 19 ★ Lucky number this week, 3. ★ Gambling colors, blue, grey. ★ Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.</p>	<p>★ Postpone correspondence and expect unpleasant news through the post. There's communication trouble and a spell of bad luck, vagar-wise. Take no risks, and trust no one, including yourself.</p>
<p>PISCES FEB. 20-MAR. 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 9. ★ Gambling colors, lilac, red. ★ Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.</p>	<p>★ You come out of a trouble-full week better than most, but not well. Beware of quarrels — you could lose an admirer. Love ones could be a pain in the neck. Good stars loom.</p>

★ The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it. ★

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"The shock will wear off, Quentin said. "But I'll always go on missing her."

Malone said nothing, having only awkward words that would have embarrassed both himself and Quentin. The small restaurant, dark and a little shabby, in which they sat, was a long way from the glittering style of Lancaster House; but Quentin himself had suggested it.

"I'm going to Malaysia," Quentin said. "There are several Colombo Plan teams there and I'm joining one of them."

"What will you do?"

"You forget I was once a surveyor. I'm qualified, and I was a good one. At least I thought I was," he added. The old air of confidence had gone, and with it gone he looked older. "I'll need some toughening up to plod up and down some of those jungle

THE HIGH COMMISSIONER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

roads. But it should do me good."

"Have you seen the Prime Minister — since that time when you first got back?"

"No. I think it would have been too painful for both of us. I wrote him and he was the one who fixed this Malaysia job for me. But I don't think we'll meet again. He's an old man — too old to have time to forget recent disappointments."

Fiannery had been disappointed, too, but for different reasons. The morning after Sheila's death Malone had phoned Leeds, told him what had happened and asked for a few more days. Quentin would be wanted by Scotland Yard for routine questioning on

the attempts on his life and the death of his wife, Madame Cholon, and Pham Chinh.

Malone had also told Leeds about Sheila's confession. "I believed her, sir. It may or may not have been an accident, but I do believe she was the one who killed Freda Corliss. Quentin had nothing to do with it, except as an accessory after."

"Do you have any sworn statement?"

"No, sir. It was just verbal."

"This could solve a lot of things, Sergeant."

"I've thought of that, sir."

Malone was relieved that the Commissioner had suggested it. "All right, tell Quentin we'd

like him home by next weekend. But stick close by him, Scobie."

"I'll do that, sir," said Malone, thinking not as a policeman but as a friend.

"In the meantime I'll see the Premier," Leeds said. "He's going to be disappointed if it works out the way I hope."

A week after that Quentin and Malone left London for Sydney. Among others, Denzil had come to the airport to see them off. He took Malone aside. "We've found no trace of that butler chap, Joseph. He could be anywhere."

"What about Pallain?"

"We had nothing on him. All we could do was offer him a polite hint to leave the country."

"I hate the thought of both of them getting away."

"You can't catch them all." He looked around to make sure they wouldn't be overheard, then said,

"I had a call from your Commissioner. Sounds a decent chap. Asked me if I could forget what you had told me about the High Commissioner and that business of twenty-odd years ago. Evidently they are going to forget it out there."

"That's the idea, sir. They accept now that Mrs. Quentin was the one who killed the first wife. There are very few people who know why I came to London. The warrant I have is made out in the name of John Corliss, so even the records will show nothing."

"What about your State Premier?"

"I gather he didn't like the idea at first. But he's too shrewd to go through with bringing it out into the open now. The papers back home have made Mrs. Quentin into something of a heroine."

"As I said, you can't catch them all. And sometimes it's for the best." He smiled and put out his hand. "Goodbye, Sergeant. Sergeant Coburn sent you his best. Said to tell you his girl — he called her his bird — she's just given him a present to celebrate his escape from that bomb. A purple weskit to go with his purple tie."

Malone grinned. "He'll look good in that at the Yard."

"Over my dead body he will," said Denzil, with a final wave.



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LISA was the last to say goodbye to Malone. "I'm coming home," she said. "But not for a few months. Mr. Quentin has asked me to stay on till the new High Commissioner is appointed. I'll be training a new girl."

She walked toward the passenger's entrance with him. "I think I'd like to try Sydney for a while," she said, and lifted her face and kissed him for the first time. "Will you write me each week till I come?"

"Every day," he said, and returned her kiss. "I like that perfume."

"I'll douse myself in it just before I get off the plane." She gazed at him for a moment, then turned away and went across to say goodbye to Quentin.

Now Quentin, in the small restaurant in Sydney, said, "Are you ever going to tell Lisa the truth?"

Malone waited while Quentin paid the bill, then they walked out into the bright spring sunlight of Macquarie Street.

"No, I'm not going to tell her. I told her I'm a policeman, I was on special duty. But that's all."

"Why?"

"I don't know. When I was in London I thought the truth would help you and Mrs. Quentin. Now I don't know that it's going to help anybody. It won't help Lisa. She had — has a lot of time for you. Why disillusion her?"

Quentin said, "Are you going to marry her?"

"I'm going to ask her. It's another thing whether she'll say yes."

"She wants her head read if she doesn't. And if you don't ever tell her the truth about me — well, thank you. But you don't owe me anything, you know."

"Well, let's say I owe it to myself," said Malone.

They came to a corner. Quentin stopped and put out his hand. "I have a doctor's appointment. I have some vaccinations to be done. Goodbye, Scobie. If I write to you from Malaysia, will you —"

Malone nodded. "I'm a poor letter-writer, so Lisa tells me. But I'll write. And good luck."

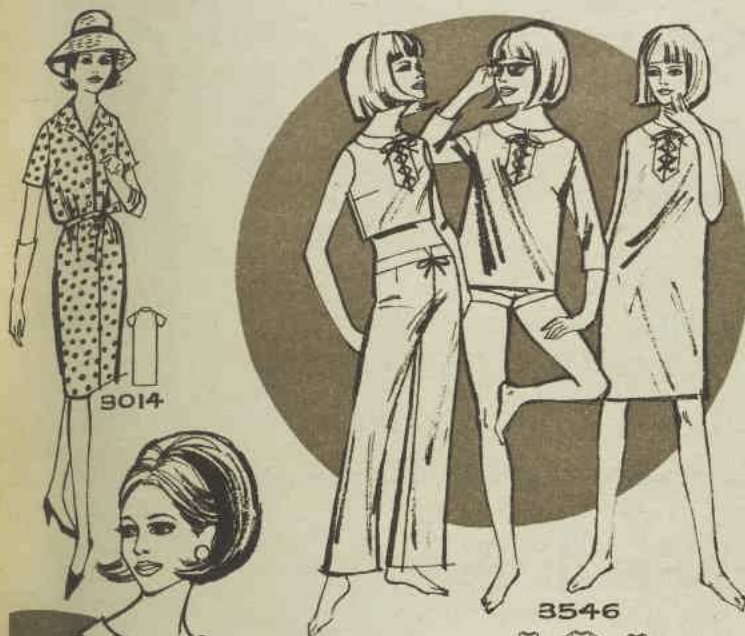
Quentin nodded his thanks, went to say something, then seemed unable to get the words out. They abruptly he turned and walked off up the street. Malone watched him go, a man who might have been great, till he disappeared, anonymous and alone, into the careless, incurious crowd.

The End

The novel "The High Commissioner," by Jon Cleary, is published by William Collins Ltd. and is now available.

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

SHIPS and planes prepare to search for the missing airliner. One of the astro-pirates pretends to throw Narda out, and then they make their exit, leaving a bomb. READ ON.



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Settle pattern (anagr., 7, 6).
- Tendency ending in cleft (5).
- I grab an advantageous purchase (7).
- Small hard seed in rag (5).
- See as relaxes (5).
- Spots in saints (6).
- Great Indian social reformer (6).
- Be upright with tawny-brown colored heart (5).
- Alter (anagr., 5).
- These nights are well known in Burton's translation (7).
- One turns in a Spanish gentleman (5).

24. When an Irishman invites a quarrel he does this (6, 3, 4).



Solution of last week's crossword.

DOWN

- Things we get up with (7).
- Inanimate object, not necessarily lean as the top indicates (5).
- In a rent (anagr., 7).
- Member of an ancient people, whose wives and daughters were taken away by the Romans (6).
- Nest of a bird on cliff or mountain-top (5).
- Pal turned in scattered seed and slipped away (7).
- Suitable for camping (5).
- Its capital is Montgomery (7).
- Start is easy for painters (7).
- In the beginning it follows her to succeed (7).
- Whiten (6).
- To begin a rat turns in a short saint (5).
- To pierce a sick doctor? (5).
- This musical composition needs no rod (5).

Solution will be published next week.

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